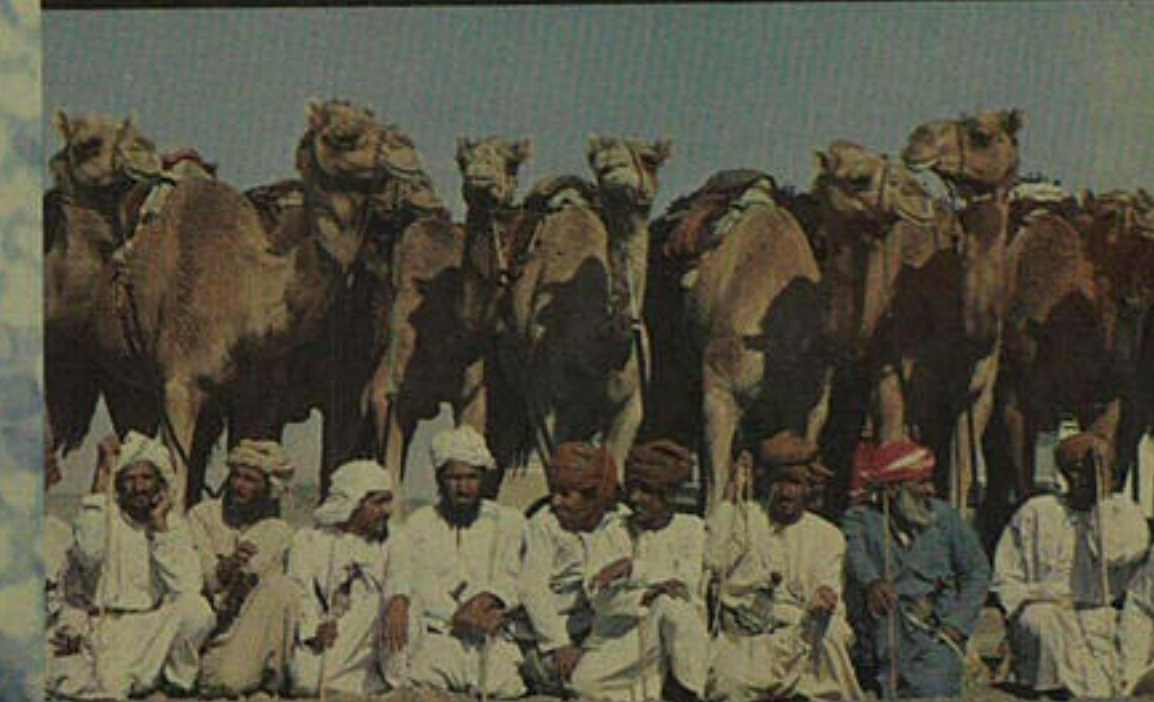
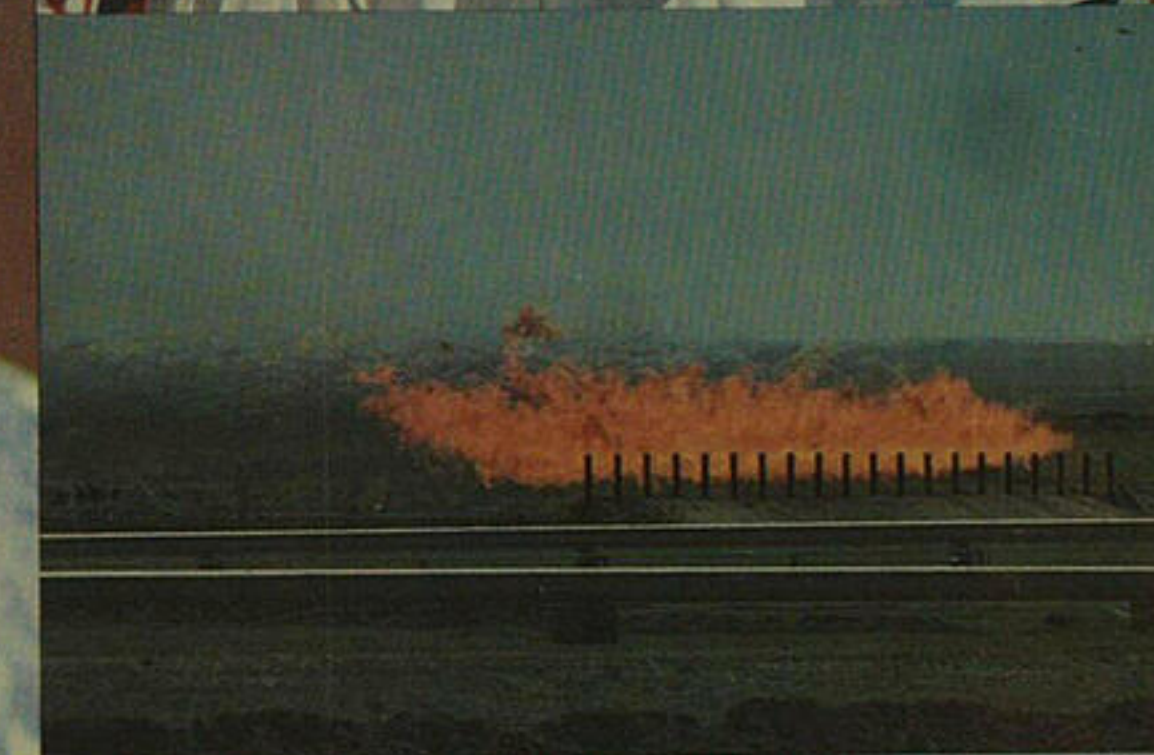


The Illustrated **LONDON NEWS**

THE QUEEN IN ARABIA
Colour photographs by Tim Graham



April 1979 60p





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The Illustrated LONDON NEWS

Number 6969 Volume 267 April 1979

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See page 61.
Photographs by Tim Graham.

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Empress of Germany
1840-1901*



*Albert Edward
Prince of Wales,
Future King Edward VII
1841-1910*



*Alice Maud Mary
Princess of Great Britain and Ireland,
Duchess of Saxony, Grand Duchess of
Hesse-Darmstadt
1843-1878*



*Alfred Ernest Albert
Duke of Edinburgh,
Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha
1844-1900*



*Helena Augusta Victoria
Princess of Great Britain and Ireland,
Princess of Schleswig-Holstein
1846-1923*



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ILN's GUIDE TO EVENTS

THEATRE

Ain't Misbehavin'. A musical entertainment of Fats Waller songs with Charlene Woodard. *Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1.*

All Our Loving. A show with music by Gary Yershon, directed by Jonathan Chadwick, with Primula Cotton, Bob Critchley & Deborah Findlay. *Theatre Royal, Stratford, E15.* Until Apr 28.

A Murder is Announced by Agatha Christie, directed by Charles Hickman, with Jean Kent & Joyce Carey. *Vaudeville, Strand, WC2.*

A Night with Dame Edna. A protean exercise in bold comedy: Barry Humphries, as his Australian Dame, ends a hilarious night with his ritual of gladioli-flinging into the audience. *Piccadilly, Denman St, W1.* Until Apr 28.

Annie. The most enjoyable American musical for years, about the orphan of the famous comic strip. *Victoria Palace, SW1.*

Bedroom Farce. The mistakes of a night in one of Alan Ayckbourn's wittiest comedies. *Prince of Wales, Coventry St, W1.*

Betrayal. Harold Pinter's cold, elegant & absorbing play is constructed as a regression; we go backwards from 1977 to 1968. Directed by Peter Hall & beautifully performed by Penelope Wilton, Michael Gambon & Daniel Massey. *Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.*

Beyond the Rainbow. A new musical brought to England after a successful run in Italy, with Johnny Dorelli & Roy Kinnear. *Aldelphi, Strand, WC2.*

Bubbling Brown Sugar. This negro song & dance review, with its journey across the years in Harlem, is the most exhilarating musical in London. *Royalty, Portugal St, WC2.*

Cloud Nine by Caryl Churchill, directed by Max Stafford-Clark, with Julie Covington, Carole Hayman, Jim Hooper, William Hoyland, Miriam Margolyes, Tony Rohr & Antony Sher. *Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1.* Until Apr 21.

Clouds. Tom Courtenay & Felicity Kendal are the best of companions in this lively visit to Cuba. Michael Rudman directs Michael Frayn's comedy. *Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2.*

Crucifer of Blood, written & directed by Paul Giovanni, based on Conan Doyle story. With Susan Hampshire & Keith Michell. *Haymarket, SW1.*

Deathtrap. A tightly-filled box of tricks by the American dramatist, Ira Levin, with Denis Quilley as an author who can use a cross-bow. *Garwick, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.*

Dirty Linen. This is, in effect, a double bill. Towards the end of Tom Stoppard's richly uninhibited farce about a House of Commons committee he slips in a witty duologue called "New-Found-Land". *Arts, Gt Newport St, WC2.*

The Double Dealer. A Congreve revival, directed by Peter Wood & as wittily composed as any within recollection; a particularly gentle & touching portrait by Michael Bryant. *Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.*

Elvis. A noisily enjoyable stage memory of Elvis Presley. *Astoria, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.*

Evita. Andrew Lloyd Webber & Tim Rice's emotional music drama, directed by Harold Prince. *Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1.*

A Fair Quarrel. Unexpected revival of Middleton & Rowley's Jacobean play; not wholly satisfying but certainly for collectors. Directed by William Gaskill. *Olivier.*

Filumena. Eduardo de Filippo's sentimental comedy of Neapolitan life, in a manner now familiar, is fortified by the buoyant work of Frank Finlay, now with Barbara Jefford. *Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

Flashpoint by Tom Kempinski, directed by Anton Rogers, with Tony Selby & David Dixon. *May Fair, Stratton St, W1.*

The Fruits of Enlightenment, new translation by Michael Frayn of Tolstoy's comedy, directed by Christopher Morahan, with Ralph Richardson. *Olivier.*

Gloo Joo. Cheerful farce by Michael Hastings about a glib Jamaican-in-England called Meadowlark, who is determined not to be deported. *Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1.*

Ipi Tombi. A South African musical with music by Bertha Egnos, lyrics by Gale Lakier. *Whitehall, Whitehall, SW1.*

Jesus Christ Superstar. "The last seven days in the life of Jesus of Nazareth" as a noisy, spectacular musical: lyrics by Tim Rice, music by Andrew Lloyd Webber; director Jim Sharman. *Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

Joking Apart. Alan Ayckbourn's latest comedy, directed by Ayckbourn, with Alison Steadman & Christopher Cazenove. *Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

Lark Rise by Keith Dewhurst, directed by Bill Bryden & Sebastian Graham-Jones. *Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.* Until Apr 14.

The Mousetrap. Agatha Christie's long-runner, now in its 27th year, kept alive with cast changes. *St Martin's, West St, WC2.*

Murder at the Vicarage. A limp revival of an adaptation of an Agatha Christie novel. *Fortune, Russell St, WC2.*

Night & Day. Tom Stoppard says some cogently forcible things about journalism in a play (set in Black Africa) that Diana Rigg, Peter Maschin & John Thaw adorn. *Phoenix, Charing Cross Road, WC2.*

Normal Service, a comedy by John Byrne, directed by Alan Dossor, with Bernard Hill & Richard Wilson. *Hampstead Theatre Club, Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3.*

No Sex Please—We're British. London's longest-running comedy, directed by Allan Davis, has passed 3,000 performances & shows no sign of flagging. *Strand, Aldwych, WC2.*

Oliver! In so invigorating a revival as this, Lionel Bart's musical seems set for another long run. *Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2.*

Once A Catholic. Mary O'Malley's cheerful & candid look at the ways of a northern London convent school in the late 1950s. *Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.*

Semi-detached by David Turner, directed by Alan Strachan & Leonard Rossiter, with Leonard Rossiter, Joan Sanderson & Gillian Raine. *Ashcroft, Croydon.* Apr 2-7.

Strife. Galsworthy's magnificent play of industrial conflict, as dramatic as it was in 1909, with Andrew Cruickshank & Michael Bryant as the antagonists. *Olivier.* Until Apr 19.

Tommy. The Who's rock opera, director Pete Townshend, with Allan Love. *Queens, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

Who Killed "Agatha" Christie? A limp thriller, by Tudor Gates, acted by James Bolam & Gerald Flood. "Agatha" is a drama critic named Christie. *Ambassadors, West St, WC2.*

Whose Life is it Anyway? Brian Clark's piece which, as Galsworthy might have put it, is sharpened to "a spire of meaning", powerfully discusses the right to die, with Tom Conti affecting in control as the hospital patient who insists on his right. *Savoy, Strand, WC2.*

The Wild Duck, a new adaptation of Ibsen's play directed by Val May. *Yvonne Arnaud, Guildford.* Until Apr 14.

First nights

The Merry Wives of Windsor. First play of the Royal Shakespeare Theatre's season, directed by Trevor Nunn & John Caird, with Ben Kingsley, Susan Tracy & John Woodvine. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwick.* Apr 3.

Pericles, directed by Ron Daniels, with Peter McEnery in the title role. *The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwick.* Apr 4.

The Assassin. New translation by Frank Hauser of Sartre's political thriller. *Haymarket Theatre, Leicester.* Apr 4-21.

She Would if She Could, directed by Jonathan Miller. *Greenwich, Croom's Hill, SE10.* Apr 5.

Miss Julie. A new adaptation by Lee Davis of Strindberg's play. *Round House Downstairs, Chalk Farm Rd, NW1.* Apr 9-28.

Chicago, a musical directed by Peter James, with Antonia Ellis, Jenny Logan & Ben Cross. *Cambridge, Earlham St, WC2.* Apr 10.

Close of Play. A new play by Simon Gray, directed by Harold Pinter, with Peggy Ashcroft, Michael Gambon, Anna Massey, Michael Redgrave & John Standing. *Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.* Apr 11.

Love's Labour's Lost, directed by John Barton, with Carmen du Sautoy, Richard Griffiths, Jane Lapotaire & Michael Pennington. *Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2.* Apr 12.

Charley's Aunt, directed by Bill Robertson, with John Inman, Allan Cuthbertson, Raymond Bowers, Helen Cherry & Mary Wynter. *Yvonne Arnaud, Guildford.* Apr 17.

Cymbeline, directed by David Jones, with Judi

Dench, Ben Kingsley, Bob Peck & Roger Rees. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwick.* Apr 17.

The Family Reunion by T. S. Eliot, directed by Michael Elliott, with Edward Fox, Beatrix Lehmann, Esmond Knight & Joanna David. *New Round House, Chalk Farm Rd, NW1.* Apr 18.

Happy Birthday. A new comedy by Marc Camoletti directed by Roger Redfern, with Ian Lavender, Christopher Timothy & Julia Foster. *Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.* Apr 18.

The Churchill Play by Howard Brenton, directed by Barry Kyle, with Paul Moriarty, John Nettles & Raymond Westwell. *Warehouse, Donmar Theatre, Earlham St, WC2.* Apr 20.

The Oresteia. New translation by Tony Harrison of Aeschylus's trilogy, directed by Peter Hall. *Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.* Apr 21.

Look Back in Anger, directed by Mel Smith, with John Labanowski as Jimmy Porter. *Young Vic, The Cut, SE1.* Apr 23-May 5.

Canterbury Tales, directed by Martin Starkey, with Jessie Evans. *Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2.* Apr 24.

Howls, a new comedy by Raymond Allen. *Haymarket, Leicester.* Apr 25.

The Worst of Kenneth Robinson, a one-man show. *Westminster, Palace St, SW1.* Apr 26.

Bent, a new play by Martin Sherman, with Ian McKellen. *Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1.* Apr 26.

The Taming of the Shrew, a modern-dress production directed by Michael Bogdanov, with Paola Dionisotti & Jonathan Pryce. *Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2.* Apr 27.

CINEMA

The following is a selection of films currently showing in London or on general release.

The Amazing Captain Nemo, directed by Alex March, with José Ferrer, Burgess Meredith, Linda Day-George & Mel Ferrer.

The American Soldier, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, with Karly Scheydt, Elga Sorbas, Jan George & Margarethe von Trotta.

Ashanti. A woeful epic about the modern African slave trade redeemed only by Peter Ustinov as a chuckling, wheezing trafficker in human flesh.

Autumn Sonata, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ingrid Bergman & Liv Ullmann.

Battlestar Galactica, directed by Richard A. Colla, with Lorne Greene, Dirk Benedict & Jane Seymour.

Blue Collar, directed by Paul Schrader, with Harvey Keitel, Yaphet Kotto & Richard Pryor.

The Boys from Brazil, from Ira Levin's book, directed by Franklin J. Schaffner, with Laurence Olivier & Gregory Peck.

Brass Target, directed by John Hough, with Sophia Loren, John Cassavetes, Patrick McGeehan, Max von Sydow & Robert Vaughn.

California Suite, screenplay by Neil Simon, directed by Herbert Ross, with Alan Alda, Michael Caine, Jane Fonda, Walter Matthau, Elaine May, Richard Pryor & Maggie Smith.

Capricorn One, directed by Peter Hyams, with Elliott Gould, James Brolin, Brenda Vaccaro, O. J. Simpson, Hal Holbrook, Telly Savalas & Karen Black.

The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith. Slightly melodramatic Australian product about an aborigine driven to murder but a fine use of the landscape by director Fred Schepisi.

The Chess Players. Ray's latest film, set in Lucknow in 1856, with perfect irony shows two old friends obsessively playing chess while the East India company plays power-politics. A near-faultless movie.

Children of Theatre Street, directed by Robert Dornhelm, a documentary featuring four ballet students at the Kirov Choreographic Institute in Leningrad.

Damien—Omen II, directed by Don Taylor, with William Holden, Lee Grant & Lew Ayres.

Death on the Nile. One corpse, many suspects, some glorious photography of Nile tourist-spots & a touching performance as Poirot from Peter Ustinov make comfortable escapism.

The Deer Hunter, written, produced & directed by Michael Cimino, with Robert de Niro.

Dog Soldiers. A very good movie, directed by Karel Reisz, about the sordid aftermath of Vietnam. Nick Nolte, so shallow in "The Deep", is excellent as the hero, a soldier without an honourable war.

A Dream of Passion, directed by Jules Dassin,

with Ellen Burstyn & Melina Mercouri.

Empire of Passion, directed by Nagisa Oshima, with Tatsuya Fuji, Kazuko Yoshiyuki, Takahiro Tamura & Akiko Koyama.

The First Time, directed by Claude Berri, with Alain Cohen & Charles Denner.

Foul Play. Amiable comedy-thriller written & directed by Colin Higgins with Goldie Hawn as the kind of librarian who gets books a good name & Chevy Chase as the San Francisco cop assigned to protect her from albinos, dwarfs & scarfaces.

Goin' South, directed by Jack Nicholson, with Jack Nicholson & Mary Steenburger.

Hair, directed by Milos Forman, with John Savage, Treat Williams & Beverley D'Angelo.

Halloween, directed by John Carpenter, with Donald Pleasance & James Lee Curtis.

In Praise of Older Women, directed by George Kaczender, based on the novel by Stephen Vizenczey, with Tom Berenger, Karen Black & Susan Strasberg.

The Invasion of the Bodysnatchers, directed by Philip Kaufman, with Donald Sutherland, Leonard Nimoy & Brooke Adams.

Jason & the Argonauts, directed by Don Chaffey. Disney re-release, with Todd Armstrong, Nancy Kovack & Gary Raymond.

Just a Gigolo, directed by David Hemmings, with David Bowie, David Hemmings, Maria Schell, Curt Jurgens & Marlene Dietrich.

The Last Supper. Cuban film directed by Tomas Alea, with Nelson Villagra, Silvano Rey & Luis Alberto Garcia.

Lemon Popsicle, directed by Boaz Davidson, with Yiftach Katzur, Anat Atzmon, Jonathan Segal & Zachi Noy.

Love & Bullets, directed by Stuart Rosenberg, with Charles Bronson & Rod Steiger.

Magic. A good creepie about a ventriloquist taken over by his dummy. Anthony Hopkins in fine, nervy form as the eccentric dummy-handler.

Man of Marble, a Polish film directed by Andrej Wajda.

National Lampoon's Animal House, directed by John Landis, with John Belushi, Tim Matheson & Donald Sutherland.

Nosferatu, directed by Werner Herzog, with Klaus Kinski & Isabelle Adjani.

Paradise Alley, written and directed by Sylvester Stallone, with Sylvester Stallone, Armand Assante, Lee Cannalito, Anne Archer & Terry Mosk.

The Passage, directed by J. Lee Thompson, with Anthony Quinn, Malcolm McDowell, Patricia Neal, James Mason & Christopher Lee.

Pete's Dragon. Disney production with Helen Reddy, Jim Dale, Mickey Rooney, Red Buttons, Sean Marshall & Shelley Winters.

The Private Files of J. Edgar Hoover. Written, produced & directed by Larry Cohen, with Broderick Crawford.

Remember my Name, directed by Alan Rudolph, with Geraldine Chaplin & Anthony Perkins.

Return from Witch Mountain. A Disney production with Bette Davis, Christopher Lee, Kim Richards & Ike Eisenmann.

The Riddle of the Sands, directed by Tony Maylam, with Michael York, Jenny Agutter, Simon MacCorkindale & Alan Badel.

Same Time Next Year, directed by Robert Mulligan, with Alan Alda & Ellen Burstyn.

Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts' Club Band. Lennon & McCartney's music in a film directed by Michael Schultz & starring Peter Frampton & the Bee Gees.

Somebody Killed Her Husband, directed by Lamont Johnson, with Farrah Fawcett-Majors, Jeff Bridges & John Wood.

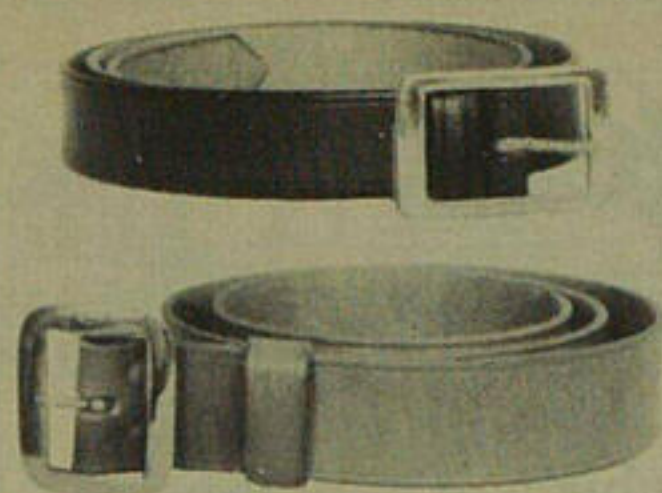
Superman. The hero may fly but the movie never really does. It's a bit too cosmic & mystical even though Christopher Reeve is a beguiling Superman & Margot Kidder an attractive Lois Lane.

The Thief of Baghdad, directed by Clive Donner, with Roddy McDowall, Kabir Bedi, Peter Ustinov, Pavla Ustinov, Terence Stamp, Marina Vlady & Frank Finlay.

Too Many Chefs, directed by Ted Kotcheff, with George Segal, Jacqueline Bisset & Robert Morley.

20,000 Leagues Under the Sea, directed by Richard Fleischer. A Disney re-release with Kirk Douglas, James Mason, Peter Lorre & Paul Lukas.

Violette Nozière. First-rate Chabrol movie about the eponymous heroine's murder of her father in 1934 Paris. This is patricide made credible & superbly acted by Isabelle Huppert.



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Watership Down. Animated film based on the book by Richard Adams & directed by Martin Rosen.

The Wiz, directed by Sidney Lumet. Based on "The Wizard of Oz". with Diana Ross, Michael Jackson, Nipsey Russell, Ted Ross, Lena Horne & Richard Pryor.

BALLET

ROYAL BALLET, Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2:

Swan Lake, choreography Petipa & Ivanov, music Tchaikovsky; with Park, Eagling, Apr 2; with Porter, Wall, Apr 12; with Derman, Deane, Apr 16; with Collier, Silver, Apr 27, 2.15pm (Prom).

Mayerling, choreography MacMillan, music Liszt; with Jeffries, Thorogood, Penney, Mason, Somes, Nunn, Apr 4; with Eagling, Collier, Thorogood, Derman, Somes, Ellis, Apr 5; with Wall, Collier, Park, Conley, Somes, Ellis, Apr 25 (Prom).

Triple bill, Apr 6, 28 (Prom): **Diversions**, choreography MacMillan, music Bliss; with Porter, Silver, Ellis, Batchelor, Apr 6; with Derman, Deane, Whitten, Coleman, Apr 28; **La fin du Jour**, choreography MacMillan, music Ravel; with Collier, Thorogood, Hosking, Jeffries, Apr 6; with Park, Penney, Wall, Eagling, Apr 28; **Elite Syncopations**, choreography MacMillan, music Joplin; with Collier, Hosking, Apr 6; with Penney, Deane, Apr 28.

Triple bill, Apr 18, 27 (Prom): **Enigma Variations**, choreography Ashton, music Elgar; with Rencher, Eyre, Jackson, Coleman, Apr 18; with Mason replacing Eyre, Apr 27; **Symphonic Variations**, choreography Ashton, music Franck; with Collier, Porter, Ellis, Wall, Jeffries, Silver, Apr 18; with Park, Penney replacing Collier, Porter, Apr 27; **The Concert**, choreography Robbins, music Chopin; with Park, Wall, Derman, Apr 18; with Connor, Coleman, Derman, Apr 27.

Triple bill, Apr 19, 21: **Concerto**, choreography MacMillan, music Shostakovich; with Penney, Coleman, Thorogood, Wall, Mason, Apr 19; with Jackson, Sleep, Collier, Deane, Connor, Apr 21; **Liebeslieder Walzer**, choreography Balanchine, music Brahms, cast to be announced; **Façade**, choreography Ashton, music Walton; with Park, Deane, Collier, Coleman, Beagley, Apr 19; with Thorogood, Coleman, Penney, Batchelor, Page, Apr 21.

SADLER'S WELLS ROYAL BALLET, Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1: New production of **Coppélia**, produced by Peter Wright, designs Peter Snow; London première of new ballet by David Bintley: revival of Howard's **La Fête Etrange**; **The Rake's Progress**, **Rhyme nor Reason**, **Les Rendezvous**, **Card Game**, **The Four Temperaments**, **Las Hermanas**, **Pineapple Poll**, **Intimate Letters**. Apr 24-May 12.

SCOTTISH BALLET, King's Theatre, Edinburgh:

Triple bill of three new ballets, **The Water's Edge**, choreography North, music Ian Anderson of Jethro Tull, designs Peter Farmer/ **Ursprung**, choreography Royston Muldoon, music Jon Anderson of Yes, design Graham Bowers/ **Such Sweet Thunder**, choreography Peter Darrell, music Duke Ellington, design Bob Ringwood; **Giselle**, **Tales of Hoffman**. Apr 3-14.

ALEXANDER ROY LONDON BALLET THEATRE on tour:

Coppélia, **Nutcracker Divertissement**, **Capriccio**, **Masquerade**.

Johnson Hall, Yeovil. Apr 4.

Playhouse, Weston-super-Mare. Apr 5-7.

Municipal Hall, Colne. Apr 29.

GEORGIAN STATE DANCE COMPANY on tour:

Hexagon, Reading. Apr 23-25.

Colston Hall, Bristol. Apr 26, 27.

New Theatre, Hull. Apr 29.

Guild Hall, Preston. Apr 30.

OPERA

ROYAL OPERA, Covent Garden, WC2:

Don Carlos, conductor Conlon/Downes (Apr 26), with Luis Lima as Carlos, Sylvia Sass as Elisabeth de Valois, Renato Bruson/Yuri Masurok (Apr 26), Boris Christoff as Philip II, Elizabeth Connell as Eboli, Gwynne Howell as the Grand Inquisitor. Apr 3, 7, 10, 26.

Parsifal, conductor Solti/Sillem (Apr 23), new

production by Terry Hands, designed by Farrah, with Peter Hofmann as Parsifal, Kurt Moll as Gurnemanz, Gwynne Howell as Titirel, Norman Bailey as Amfortas, Franz Mazura as Klingsor, Yvonne Minton as Kundry. Apr 11, 14, 17, 20, 23.

Il barbiere di Siviglia, conductor Gardelli, with Hermann Prey as Figaro, David Rendall as Count Almaviva, Josephine Veasey as Rosina. Apr 24, 30.

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA, London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2:

The Marriage of Figaro, conductor Friend/Clebury (Apr 26), with Alan Opie/John Tomlinson as Figaro, Eilene Hannan as Susanna, Neil Howlett as Count Almaviva, Felicity Palmer/Eiddwen Harrhy as Countess Almaviva, Della Jones as Cherubino. Apr 4, 7, 10, 14, 17, 20, 26.

Carmen, conductor Elder, with Katherine Pring as Carmen, Geoffrey Pogson/Henry Howell as Don José, Christian du Plessis as Escamillo, Eiddwen Harrhy/Sally Burgess as Micaela. Apr 6, 11, 19, 25, 28, 30.

Manon, conductor Groves, new production by John Copley, designed by Henry Barden, with Valerie Masterson as Manon Lescaut, John Brecknock as Chevalier des Grieux, Niall Murray as Lescaut, Richard Van Allan as Count des Grieux. Apr 12, 18, 21, 24, 27.

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA NORTH on tour:

Die Fledermaus, **La Bohème**, **Peter Grimes**.

New Theatre, Hull. Apr 3-7.

Opera House, Manchester. Apr 9-14.

Die Fledermaus, **La Bohème**.

Alhambra Theatre, Bradford. Apr 17-21.

Die Fledermaus, **La Bohème**, **Peter Grimes**.

Theatre Royal, Nottingham. Apr 24-28.

KENT OPERA on tour:

Idomeneo, **Rigoletto**, **The Return of Ulysses**.

Towngate Theatre, Poole Arts Centre. Apr 3-7.

Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1. Apr 17-21.

SCOTTISH OPERA, Theatre Royal, Glasgow: **Katya Kabanova**, conductor Armstrong, with Josephine Barstow as Katya, Kerstin Meyer as Kabanichka, Cynthia Buchan as Varvara, Allen Cathcart as Boris, William McCue as Dikoj. Apr 4, 7, 10, 19.

Rigoletto, conductor Gibson, with Norma Burrows as Gilda, Brent Ellis as Rigoletto, Neil Shicoff as the Duke of Mantua. Apr 18, 21, 24, 26, 28.

WELSH NATIONAL OPERA:

The Magic Flute, **Turandot**, **The Turn of the Screw**.

Grand Theatre, Swansea. Apr 3-7.

La traviata, **The Magic Flute**, **Turandot**, **The Turn of the Screw**, **Elektra**.

New Theatre, Cardiff. Apr 24-May 5.

THE SINGERS COMPANY:

La Perichole, **Così fan tutte**.

Crucible Theatre, Sheffield. Apr 10-14.

MUSIC

ALBERT HALL, Kensington Gore, SW7:

London Mozart Players, **New Westminster Chorus & Massed Choirs**, conductor Mawby;

Hazel Holt, soprano; Timothy Penrose, counter-tenor; James Griffett, tenor; Michael George, bass. Handel, **Messiah**. Apr 1, 7.30pm.

BBC Symphony Orchestra, **Singers & Symphony Chorus**, **CBSO Chorus**, conductors Loughran, Handley, Del Mar; Sarah Walker, mezzo-soprano. Sir Adrian Boult 90th birthday concert: Brahms, **Symphony No 4**; Vaughan Williams, **Fantasia on a theme by Thomas Tallis**; Elgar, **The Music Makers**. Apr 8, 7.30pm.

London Mozart Players, **Royal Choral Society**, conductor Hughes; Margaret Marshall, soprano; Helen Watts, contralto; Philip Langridge, tenor; David Wilson-Johnson, bass. Handel, **Messiah**. Apr 13, 2.30pm.

Philharmonia orchestra, conductor Del Mar; Yehudi Menuhin, violin. Mozart, **Violin Concerto No 3**; Brahms, **Violin Concerto**. Apr 15, 7.30pm.

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Krips. Viennese evening. Apr 29, 7.30pm.

Amsterdam Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Kersjes; Emmy Verhey, violin. Beethoven, **Overture**, **Egmont**, **Violin Concerto**, **Symphony No 7**. Apr 30, 7.30pm.

ST JOHN'S, Smith Sq, SW1:

Israel Piano Quartet. Mahler, **Quartet Movement** (1876); Brahms, **Quartet in G minor Op 25**. Apr 2, 1pm.

Melissa Phelps, cello; **John York**, piano. Fauré, **Elégie**; John York, **Sonata for cello & piano**;

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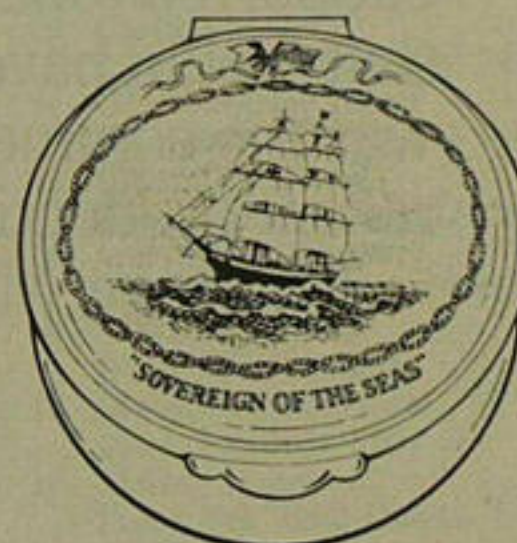


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On December 1st 1971, an unknown Maori soprano called Kiri Te Kanawa stepped on to the stage of the Royal Opera House in London.

Three and a half hours later, her performance as the Countess in "Le Nozze di Figaro" had made her a star.

The next day, Andrew Porter wrote of Miss Te Kanawa: "Such a Countess I have never heard before."

Another critic wrote: "It was evident that we were in the presence of a singer of quite exceptional promise... Covent Garden has a pearl of great price."

Since then, that exceptional promise has been realised in opera houses around the world.

"Phrase after phrase of effortlessly spun and firmly supported tone, culminating in a last act that would have drawn tears from a stone" was the comment on her Desdemona in a recent production of Othello.

Off stage, Miss Te Kanawa's life is a



constant whirl: an endless round of interviews, engagements and rehearsals, and an international timetable that would make the most experienced traveller giddy.

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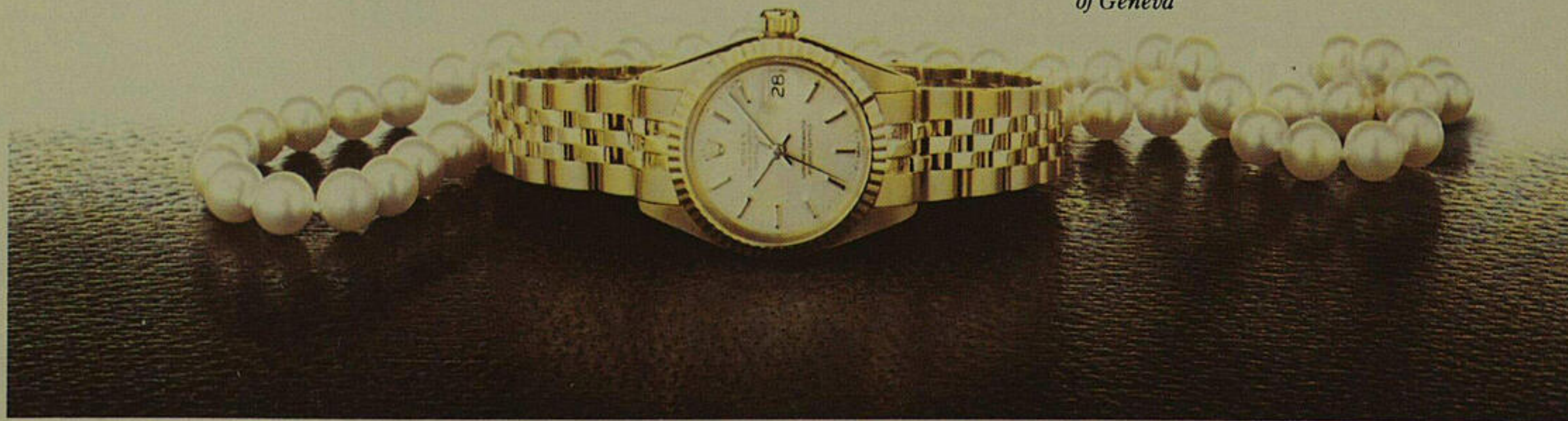
The photograph on the left shows Kiri Te Kanawa in costume as Fiordiligi in "Così fan Tutte" on the grand staircase of L'Opéra, Paris.

It is one of the very rare occasions when she isn't actually wearing her Oyster.

And even we at Rolex have to admit, she doesn't really need it.



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Beethoven, Sonata No 2 in G minor. Apr 5, 1.15pm.

Elena Kudian, piano. Chopin, Mussorgsky. Apr 5, 7.30pm.

London Concord Singers, conductor Cottle. Malcolm Williamson, Symphony for Voices; William Mathias, Ceremony after a Fire Raid; works by modern British composers. Apr 6, 7.30pm.

The Elizabethans. An Elizabethan court entertainment in costume. Dances, masquing, poetry, madrigals etc. Apr 7, 7.30pm.

Philomusica of London, Saltarello Choir, conductor Bernas. Haydn, Stabat Mater. Apr 8, 7.30pm.

Thea King, clarinet; Erich Gruenberg, violin; Bruno Giuranna, viola; Zsuzsanna Sirokay, piano. Bartók, Contrasts (1938); Mozart, Rondo in A minor K511, Clarinet Trio in Eb K498. Apr 9, 1pm.

Tomotada Soh, violin; Paul Hamburger, piano. Veracini, Bach, Bartók, Ravel. Apr 17, 7.30pm.

Ondine Ensemble; Marianne Ehrhardt, flute; Hildburg Williams, violin; Lisa Polunin, viola; Sharon McKinley, cello. Reger, Beethoven, Roussel, Mozart. Apr 18, 7.30pm.

The Rousseau Orchestra, conductor Jarvis; Suzanne Bradbury, piano. Mozart, Overture Der Schauspieldirektor K486, Piano Concerto in A K414, Symphony No 36 in C K425 (Linz), Piano Concert in C K467. Apr 19, 7.30pm.

Young Symphony Orchestra of London, conductor Jenkins; David Fuest, clarinet. Schubert, Rosamunde Incidental music, Symphony No 5 in B flat; Françaix, Clarinet Concerto. Apr 21, 7.30pm.

Henryk Szeryng, violin; Ian Brown, piano. Mozart, Brahms. Apr 23, 1pm.

Gwyneth George, cello; John Blakeley, piano. Brahms, Hoddinott, Rachmaninov. Apr 24, 7.30pm.

St Christopher's Hospice Choir & Orchestra, conductor, Connor. Haydn, The Creation. Apr 28, 7pm.

Oxford Pro Musica & Chorus, conductor Daras. Weill, Hovhanness, Bruckner. Apr 29, 7.30pm.

Lindsay String Quartet. Bartók, Haydn. Apr 30, 1pm.

SOUTH BANK, SE1:

(FH=Festival Hall, EH=Queen Elizabeth Hall, PR=Purcell Room)

Thames Chamber Orchestra, Bach Choir, conductor Willcocks. Robert Tear, Rodney Macann, Felicity Lott, Alfreda Hodgson, Neil Jenkins, Stephen Roberts; Richard Popplewell, organ; Philip Ledger, harpsichord. Bach, St Matthew Passion Parts I & II. Apr 1, 11am & 2.30pm. FH.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Haitink; Mayumi Fujikawa, violin. Shostakovich, Symphony No 9; Tchaikovsky, Violin Concerto, Francesca da Rimini. Apr 1, 7.30pm. FH.

Amadeus Quartet, Clifford Curzon, piano; Rodney Slatford, double bass. Schubert. Apr 1, 3pm. EH.

Scottish National Orchestra, conductor Gibson; Ralph Kirshbaum, cello. Elgar, Overture, Cockaigne, Cello Concerto; Bruckner, Symphony No 6. Apr 2, 8pm. FH.

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Muti; Sviatoslav Richter, piano. Mozart, Symphony No 34, a piano concerto, Symphony No 41 (Jupiter). Apr 3, 8pm. FH.

BBC Symphony Orchestra, conductor Rozhdestvensky; John Shirley-Quirk, baritone; Oleg Kagan, violin. Shostakovich, Overture, Columbus, Violin Concerto No 2, Suite on verses of Michelangelo Buonarroti. Apr 4, 8pm. FH.

Polish Chamber Orchestra, conductor Mak-symik; Piotr Palecny, piano. Bacewicz, Concerto for strings; Mozart, Piano Concerto in E flat, K449, Symphony No 29; Dvorak, Serenade in F. Apr 4, 7.45pm. EH.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Haitink; Clifford Curzon, piano. Mozart, Symphony No 31 (Paris), Piano Concerto in C, K467; Nielsen, Symphony No 5. Apr 5, 8pm. FH.

English Chamber Orchestra, director & soloist Murray Perahia. Bartók, Divertimento; Mozart, Piano Concerto in C, K415, Piano Concerto in E flat, K482. Apr 6, 7.45pm. EH.

London Bach Orchestra, City of London Choir, conductor Cashmore; Kathleen Livingstone, soprano; Margaret Cable, contralto; Neil Mackie, tenor; Richard Jackson, bass; John Birch, organ & harpsichord. Haydn, Salve Regina, Symphony No 49 (La Passione), Stabat Mater. Apr 7, 7.45pm. EH.

Thames Chamber Orchestra, Bach Choir, conductor Willcocks; Robert Tear, Rodney Macann, Felicity Lott, Janet Baker, Neil Jenkins, Richard Jackson; Richard Popplewell, organ; Philip Ledger, harpsichord. Bach, St Matthew Passion Parts I & II. Apr 8, 11am & 2.30pm. FH.

London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, conductor Abbado; Barbara Hendricks, soprano; Lucia Valentini, mezzo-soprano. Mahler, Symphony No 2 (Resurrection). Apr 8, 7.30pm. FH.

London Philharmonic Orchestra & Choir, conductor Haitink; Jill Gomez, soprano; Alfreda Hodgson, contralto; Robert Tear, tenor; Stafford Dean, bass; David Nolan, violin. 90th Birthday Tribute to Sir Adrian Boult. Vaughan Williams, Overture, The Wasps, The Lark Ascending; Beethoven, Symphony No 9 (Choral). Apr 9, 10, 8pm. FH.

London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Abbado; Murray Perahia, piano. Berlioz, Overture, Le Carnaval Romain; Schumann, Piano Concerto; Tchaikovsky, Symphony No 5. Apr 11, 8pm. FH.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Weller. Wagner, Overture, Die Meistersinger; Strauss, Four Last Songs; Brahms, Symphony No 4. Apr 12, 8pm. FH.

English Chamber Orchestra, London Choral Society, conductor Kraemer; Brian Rayner Cook, David Johnston, Felicity Lott, Linda Finnie, Keith Lewis, Stephen Roberts. Bach, St Matthew Passion. Apr 15, 5pm. FH.

London Sinfonietta, conductor Rattle; Jennifer Smith, soprano; Peter Knapp, baritone; John Constable, harpsichord. Falla, Knussen, Goehr. Apr 14, 7.45pm. EH.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor, Weller; Kyung-Wha Chung, violin; Myung-Wha Chung, cello; Myung-Whun Chung, piano. Beethoven, Overture, Egmont, Triple Concerto, Symphony No 5. Apr 15, 7.30pm. FH.

London Concert Orchestra, conductor Dods; Laureen Livingstone, soprano. Viennese evening. Apr 15, 7.15pm. EH.

Burl Ives. Folk songs, ballads & readings from America, England, Scotland, Ireland & Australia. Apr 16, 8pm. FH.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Barenboim; Alfred Brendel, piano. Liszt, Piano Concerto No 2; Bruckner, Symphony No 7. Apr 17, 8pm. FH.

BBC Symphony Orchestra, Singers & Chorus, Southend Boys Choir, conductor Gielen; Felicity Lott, soprano; Elizabeth Connell, soprano; Patricia Payne, contralto; Anthony Rolfe Johnson, tenor; Barry Moura, Stephen Roberts, baritones; John Tomlinson, bass. Schumann, Scenes from Goethe's Faust. Apr 18, 8pm. FH.

London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Celibidache. Strauss, Till Eulenspiegel; Kodály, Dances of Galanta; Dvorak, Symphony No 7. Apr 19, 8pm. FH.

Malcolm Binns, piano. Beethoven. Apr 19, 7.45pm. EH.

London Bach Orchestra, conductor Sidwell, Jürgen Hess, violin; David Butt, flute; John Wilbraham, trumpet; Barbara Hill, harpsichord. Purcell, Bach, Hummel, Mozart. Apr 20, 7.45pm. EH.

London Harpsichord Ensemble, director John Francis. Couperin, Telemann, Corelli, Vivaldi. Apr 21, 7.30pm. PR.

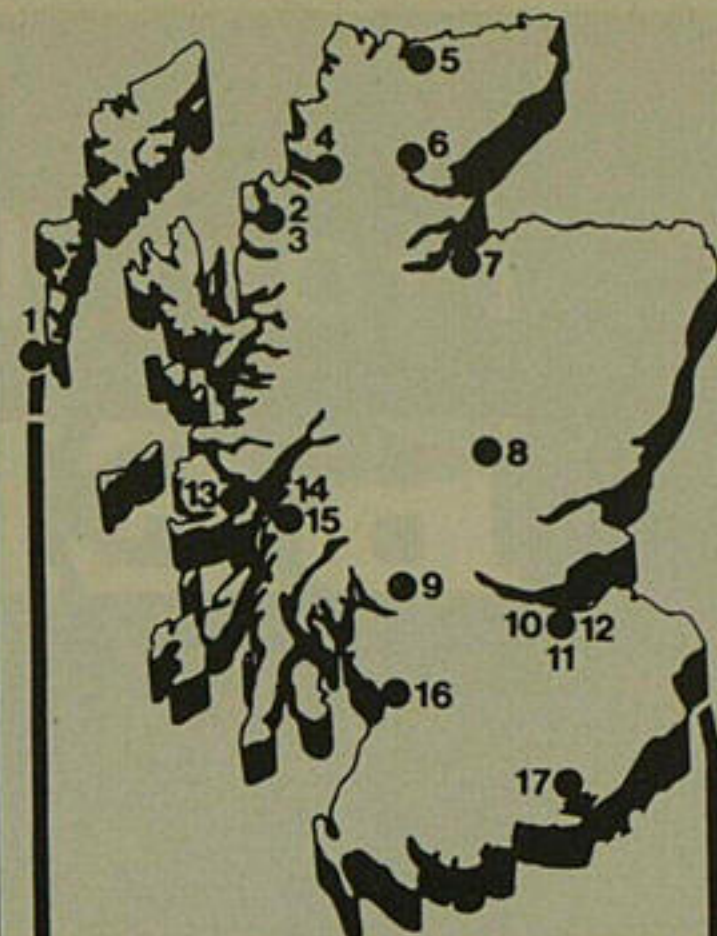
London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, conductor Svetlanov; Lillian Watson, soprano; Alexander Oliver, tenor; Thomas Allen, baritone. Rachmaninov, Symphonic Dances, Op 45; Orff, Carmina Burana. Apr 22, 7.30pm. FH.

Songmakers' Almanac. Felicity Lott, soprano; Richard Jackson, baritone; Graham Johnson, piano; Timothy West, Prunella Scales, readers. Let Us Garlands Bring—an evening of words by William Shakespeare presented on the eve of his birthday with the assistance of English, French & German composers. Apr 22, 7.15pm. EH.

English Chamber Orchestra, Bach Choir, conductor Willcocks; Peter Pears, Ian Caddy, Felicity Lott, Helen Watts, Philip Langridge, John Shirley-Quirk; Richard Popplewell, organ; Stephen Cleobury, harpsichord. Bach, St John Passion. Apr 23, 8pm. FH.

BBC Symphony Orchestra & BBC Singers, conductor Boulez; Jill Gomez, Jennifer Smith, sopranos; Gillian Knight, mezzo-soprano; Laurent Terzieff, speaker. Berlioz, Tristia; Debussy, Le jet d'eau, Le martyre de Saint Sébastien. Apr 24, 8pm. FH.

London Mozart Players, conductor Blech;



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Michel Dalberto, piano; Marisa Robles, harp. Mozart, Symphony No 32, Piano Concerto in B flat, K456; Handel, Harp Concerto in B flat; Schubert, Symphony No 4 (Tragic). Apr 25, 8pm. *FH*.

Richard Hickox Orchestra, conductor Hickox; Alastair Ross, organ. Handel, Overture, Berenice, Concerto Grosso in B minor, Organ Concerto in D minor, Water Music. Apr 25, 7.45pm. *EH*.

London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Svetlanov. Rimsky-Korsakov, Overture, May Night; Strauss, Don Juan; Prokofiev, Suite, Romeo & Juliet. Apr 26, 8pm. *FH*.

English Bach Festival Orchestra (Baroque), Chorus & Dancers, conductor Gönnerwein; Linda Russell, soprano; Fiona Kim, mezzo-soprano; Michael Goldthorpe, tenor; John Tomlinson, bass. Bach, Magnificat in E, Suite No 2 in B minor, Peasant Cantata. Apr 27, 8pm. *FH*.

English Bach Festival Orchestra (Baroque) & Singers, conductor Lewis; Lillian Watson, Eiddwen Harthy, sopranos; John York Skinner, counter-tenor; Brian Burrows, tenor; Paul Hudson, bass. Handel, Athalia, (in costume). Apr 28, 7.45pm. *EH*.

Alfred Brendel, piano. Liszt, Schönberg, Busoni, Brahms. Apr 29, 3.15pm. *FH*.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Brighton Festival Chorus, conductor Groves; Alfreda Hodgson, contralto; Robert Tear, tenor, Benjamin Luxon, baritone. Elgar, The Dream of Gerontius. Apr 29, 7.30pm. *FH*.

WIGMORE HALL, 36 Wigmore St, W1: **Nona Pyron**, cello, baroque cello, classical cello; **Antony Saunders**, piano, harpsichord; **Rainer Zipperling**, baroque cello, classical cello. The Complete Violoncello. Series of six concerts. Barber, Valentini, Beethoven, Paxton, Brahms, Somis, Fauré, Siprutini, Rubbra. Apr 1, 22, 7.30pm.

Judith-Hilary Simmons, mezzo-soprano; **Brian Parsons**, tenor; **David Pollard**, piano. Britten, Beethoven, Brahms, Duparc, Weckerlin, Satie, Rachmaninov, Schumann. Apr 2, 7.30pm. **Louis Kentner**, piano. Hungarian Evening. Apr 3, 7.30pm.

Julian Pike, tenor; **Jonathan Williams**, cello; **Graham Johnson**, piano. Britten, Rodney Bennett, Joonas Kokkonen, Paavo Heininen, Tippett. Apr 4, 7.30pm.

Fiona Vanderspar, violin, **Stephen Bettaney**, piano. Schubert, Bach, Prokofiev, Ravel. Apr 5, 7.30pm.

Ilari Lehtinen, flute; **Seppo Siirala**, guitar. Robert Carr, Locatelli, Bergman, Duarte, Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Scarlatti, Rautavaara, Escher, Fukushima. Apr 6, 7.30pm.

Theodore Edel, piano. Bach, Goldberg Variations; Liszt, Sonata in B minor. Apr 7, 4.30pm.

Frans Brüggen, recorder. Ortiz, Bassano, Virgiliano, van Eyck, Rebel, Vivaldi-Rousseau-Brüggen, De Lente, Maki Ishii. Apr 7, 8pm.

Chun-Myung Kim, piano. Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Prokofiev. Apr 8, 3pm.

Dwight Peltzer, piano. Berg, Haydn, Beethoven, Copland, Raoul Pleskow, Loren Rush, Ravel. Apr 8, 7.30pm.

Deakin Piano Trio. Dvorak, Beethoven, Schubert. Apr 9, 7.30pm.

Christoph Henkel, cello, **Benedikt Koehlen**, piano. Boccherini, Fortner, Debussy, Brahms. Apr 10, 7.30pm.

Bracha Eden & Alexander Tamir, two pianos & duet. Mozart, the complete works for two pianos and piano duet. Apr 14, 8pm; Apr 16, 7.30pm.

Alan Marks, piano. Haydn, Scriabin, Debussy, David Del Tredici, Brahms. Apr 17, 7.30pm.

Julia Hamari, mezzo-soprano, **Craig Sheppard**, piano. Love songs by Brahms & Strauss. Apr 18, 7.30pm.

Camerata of London. The art of the Renaissance solo song. The first of four concerts. Apr 19, 7.30pm.

Rodrigo de San Diego, flamenco guitar. Apr 20, 7.30pm.

Brady Millican, piano. Franck, Grieg, Martinu, Villa-Lobos, Chopin. Apr 21, 4.30pm.

Antonio Borrás, bass, **Roger Vignoles**, piano. Verdi, arias from Ernani, Simon Boccanegra, Don Carlos, Macbeth, Vespri Siciliani; Codina, aria from La Galeota; Mozart, aria from Don Giovanni; Penella, aria from Don Gil de Alcalá. Apr 21, 8pm.

Neil Mackie, tenor & **John Blakely**, piano; **Alicja Fiderkiewicz**, piano; **Peter Jeffes**, tenor & **Mary Hill**, piano; **Marie Angel**, mezzo-soprano, & **Don Saunders**, piano. Chopin, Hindemith, Rossini, Poulenc, songs by Purcell,

Schubert, Britten, Fauré, Brahms, Strauss, tenor arias from *Il Re Pastore*, *La Favorita*. Apr 22, 3pm.

Haroutune Bedelian, violin; **Gerald Robbins**, piano. Prokofiev, Mozart, Debussy. Apr 23, 7.30pm.

Peter Lawson, piano; **Laurence Perkins**, bassoon & **Michael Hancock**, piano. Saint-Saëns, Scriabin, Ives, Colin Touchin, Prokofiev, Corelli, Senaillé, Ravel, Jancourt. Apr 24, 7.30pm.

Colin Carr, cello, **Kathryn Stott**, piano. Beethoven, Schubert, Kodaly. Apr 25, 7.30pm.

Wren Consort. Purcell, Clément, Rameau. Apr 26, 7.30pm.

Quartet of London, **John Mills**, guitar, Robert Jenereaux, Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Beethoven, Dvorak. Apr 27, 7.30pm.

Helena Döse, soprano, **Geoffrey Parsons**, piano. Songs by Strauss, Grieg etc. Apr 28, 8pm.

Lucia Negro, piano. Bach, Blomdahl, Berg, Brahms, Beethoven. Apr 29, 3pm.

FESTIVALS

London Young Writers' Festival, *Royal Court Theatre, Sloane Sq, SW1*. Through April.

National Student Drama Festival, *Southampton, Hants*. Apr 4-11.

Swansea Bach Week, Swansea. Apr 5-11.

Wrekin & Telford Festival, *Telford, Salop*. Apr 5-May 12.

Chelmsford Festival, Essex. Apr 9-May 5.

International Youth Music Festival, *Harrogate, N Yorks*. Apr 12-17.

International Festival of Country Music, *Wembley, Middx*. Apr 14-16.

St Endellion Festival of Music & Drama, *Dela-hole, Cornwall*. Apr 15-22.

York Early Music Festival, York. Apr 18-24.

Portsmouth International String Quartet Competition & Festival, *Hants*. Apr 20-25.

Leith Hill Music Festival, *Dorking, Surrey*. Apr 21, 27, 28.

London Bear Gardens Bankside Festival. Apr 22-end Sept.

Thornbury Arts Festival, *Bristol*. Apr 26-May 5.

Festival of Mind, Body & Spirit, *Olympia*. Apr 27-May 5.

English Bach Festival, *South Bank, SE1*. Apr 27-May 6.

Lancaster Festival of Literature, *Lancs*. Apr 27-May 7.

Bromsgrove Festival, *Wores*. Apr 28-May 13.

Menai Music Festival, *Bangor, N Wales*. Apr 29-May 5.

ART

Stephen Darbishire, paintings. *Abbot Hall Art Gallery, Kendal, Cumbria*. Apr 21-May 20, Mon-Fri 10.30am-5.30pm, Sat, Sun 2-5pm.

Derby Day 200, paintings, engravings, drawings, cartoons, sculptures, photographs, pamphlets, ephemera etc. *Royal Academy, Burlington House, Piccadilly, W1*. Apr 5-July 1, daily 10am-6pm (closed Apr 13). £1, Sun 10am-1.45pm 60p.

Designs for ballets of Kenneth MacMillan. *Decor Gallery, 124a Brompton Rd, SW3*. Until Apr 14, Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm.

Dutch pictures from the royal collection on loan. *National Gallery, Trafalgar Sq, WC2*. Until Apr 29, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

John Edwards, paintings. *Kettle's Yard, Northampton St, Cambridge*. Apr 7-May 6, Mon-Sat noon-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

French contemporary art. *Serpentine Gallery, Kensington Gdns, W2*. Apr 7-May 6, daily 10am-6pm.

Ivon Hitchens, retrospective. *Royal Academy, Burlington House, Piccadilly, W1*. Until Apr 25, daily 10am-6pm. 60p.

Holbein & the court of Henry VIII. *Queen's Gallery, Buckingham Palace Road, W1*. Until Sept. Tues-Sat 11am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm.

Pierre Lafleur, The Space Traps. *Canada House Gallery, Trafalgar Sq, SW1*. Apr 4-May 9, Mon-Fri 9.30am-5pm.

Richard Long, sculptures etc inspired by the River Avon. *Anthony d'Offay, 9 Dering St, W1*. Until Apr 12, Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm.

Patricia McAllister, sculpture, "Playground People". *Alwin Gallery, 9/10 Grafton St, W1*. Apr 25-May 18, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 1pm.

Outsiders, an art without precedent or tradition.

Hayward Gallery, South Bank, SE1. Until Apr 8, Mon-Thurs 10am-8pm, Fri, Sat until 6pm, Sun noon-6pm. 50p.

Painting in Focus: Rubens's "Peace & War". *National Gallery*. Until Apr 22.

Samuel Palmer: a vision recaptured—the etchings & related paintings for Virgil & Milton. *Victoria & Albert Museum, Cromwell Rd, SW7*. Until May 6, Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm.

Plants & gardens in Persian, Mughal & Turkish painting. *British Library Reference Division, Gt Russell St, WC1*. Until end July, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

Ray Povey, paintings. *National Book League, 7 Albemarle St, W1*. Apr 30-May 12, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 1pm.

Henry Roland Collection, a selection of works on loan. *Courtauld Institute Galleries, Woburn Place, WC1*. Until May 13, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm.

Roy Shifrin, epic bronzes. *Alwin Gallery*. Until Apr 20.

Philip Tarlow, paintings of Greece. *Campbell & Franks, 37 New Cavendish St, W1*. Apr 2-21, Mon-Fri 10.30am-5.30pm, Sat until 1pm.

Oliver Thomas, Suffolk landscapes; **Peter Brook**, lithographs. *Agnew's, 3 Albemarle St, W1*. Apr 2-27, Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Thurs until 7pm.

EXHIBITIONS

The Art of the Engineer. *Science Museum, Exhibition Rd, SW7*. Until Apr 29, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

The Barclay-Armitage Collection of West African ethnographical material, a new display. *Museum of Mankind, Burlington Gdns, W1*. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

Birmingham Motor Show. *Bingley Hall, Birmingham, W Midlands*. Apr 6-17, Mon-Sat noon-9pm, Sun 11am-7pm. 80p.

Margaret Bristow, weaving; **Oldrich Asenbryl**, ceramics; **Japanese prints**. *Oxford Gallery, 23 High St, Oxford*. Until Apr 18, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm.

Carnival of the Animals, a collection of musical instruments depicting animals or of animal origin. *Horniman Museum, London Rd, SE23*. Until Apr 23, Mon-Sat 10.30am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Chairs from 1660-1979. *Coexistence, 2 Conduit Buildings, Floral St, WC2*. Until Apr 30, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm.

Contemporary illustrators' art. *South Hill Park Arts Centre, Bracknell, Berks*. Until Apr 15, Mon-Fri 9am-11pm, Sat 10am-11pm, Sun noon-11pm.

Captain Cook in the South Seas. A British Library exhibition. *Museum of Mankind, Burlington Gdns, W1*. Until mid Oct, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

David Cripps, photographer. *CAC Gallery, 12 Waterloo Place, SW1*. Apr 11-May 28 (closed Apr 13), Mon-Sat 10am-5pm.

D is for Dinosaur. *Livesey Museum, 682 Old Kent Rd, SE15*. Until July 14, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm.

100 years of enamel signs. *Geffrye Museum, Kingsland Rd, E2*. Until Apr 22, Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm.

Fans from the East. *Victoria & Albert Museum, Cromwell Rd, SW7*. Until Apr 15, Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm.

Eileen Gray, 1879-1976, designs for furniture, interiors & architecture. *Victoria & Albert Museum*. Until Apr 22.

The Great British—portrait photographs by Arnold Newman. *National Portrait Gallery, St Martin's Place, WC2*. Apr 11-Oct 7, Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat until 6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Humour in Japanese book illustration. A British Library exhibition. *British Museum, Gt Russell St, WC1*. Apr 5-July 29, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

Man's Encounter with the Sea, photographs of the merchant shipping industry. *National Maritime Museum, SE10*. Until Apr 17, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Sir Anthony Panizzi, 1797-1879, librarian & scholar. A British Library exhibition. *British Museum*. Apr 12-July 15.

Philatelic treasures, an exhibition to mark the 10th anniversary of the National Postal Museum. *Chief Post Office, King Edward Bldg, King Edward St, EC1*. Until end 1979, Mon-Fri 10am-4.30pm.

Puppets of the World. *Bethnal Green Museum, Cambridge Heath Rd, E2*. Until May 27, Mon-



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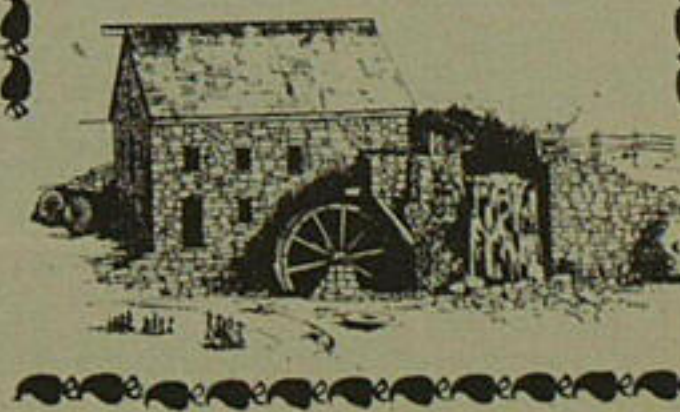
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Thurs & Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.
Satanic Mills, the textile mills of the Pennines, organized by Save Britain's Heritage. *Heinz Gallery, 21 Portman Sq, W1*. Until Apr 11, Mon-Fri 11am-5pm, Sat 10am-1pm.
Textile arts of France. *Victoria & Albert Museum*. March 27 until end Dec.
Treasures from Bassetlaw—objects from country houses in the district including silver by Paul Storr & William Kent, bronzes by Fanelli, paintings by Ben Marshall, Stubbs & Geeraerts, furniture by Hepplewhite. *Victoria & Albert Museum*. Until end of year.
Treasures of the Print Room. *Victoria & Albert Museum*. Mar 28-Aug 26.
Work in Progress, by Faith Shannon, book-binder; Catherine Mannheim, jeweller; Jane Bruce, glass-blower; Anne Sutton, weaver. *CAC Gallery*. Apr 11-May 26.

Antiques fairs

Camden Antiques Fair. *Camden Arts Centre, Arkwright Rd, NW3*. Mar 26-Apr 1.
10th Welsh Antiques Fair. *Hotel Metropole, Llandrindod Wells, Powys*. Apr 5-7.
Decorative Arts Fair 1830-1939. *Camden Arts Centre*. Apr 5-8.

SALEROOMS

The following is a selection of sales taking place in London this month:

BONHAM'S, Montpelier St, SW7:
 Silver & plate. Apr 3, 24, 11am.
 Watercolours & drawings. Apr 4, 11am.
 Selected European oil paintings. Apr 5, 11am.
 English & Continental furniture. Apr 5, 12, 26, 2.30pm.
 Oriental porcelain & works of art. Apr 6, 11am.
 Jewels & objects of vertu. Apr 6, 11am.
 20th-century paintings & drawings. Apr 11, 11am.
 European oil paintings. Apr 12, 19, 26, 11am.
 Steingraphs, Baxter/le Blond prints, commemoratives, Goss, fairings, pot lids & Staffordshire figures. Apr 20, 11am.
 Textiles & costumes. Apr 25, 11am.

Porcelain & works of art. Apr 27, 11am.
Bygones, photographica, toys & dolls. Apr 27, 11am.
PHILLIPS, 7 Blenheim St, W1:
 Prints. Apr 2.
 Watercolours. Apr 2.
 Jewelry. Apr 3, 24.
 Musical instruments. Apr 5.
 Oils. Apr 9, 30.
 Fire marks. Apr 10.
 Books, MSS & maps. Apr 10.
 Postage stamps. Apr 20.
 Modern pictures. Apr 23.
 Furs. Apr 26.
Marylebone Auction Rooms, Hayes Place, Lisson Grove, NW1:
 Cricketana. Apr 4.
 Dolls. Apr 11.
 Pot lids, ware, fairings, Goss & commemorative china. Apr 25.
SOTHEBY'S, 34-35 New Bond St, W1:
 Works of art & vertu. Apr 2, 11am.
 Valuable printed books. Apr 2, 3, 11am.
 Impressionist paintings. Apr 2, 4, 11am.
 Chinese ceramics & works of art. Apr 3, 10.30am & 2.30pm.
 Impressionist drawings. Apr 4, 2.30pm.
 Impressionist pictures & drawings. Apr 5, 11am.
 Contemporary art. Apr 5, 11am.
 Silver. Apr 5, 12, 26, 11am.
 Carpets. Apr 6, 20, 10am.
 English furniture. Apr 6, 11am.
 Science & medical books. Apr 9, 10, 11am.
 Glass. Apr 9, 11am.
 European ceramics. Apr 10, 10.30am & 2.30pm.
 18th- & 19th-century pictures. Apr 11, 11am.
 Jewels. Apr 12, 10.30am.
 18th- & 19th-century drawings & watercolours. Apr 12, 2.30pm.
 Old Master pictures. Apr 18, 11am.
 Furniture. Apr 20, 27, 11am.
 Kevorkian miniatures & MSS. Apr 23, 11am.
 Islamic works of art, ceramics & metalwork. Apr 23, 2.30pm.
 Oriental miniatures & MSS. Apr 24, 11am & 2.30pm.
 Arms & armour. Apr 24, 10.30am.
 Chinese porcelain. Apr 24, 10.30am.

Islamic rugs & carpets. Apr 25, 11am.
Islamic coins. Apr 25, 2.30pm.
Old Master prints. Apr 26, 10.30am & 2.30pm.
Rugs & carpets. Apr 27, 10am.
Miniatures & vertu. Apr 30, 11am.
Honeyman Collection of scientific books, Pt 2. Apr 30, 1pm.
Antiquities, terracottas. Apr 30, 2.30pm.
The Donington Collection, Castle Donington, Derbys: Vintage & veteran cars/vehicles. Apr 21, 11am.

LECTURES

GEOLOGICAL MUSEUM, Exhibition Rd, SW7:
Field study: The Mendip Hills, Apr 3, 11am;
 Dorset—east of Weymouth, Apr 3, 2.30pm.
 A field guide to minerals. Apr 4, 2.30pm.
 Marble—the stone of splendour. Apr 5, 2.30pm.
Films:
 Desert landforms; Face of the high Arctic. Apr 7, 10, 11, 2.30pm.
 Fire on Heimaey; Eruption of Mt Pelee. Apr 14, 16, 2.30pm.
 Alaska the great land; Pipeline Alaska. Apr 17, 18, 2.30pm.
 Oil well; Engineering, North Sea. Apr 19, 21, 2.30pm.
LONDON COLISEUM, St Martin's Lane, WC2:
 Massenet's *Manon*, human frailty, Rodney Milnes. Apr 3, 1pm. £1 inc refreshments.
MUSEUM OF LONDON, London Wall, EC2:
 Visions of London—perceptions of the city through different media: London on film, C. Sorensen. Apr 4, 1.10pm.
NATIONAL GALLERY, Trafalgar Sq, WC2:
 Patrons & connoisseurs: Sir George Beaumont & founder patrons of the National Gallery, A. Tyndall, Apr 4; Queen Victoria & Prince Albert, A. Peppin, Apr 11; The Boisseree brothers: collectors of early German & Netherlandish paintings, C. Brown, Apr 18; The Marquesses of Hertford & the Wallace Collection, R. Savill, Apr 25; 1pm.
NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM, Plan-

etarium, Old Royal Observatory, Greenwich, SE10:
 Where time starts, R. Million. Apr 21, 2.30pm.
 Mysteries of the heavens, R. Million. Apr 21, 3.30pm.
 Peculiar stars, J. Dix & H. Couper. Apr 23, 24, 26, 27, 3pm.
 The exploration of Venus, G. Satterthwaite. Apr 28, 2.30pm.
 The moon & its origins, G. Satterthwaite. Apr 28, 3.30pm.
ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS, John Adam St, WC2:
 Investment in new product development, Viscount Caldecote. Apr 11, 6pm.
 Tolansky Memorial Lecture: Einstein, gravitation & cosmology, M. Rees. Apr 25, 6pm.
SCIENCE MUSEUM, Exhibition Rd, SW7:
 Railways, A. Tulley. Apr 3, 1pm.
 Hand & machine tools, A. Wilson. Apr 5, 1pm.
 Easter lecture: Sounds interesting, A. Wilson. For children aged eight to 12 years. Tickets free from Museum Education Service. Apr 14, 16, 17, 18, 19, 3pm.
 Internal combustion engines, A. Tulley. Apr 24, 1pm.
 The story of flight, A. Tulley. Apr 28, 3pm.
SOUTH BANK, SE1:
 Concert platform lecture by Paul Steinitz on Bach's St John Passion, to be performed at the Festival Hall the same evening. Apr 23, 5.55pm.
 Waterloo Room, Festival Hall.
 National Trust Annual Gathering: review of the year's events; Life in the English Country House, talk; Points North, film; Gardens of the National Trust, illustrated lecture. J. Barrett & M. Girouard. Apr 30, 2.15pm & 7.15pm. Festival Hall.
TATE GALLERY, Millbank, SW1:
 Pictures for today, L. Bradbury. Apr 1, 3pm.
 Ophelia, G. Cohen. Apr 2, 1pm.
 The Fitzroy Street nude, P. Turner. Apr 3, 1pm.
 Rossetti's loves, S. Wilson. Apr 4, 1pm.
 Horse's head as equestrian monument? a sculptural masterwork by Duchamp-Villon, T. Measham. Apr 5, 1pm.
 Sydney Nolan "Inland Australia", J. Stern. Apr 6, 1pm.

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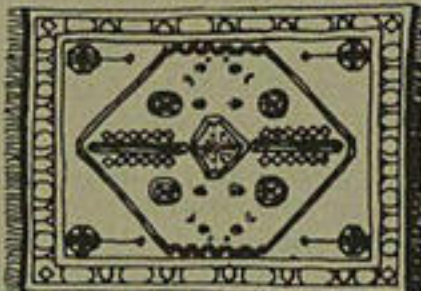
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Kokoschka's cityscapes, L. Bradbury. Apr 7, 3pm.

Modern collages, L. Bradbury. Apr 8, 3pm.

Bonnard's women, M. Ellis. Apr 9, 1pm.

Elizabeth I: Hilliard's virgin queen, P. Turner. Apr 10, 1pm.

Stanley Spencer's women, S. Wilson. Apr 11, 1pm.

Constable's wife, T. Measham. Apr 12, 1pm.

Piper & Sutherland—texture & design, L. Bradbury. Apr 14, 3pm.

Degas—indispensable Impressionist, L. Bradbury. Apr 15, 3pm.

Impressionism, M. Robinson. Apr 16, 1pm.

Augustus & Gwen John's women, P. Turner. Apr 17, 1pm.

Realism's women, S. Wilson. Apr 18, 1pm.

Degas's women, T. Measham. Apr 19, 1pm.

Reynolds's & Gainsborough's women, M. Seymour. Apr 20, 1pm.

The first Royal Academicians, L. Bradbury. Apr 21, 3pm.

Georges Braque—painter & decorator, L. Bradbury. Apr 22, 3pm.

Matisse & his women, A. Slee. Apr 23, 1pm.

Two portraits of Edith Sitwell, P. Turner. Apr 24, 1pm.

The Beardsley women, S. Wilson. Apr 25, 1pm.

Picasso's loves, T. Measham. Apr 26, 1pm.

Saltonstall's women, S. Reid. Apr 27, 1pm.

Bonnard & the Nabis. L. Bradbury. Apr 28, 3pm.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM, Cromwell Rd, SW7:

Constable & the English landscape, L. Gribbin. Apr 1, 3.30pm.

Renaissance colour printing, J. Johnson. Apr 4, 1.15pm.

The pastoral landscape of Samuel Palmer, H. Irwin. Apr 5, 1.15pm.

Bernini, R. Parkinson. Apr 8, 3.30pm.

The Easter story in art. P. Wallis. Apr 11, 1.15pm.

Eminent Victorians: Sir Edwin Landseer, Apr 18; John Ruskin, Apr 25, R. Parkinson; 1.15pm.

The 18th-century collector, S. Bowles. Apr 22, 3.30pm.

The English novel & the visual arts: "The Castle of Otranto", E. Murdoch. Apr 24, 1.15pm.

Treasures of the print room: British watercolours: an introduction to the exhibition. J. Murdoch. Apr 26, 1.15pm.

Painting of the month: Rossetti's "The day dream", R. Parkinson. Apr 29, 3.30pm.

Gallery lectures:

Narrative embroidery, T. Beck. Apr 7, 3pm.

16th-century sculpture, A. Mainstone. Apr 7, 3.30pm.

Treasures of the print room: 3 short talks introduced by M. Kauffmann. Apr 19, 1.15pm.

Maiolica, E. Gordon. Apr 21, 3pm.

The arts of Burma & South-East Asia, M. Hall. Apr 21, 3.30pm.

Constable's oil sketches, L. Jarrett. Apr 28, 3pm.

Early 18th-century English furniture, W. Clinton. Apr 28, 3.30pm.

WELLINGTON MUSEUM, Apsley House, Hyde Park, W1:

An introduction to Apsley House, F. Taylor. Apr 12, 1.15pm.

SPORT

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

European Cup semi-finals, 1st leg Apr 11; 2nd leg Apr 25.

FA Challenge Vase final, Wembley, Middx. Apr 28, 3pm.

London home matches:

Arsenal v Tottenham Hotspur, Apr 10; v Chelsea, Apr 16; v Norwich City, Apr 28.

Charlton Athletic v Preston North End, Apr 7; v Stoke City, Apr 14; v West Ham United, Apr 21.

Chelsea v Nottingham Forest, Apr 7; v Southampton, Apr 14; v Middlesbrough, Apr 21.

Crystal Palace v Cambridge United, Apr 10; v Charlton Athletic, Apr 17; v Notts County, Apr 28.

Fulham v Cardiff City, Apr 13; v Orient, Apr 16; v Leicester City, Apr 28.

Millwall v Orient, Apr 10; v Cambridge, Apr 17; v Bristol Rovers, Apr 28.

Orient v Brighton & Hove, Apr 7; v West Ham United, Apr 14; v Oldham Athletic, Apr 21.

Queen's Park Rangers v Birmingham City,

Apr 9; v Norwich City, Apr 13; v Coventry City, Apr 28.

Tottenham Hotspur v Middlesbrough, Apr 7; v Queen's Park Rangers, Apr 14; v Manchester United, Apr 21.

West Ham United v Luton Town, Apr 9; v Cardiff City, Apr 16; v Wrexham, Apr 28.

Wimbledon v AFC Bournemouth, Apr 10; v Torquay United, Apr 16; v Hartlepool United, Apr 28.

BADMINTON

Provident Mutual Inter-club finals, Gloucester Leisure Centre. Apr 11.

Friends' Provident English National Under 21 Singles, Swindon. Apr 28.

CRICKET

Lord's: Middx v Kent, Apr 21-23.

The Oval: Surrey v Oxford & Cambridge Universities (Benson & Hedges Cup), Apr 28; Surrey v Somerset (John Player League), Apr 29.

GOLF

Carlsberg European Championship, Tyrrells Wood, Surrey. Apr 25-27.

HORSE RACING

2000 Guineas Trial & 1000 Guineas Trial, Salisbury. Apr 7.

Welsh Champion Hurdle, Chepstow. Apr 17.

Ladbroke Craven Stakes, Newmarket. Apr 17.

Tote Free Handicap, Newmarket. Apr 18.

Ladbroke Nell Gwynn Stakes, Newmarket. Apr 19.

William Hill Scottish National Chase, Ayr. Apr 21.

Great Metropolitan Handicap, Epsom. Apr 24.

City & Suburban Handicap, Epsom. Apr 25.

Whitbread Gold Cup Handicap Chase, Sandown Park. Apr 28.

HORSE SHOWS

Rufforth Park Show, Ilkley, W Yorks. Apr 5-8.

Wales & West Show, Chepstow, Gwent. Apr 6-8.

Embassy Easter International, Hickstead, Sussex. Apr 12-16.

Amberley Horse Show, Cirencester, Glos. Apr 13-16.

Pageant of the Horse, Doncaster Racecourse. Apr 22.

Taplow Horse Show, Taplow, Bucks. Apr 29.

Horse trials:

Badminton three-day event, Badminton, Avon. Apr 19-22.

Driving events:

Irish Hackney Horse Show, Ballymena, Co Antrim. Apr 16.

Beamish Horse Driving Trials, Stanley, Co Durham. Apr 21-22.

Holker Hall, Cark in Cartmel, Cumbria. Apr 28-29.

LACROSSE

All-England clubs' & colleges' tournament, Motspur Park, London. Apr 7.

MOTOR CYCLING

Marlboro Transatlantic Trophy International Motor Cycle Races, Brand's Hatch, Kent. Apr 13.

MOTOR RACING

Benson & Hedges Circuit of Ireland International Rally. Start Carrickfergus, Co Antrim. Apr 13; Finish Newcastle, Co Down, Apr 17.

ROWING

Scullers' Head, Putney to Mortlake. Apr 7.

Wingfield Sculls, Putney to Mortlake. Apr 17-19 (finals Apr 19, 4.30pm).

RUGBY UNION

John Player Cup semi-finals. Apr 7.

Scotland v England (RFSU 19 group), Gala-shiels. Apr 11.

England v France (RFSU 19 group), Otley, W Yorks. Apr 17.

John Player Cup final, Twickenham. Apr 21.

Ulster Cup final, Ravenhill Park, Belfast. Apr 21.

Wales v England (RFSU 19 group), Swansea. Apr 21.

SKIING

British Universities' Championships, Cairngorm. Apr 2-5.

Scottish Junior Championships, Cairngorm. Apr 10-13.

SQUASH

Avis British Open Championships, Wembley Squash Centre, Middx. Mar 30-Apr 7.

West of England Championships (women), Plymouth. Apr 6-8.

SWIMMING

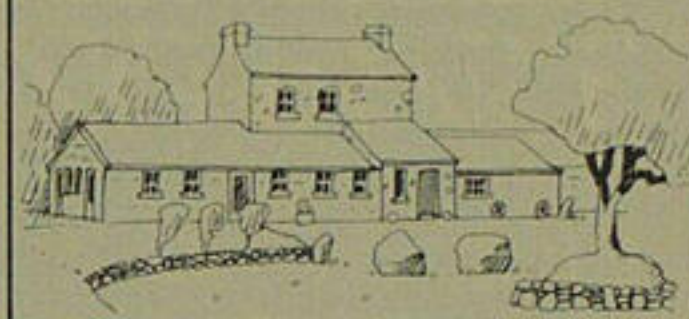
Five Nations' Synchronized Swimming Tournament, Walsall, W Midlands. Apr 14-15.

Coca Cola International Meet, Crystal Palace. Apr 14-16.

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ROYAL EVENTS

The Queen Mother attends a dinner at the Royal Horticultural Society's New Hall, Westminster. Apr 3.

Princess Margaret attends a fashion show in aid of the North Surrey Dyslexic Society. Fulcrum Centre, Slough. Apr. 3.

The Queen opens the new Home Economics Centre at Denman College, near Abingdon. Apr 4.

The Queen Mother, Honorary Colonel, the London Scottish, visits Regimental Headquarters for the presentation of new Pipe Banners to the Regiment by principal Scottish cities. 59 Buckingham Gate, SW1. Apr 4.

The Duke of Edinburgh takes the salute at the Sovereign's Parade, Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst. Apr 6.

The Queen Mother opens the Queen Elizabeth II Silver Jubilee Park. Ashington, Northumberland. Apr 6.

The Queen Mother lays the Foundation Stone of the new County Hall. Morpeth, Northumberland. Apr 6.

The Queen Mother opens the Hunday Tractor & Farm Museum. Newton, Northumberland. Apr 7.

The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh attend Maundy Service & The Queen distributes the Royal Maundy. Winchester Cathedral. Apr 12.

The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh visit the New Forest to mark its 900th anniversary. Apr 12.

The Duke of Edinburgh visits the Falconry Centre. Newent, Glos. Apr 19.

Princess Margaret, as President, attends the Annual Dinner of the Dockland Settlements. Plaistons Hall, EC2. Apr 19.

The Prince of Wales as President, the Bach Choir, & Patron, the English Chamber Orchestra & Music Society, attends performance of Bach's St John Passion. Festival Hall, SE1. Apr 23.

The Prince of Wales visits Cornwall. Apr 24.

Princess Margaret re-opens the Museum of Costume. Bath. Apr 24.

The Queen Mother attends a dinner given by the City of London Sheriffs' Society. The Central Criminal Court, EC4. Apr 24.

The Prince of Wales visits Headquarters Strike Command. High Wycombe, Bucks. Apr 25.

The Prince of Wales visits the London Air Traffic Control Centre (Military). RAF West Drayton, Greater London. Apr 25.

Princess Margaret attends a performance of East Anglian dances. The Maltings, Snape, Suffolk. Apr 25.

The Queen Mother opens the Sue Ryder Foundation Museum. Cavendish, Suffolk. Apr 27.

The Queen Mother opens the new Study Wing & attends a Concert. The Maltings, Snape, Suffolk. Apr 28.

Princess Anne, as President of the Save The Children Fund, attends a Service of Rededication & Renewal. Westminster Abbey. SW1. Apr 29.

The Queen opens the Pavilion built in memory of the late Lord Plunket. The Valley Gardens, Windsor Great Park, Windsor. Apr 30.

The Prince of Wales officially opens the first stage of the London Transport Jubilee Line. Charing Cross Underground Station. Apr 30.

The Prince of Wales opens the Graham Hill Rehabilitation Centre at the Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital. Stanmore, Middx. Apr 30.

OTHER EVENTS

Spring at Snape Maltings: Amadeus Quartet. Apr 12, 8pm; St John Passion. Apr 13, 3pm; Polish Chamber Orchestra. Apr 14, 8pm; Atarah's Band, concert for children. Apr 16, 11.30am & 3pm; Visit an English Garden, illustrated talk, P. Miles. Apr 17, 11am & 3pm; Redbridge Youth Orchestra & Choir. Apr 22, 3pm. Aldeburgh, Suffolk.

Marathon canoe race, Devizes to Westminster. Apr 13-16 (finish Apr 16, noon).

Easter Parade, Battersea Pk, SW11. Apr 15.

Harness Horse Parade, Regents Pk, NW1. Apr 16.

Egg-rolling. Apr 16, 1.30pm. Avenham Pk, Preston, Lancs.

Easter holiday events: Puppet portraits: make up your face to look like a puppet's, S. Donaldson-Walters. Apr 17, 18, 2.30pm; Make an edible marionette, I. Stewart. Apr 19, 24,

2.30pm; 1551 Concert play traditional tunes of travelling showmen. Apr 23, 2.30pm; Jessica Souhani's shadow theatre. Apr 25, 26, 2.30pm & 3.15pm. Bethnal Green Museum of Childhood, Cambridge Heath Rd, E2.

Spring Flower Show. Apr 18, 19. Royal Horticultural Society's Hall, Vincent Sq, SW1.

Shakespeare's birthday celebrations, Apr 23. Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwick.

Morris Dancing. Broadway Sanctuary, Westminster Abbey, SW1. Weds from Apr 25, 8pm.

Save the Children Fund Diamond Jubilee Cathedral Service. Westminster Abbey, SW1. Apr 29.

GARDENS

BERKSHIRE

Odney Club (John Lewis Partnership), Cookham. Apr 8, 2-6pm.

The Old Vicarage (Sir Robert & Lady Sainsbury), Bucklebury, Nr Newbury. Apr 15, 2-6pm.

Foxgrove (Miss Audrey Vockins), Enborne, Nr Newbury. Apr 22, 2-7pm.

The Old Rectory (Mr & Mrs R. R. Merton), Burghfield, Nr Reading. Apr 25, 11am-6pm.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

Hambleton Manor House (Viscount Hambleton), NE of Henley-on-Thames. Apr 22, 2-7pm.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE

Fellows' Garden, Kings' College, Cambridge. Apr 8, 2-6pm.

Longstowe Hall (Mr Michael Bevan), 10 miles W of Cambridge. Apr 15, 2-7pm.

The Bell School of Languages, Red Cross Lane, Hills Road, Cambridge. Apr 29, 2-5.30pm.

CHESHIRE

Aston Gardens: Barnett Brook (Mr & Mrs E. R. Moore); Salesbrook Farm (Mr & Mrs G. H. Shore); 5 miles SE of Nantwich. Apr 22, 2-7pm.

DYFED

Blackaldern (Mr & Mrs A. M. De Quincy), Nr Narberth. Apr 15, 2-6pm.

ESSEX

Hyde Hall (Mr & Mrs R. H. M. Robinson), Retenden, Nr Chelmsford. Apr 15, 2-7pm.

Terling Place (Lord Rayleigh), Terling, Nr Chelmsford. Apr 22, 2-7pm.

Birch Hall (Mrs N. Clarke), Theydon Bois, Nr Epping. Apr 29, 2-6pm.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE

Barnsley House (Mr & Mrs David Verey), Nr Cirencester. Wed, 10am-6pm.

Oaklands (The Elderly Persons' Home), Almondsbury, Nr Bristol. Apr 1, 2-6pm.

Yew Tree Cottage (Brig & Mrs H. Shaker & Miss P. Strange), Ampney St Mary. Apr 15, 16, 2-7pm.

HAMPSHIRE

Exbury (Mr E. L. De Rothschild), Exbury. Daily 2-6.30pm.

Titchborne Park (Mrs John Loudon), Titchborne, Nr Alresford. Apr 8, 2-6pm.

Alverstoke Gardens: Green Pastures (Mrs F. R. Mason), 59 Vectis Road (Miss M. W. Singleton); Nr Gosport. Apr 15, 2-6pm.

Hackwood Park, the Spring Wood (Viscount Camrose), near Basingstoke. Apr 15, 2-6pm.

Hurst Mill (Mr & Mrs Willoughby Norman), Nr Petersfield. Apr 15, 22, 29, 2-6.30pm.

Braishfield Manor (Mr D. E. Gibbs), Nr Romsey. Apr 22, 2-5pm.

HERTFORDSHIRE

Mackerye End (Mr & Mrs Douglas Cory-Wright), Nr Harpenden. Apr 15, 2-7pm.

Benington Lordship (Mr C. H. A. Bott) Nr Stevenage. Apr 15, 16, 2-6pm.

KENT

Street End Place (Lt-Col & Mrs John Baker White), Street End, Nr Canterbury. Apr 8, 15, 2-7pm.

Hole Park (Mr D. G. W. Barham), Rolvenden. Apr 11, 22, 2-7pm.

Croach's (Mr & Mrs John A. Deed), Ide Hill, Nr Sevenoaks. Apr 15, 2-7pm.

Mount Ephraim (Mr & Mrs C. A. W. Dawes), Hernhill, Nr Faversham. Apr 16, 17, 2-7pm.

Doghouse Farm (Mr Peter M. Godden), Stone St, 6½ miles S of Canterbury. Apr 22, 2-6pm.

Laddingford House (Mr & Mrs A. V. D. Cochran), Laddingford, Nr Maidstone. Apr 26, 11am-5pm.

Holden House (Mr P. A. Godfrey Phillips), Southborough, Nr Tonbridge. Apr 13, 15, 16, 22, 29, 2-6pm.

LEICESTERSHIRE

Rockyfield (Mr & Mrs P. B. Heslop), Ulverscroft, Nr Markfield. Apr 15, 11am to dusk.

Holywell Hall (Mr & Mrs W. P. Lockwood), Nr Stamford. Apr 16, 2.30-6.30pm.

LINCOLNSHIRE

Wheelabout (Mr & Mrs R. G. T. Wakeling), Mavis Enderby, Nr Spilsby. Apr 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, 2-6pm.

LONDON

Chiswick Mall: Walpole House (Mr & Mrs J. H. Benson); Strawberry House (Beryl, Countess of Rothes); Chiswick Mall, W4. Apr 22, 2-6pm.

11 Cavendish Avenue (Hon Mrs Mark Lennox-Boyd), St John's Wood. Apr 26, 2.30-6pm.

NORFOLK

Bayfield Hall (Brig & the Hon Mrs Douglas Phelps), Nr Holt. Apr 15, 2-6pm.

Sandringham House & Grounds (The Queen). Apr 15, 16; then Tues-Thurs. Apr 15

11.30am-5pm; weekdays 10.30am-5pm.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

Holdenby House (Mr James Lowther), Nr Northampton. Apr 8, 2-6pm.

Great Addington Manor (Miss Breitmeyer), Addington, Nr Kettering. Apr 15, 2-6.30pm.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE

Hawkesworth Manor (Lady Armitage), Nr Bingham. Apr 15, 2-6pm.

Felley Priory (Maj R. P. Chaworth Musters), Underwood, Nr Hucknall. Apr 22, 2-6pm.

OXFORDSHIRE

Bampton Manor (Countess Munster), Bampton. Apr 15, 2.30-6pm.

Standlake Gardens: Gaunt House (Mr. J. K. Belmont); Gaunt Mill (Brig F. R. L. & Mrs Goadby); 6 miles SE of Witney. Apr 22, 2-6pm.

SHROPSHIRE

Whitton Court (Mr & Mrs F. Hughes), Nr Ludlow. Apr 8, 2-6pm.

Cronkhill (Mrs L. Motley & National Trust), Cross Houses, Nr Shrewsbury. Apr 22, 2-6pm.

New Hall (Mrs R. H. Treasure), Eaton-under-Heywood, Nr Church Stretton. Apr 29, 1-5pm.

SOMERSET

Clapton Court (Capt S. J. Loder), Nr Crewkerne. Apr 15, 16, 2-7pm.

Parish's House (Mr B. G. S. Cayzer), Timsbury, Nr Bath. Apr 13, 15, 16, 11am-6pm.

Weatherham (Mr & Mrs T. Sutcliffe), Brompton Regis, Nr Dulverton. Apr 22, Tues, Thurs from

Apr 17, 2-5.30pm.

STAFFORDSHIRE

Trentham Gardens (Trentham Gardens Ltd), Nr Stoke-on-Trent. Daily 9am-dusk.

Coppinlea (Mr & Mrs M. J. P. O'Donoghue), Moss Pit, Nr Stafford. Apr 22, 2-7pm.

SUFFOLK

West Wood (Miss Mea Allen), Walberswick, Nr Southwold. April 1, 2-6pm.

Venns (Mr Evan Selwyn-Smith), Middlewood Green, Earl Stonham, Nr Stowmarket. Apr 15, 2-7pm.

SURREY

Sutton Place (Sutton Place Property Co), Nr Guildford. Apr 5, 2.30-5.30pm.

Park Gate House (Mr & Mrs Roger Vestey), Ham Common, Nr Richmond. Apr 8, 2-5pm.

Pinks Hill Nurseries (Mr D. Earl Bicknell), Wood St Village, Nr Guildford. Apr 15, 10am-1pm, 2.30-5.30pm.

Gorse Hill Manor (Mrs E. Barbour Paton), Gorse Hill Rd, Nr Virginia Water. Apr 16, 29, 2-6pm.

Chilworth Manor (Sir Lionel & Lady Heald), Chilworth, Nr Guildford. Apr 14-16, 18, 2-7pm.

Park Lane House (Mrs R. McConnel), Castle Hill, Farnham. Apr 22, 2-7pm.

Dunsborough Park (Mr C. F. Hughesdon), Ripley. Apr 29, 2-7pm.

SUSSEX

Chidmere (Mr Thomas Baxendale), Chidham, Nr Chichester. Apr 8, 9, 2-7pm.

Amberley Castle (Baroness Emmet of Amberley), Amberley. Apr 14, 15, 2.15-6pm.

Highdown (Worthing Corporation), Goring-by-Sea. Apr 16, 2-6pm.

WARWICKSHIRE

Puddocks (Miss Helen Syme), Ilmington, Nr Shipston-on-Stour. Apr 15, 2-6pm.

Dorsington Gardens: The Old Manor (Mr & Mrs J. Mills); The Moat House (Mrs J. Saville); Manor Farm (Mr & Mrs D. Walton); The Old Rectory (Mrs M. Wilson); Knowle Thatch (Mr & Mrs John Turner); Windrush (Mr & Mrs I. Munro); Dorsington, Nr Stratford-upon-Avon. Apr 22, 2-6pm.

WILTSHIRE

Wedhampton Manor (Mrs E. L. Harris), Nr Devizes. Apr 15, 2-7pm.

Easton Grey House (Mr & Mrs Peter Saunders), Nr Malmesbury. Apr 16, 2-6pm.

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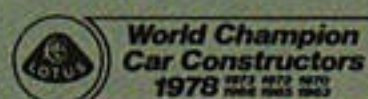
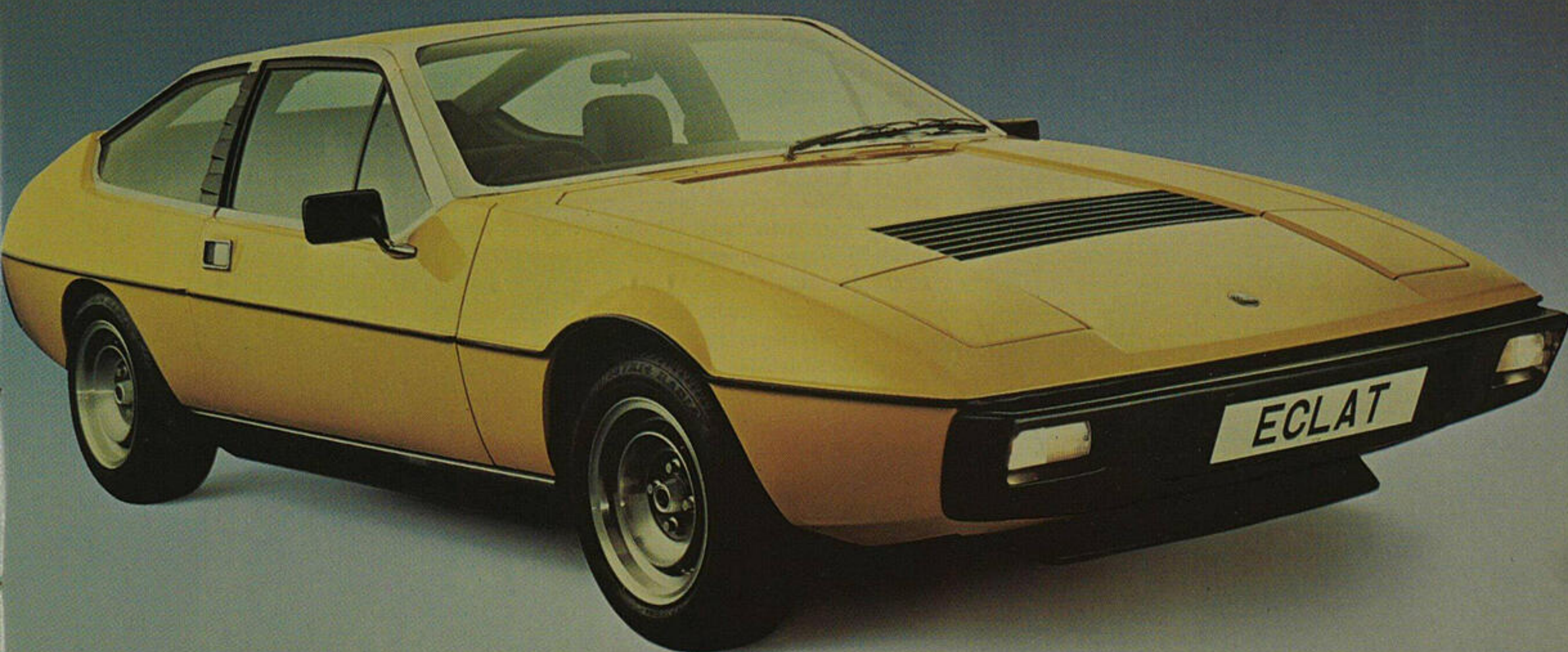
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FOR THE RECORD

Tuesday, February 13

Nationalist guerrillas attacked a power station near the centre of Salisbury, Rhodesia.

The Rhodesian nationalist Joshua Nkomo admitted his guerrillas were responsible for shooting down the Rhodesian Viscount airliner which crashed on February 12 shortly after take-off from Kariba, killing 59 people.

A National Heritage Fund of £15 million, designed to preserve the countryside, historic houses and works of art, was proposed by the British Government to replace the National Land Fund from April 1, 1980. The new Fund would be administered by independent trustees, though they would be responsible to ministers.

Freak waves estimated at 50 ft high breached the sea walls at Portland, Dorset, flooding houses and forcing 100 families to flee their homes.

The UK clearing banks raised their lending base rates by 1 per cent, from 12½ to 13½ per cent.

Wednesday, February 14

The Government and the TUC announced a "concordat" designed to improve the conduct of industrial relations by laying down guidance for negotiating procedures, for the conduct of disputes, and for union organization and the closed shop. A target for the reduction of inflation to 5 per cent within three years was agreed, and there would be an annual review of the economy by the Government and both sides of industry.

The US Embassy in Iran was stormed by armed mobs. The ambassador and his staff were trapped inside for more than an hour before being released by supporters of the Ayatollah Khomeini.

In Afghanistan the US Ambassador, Adolph Dobs, was killed when government security forces attacked the hotel in which he was being held hostage.

Reginald Maudling, former Cabinet Minister, deputy leader of the Conservative Party and MP for Barnet since 1950, died in a London hospital aged 61.

Thursday, February 15

Many towns and villages in Britain were cut off as snow and icy winds swept across the country. Denis Howell, Minister of State at the Department of the Environment, was given the task of co-ordinating efforts to keep the country moving, but in some areas industrial action by council workers stopped snowploughs and gritting lorries from doing their work.

President Carter, on a visit to Mexico, was publicly criticized by his host, President Jose Lopez Portillo, for his country's "sudden interest" in Mexico after years of "neglect" and "arrogance".

President Felix Malloum of Chad handed over power to Colonel Wadal Kamougue after days of fighting in the African state.

Friday, February 16

Four senior Iranian generals in the Shah's forces were executed in Tehran following a summary trial by a revolutionary court. A week later four more generals and 22 other high-ranking officers were also executed.

Fighting was reported on the border between Tanzania and Uganda.

Saturday, February 17

Chinese troops crossed the border into Vietnam in what was described by the government in Peking as a "counter-attack against Vietnamese aggressors". The attack followed a Chinese military build-up on the border after the Cambodian régime of Pol Pot had been ousted. On February 18 the Soviet Union warned China that it would honour its treaty of friendship with Hanoi, and called on China to withdraw its troops or face the consequences.

Two Civil Service unions, the Civil and Public Services Association and the Society of Civil and Public Servants, announced plans for a programme of selective and indefinite strikes in support of pay claims.

The Palestinian guerrilla leader Yassir Arafat arrived in Tehran to set up a base for the Palestinian Liberation Organization in Iran.

Sunday, February 18

Iran announced that it was severing diplomatic relations with Israel and expelling all Israeli citizens from the country. On the following day the PLO in Iran was given the former Israeli diplomatic mission's building in Tehran as its headquarters.

Monday, February 19

The United States and Britain called on Vietnam to withdraw its troops from Cambodia, and on China to withdraw from Vietnam. It was revealed in Britain that the proposed sale of Harrier jump jets to China was likely to be delayed because of the conflict.

The fifth Duke of Westminster died at his home in Co Fermanagh aged 68.

Tuesday, February 20

Eleven Ulster Protestants known as the "Shankill Butchers" were given a total of 42 life sentences for 19 murders and other offences including kidnapping, bomb-making and possession of arms, following a trial in Belfast.

Unemployment in the UK rose to 1,360,000 in the month ending mid February. It was the biggest monthly increase since September, 1977, and was equivalent to 5.7 per cent of the work force.

Express Newspapers and the National Graphical Association agreed on the introduction of computerized photo-composition for the group's newspapers in London and Manchester. The agreement gave the NGA control of keyboarding for all editorial and advertisement copy for at least five years.

Wednesday, February 21

175 people were killed and several hundred injured when a volcano erupted about 200 miles east of Jakarta, in Indonesia.

Prince Charles, in an address at a luncheon in London, suggested that many managers of British companies ignored the importance of the human factor, and that this contributed to some of the country's industrial problems.

Thursday, February 22

Leaders of the National Union of Public Employees unanimously recommended that its 600,000 members should reject a 9 per cent pay offer plus £1 a week in advance of a comparability settlement. The decision wrecked the Government's hopes of ending the month-old disputes in local authority, health and ambulance services.

The annual Defence White Paper proposed that Britain's defence expenditure in 1979-80 should increase by 3 per cent.

The Government agreed to write off British Airways' bill for £160 million for capital investment in the Concorde supersonic airliner.

The Caribbean island of St Lucia, a British dependency, became independent.

Friday, February 23

As fighting between Vietnamese and Chinese forces intensified the Soviet Union airlifted war supplies to Vietnam.

Rhodesian jets attacked a guerrilla base 20 miles west of Lusaka, in Zambia. It was the third air strike by Rhodesia into neighbouring states during the week, and a fourth attack was made on February 26, this time on a camp in Angola.

Four people were injured by a bomb which exploded in a crowded Woolworth's shop in Yeovil, Somerset. A second bomb exploded in a car park near by and two others were later set off by bomb disposal experts.

Saturday, February 24

Two teenage boys were killed and three others injured when a bomb, set off by remote control, exploded in the South Armagh village of Darkley, in Northern Ireland.

Sunday, February 25

Iran Air cancelled options to buy three Concorde supersonic airliners, five Boeing 747 jumbo jets and six European airbuses.

President Julius Nyerere of Tanzania said he would not consider proposals for ending his country's war with Uganda unless Tanzania were compensated for loss of life and property and President Amin was condemned by the Organization of African Unity. Tanzanian troops and Ugandan exiles were continuing to fight inside Uganda.

Monday, February 26

Chinese troops were reported to have advanced more than 50 miles into the interior of Vietnam. In Peking Vice-Premier Deng Xiaoping said he hoped the fighting would be over within a month.

Dr Kurt Waldheim, UN Secretary-General, declared that March 15 would be the date for a cease fire in Namibia (SW Africa) and for the start of UN supervision of the transition to independence.

At the Old Bailey in London the trial of Tom Keating on charges of faking Old Masters was ended because of the 61-year-old artist's ill health.

Tuesday, February 27

Executives of the National Union of Mine-workers voted by 15-ten to accept an offer from the National Coal Board totalling £72,500,000. It was estimated that the package would result in general wage increases of about 10 per cent for 230,000 miners.

Prime Minister James Callaghan ordered an inquiry into the leak of Civil Service documents, published in *The Guardian* newspaper, which revealed that government programmes for job-saving investment might cost as much as £800 million.

Wednesday, February 28

The Prime Minister of Iran, Dr Bazargan, warned in a broadcast that the uncontrolled activities of the Ayatollah Khomeini's committee of aides could reduce the country to a condition worse than under the previous régime. He spoke after Iranian guerrillas had overrun a US air force base in the border area.

Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin arrived in Washington at President Carter's invitation for further talks to try to reach a Middle East settlement.

The white-dominated Rhodesian House of Assembly met for the last time. Elections due in April on a one-man-one-vote basis will lead to a new legislature with a black majority.

Saudi Arabia put its forces on alert in response to fighting between North and South Yemen.

Thursday, March 1

In a referendum on the Government's proposals for devolution the people of Scotland voted by 1,230,937 to 1,153,502 in favour of the setting up of an Assembly in Scotland. The majority in favour was 32.5 per cent, and thus less than the 40 per cent required. The turnout was about 63 per cent of the Scottish electorate. In Wales the vote for devolution was 243,048, 956,330 against, the turnout being about 59 per cent.

China proposed direct talks with Vietnam to try to end their border war.

In by-elections at Clitheroe and Knutsford the Conservative candidates were returned with substantially increased majorities.

Following a Price Commission recommendation that no price increase be permitted BOC agreed to freeze its prices for industrial gases for a year.

The Bank of England cut its Minimum Lending Rate from 14 to 13 per cent.

Friday, March 2

In Spain the ruling Union de Centro Democrático led by Sr Adolfo Suarez won 167 seats in the general election held on March 1. This was not an overall majority but was enough for the party to form a workable coalition.

Industrialized countries, members of the International Energy Agency, agreed at a meeting in Paris that they would cut oil consumption by 5 per cent as a result of shortages created by the shutdown of Iranian supplies.

Sunday, March 4

Britain and China signed an agreement for economic co-operation, setting a target for total trade exchanges of £7,000 million over the next six years.

Monday, March 5

After five days of unproductive talks with Prime Minister Begin of Israel President Carter announced in Washington that he would fly to the Middle East in an attempt to resolve the difficulties that were preventing the achievement of a peace treaty between Egypt and Israel.

China announced that it was withdrawing its troops from Vietnam. The Vietnamese government indicated that it would be willing to talk about peace once the Chinese troops had left.

The Swiss government refused a request from Iran to freeze bank accounts belonging to the Shah and his family.

Tuesday, March 6

The Prime Minister announced in the House of Commons that orders would be put forward repealing the Scottish and Welsh devolution Acts.

Lt Gen John Hickman, Commander of the Rhodesian Army, was dismissed by the transitional government's Defence Ministers.

The Iran government announced that the Shah would be tried in his absence for "crimes against the people".

Wednesday, March 7

The French government decided to abandon its reservations about the European Monetary

System, thus opening the way for the implementation of the scheme by all the Common Market countries except Britain.

The National Union of Public Employees voted to continue their industrial action although other unions in the public health sector had decided to accept the offer of 9 per cent plus £1 a week.

Professor Hugh Clegg of Warwick University was appointed chairman of the new Standing Committee on Pay Comparability.

The EEC Commission in Brussels dropped the idea of abolishing duty-free sales throughout the Common Market.

Thursday, March 8

President Carter arrived in Cairo at the start of his peace mission in the Middle East. His reception by the Egyptian people was described as cautious but friendly.

After discussions under the auspices of Albert Booth, Secretary of State for Employment, the management and unions of Times Newspapers agreed on a formula for negotiations designed to lead to a resumption of publication of *The Times* by April 17.

The Inland Revenue agreed with print unions that it would waive all tax claims on their members' casual earnings before 1977-78 provided they registered with their local tax office before April 6.

Joe Gormley, president of the National Union of Mineworkers, informed the union's national executive that he proposed to retire by the end of the year.

Friday, March 9

The US sent two Boeing E-3A Sentry jets to Saudi Arabia to help in surveillance work on the Yemen conflict, which American officials feared might spread into the Saudi Arabian oil-fields.

The galaxy NGC1961, first catalogued in the last century, was identified by American astronomers as the largest object so far discovered in the universe, being 600,000 light years in diameter.

The Norwegian government planned to explore for oil and gas for the first time off the northern and central coasts, north of the 62nd Parallel.

In Tehran women marched through the streets in protest at the government's intention to enforce Islamic laws on women's dress and personal freedom.

Some BBC television programmes were disrupted by a strike of outside broadcasting staff protesting at the dismissal of a rigger-driver.

Saturday, March 10

After an emergency debate the Scottish Labour Party Council, meeting in Perth, voted in favour of devolution but did not demand the speedy implementation of the Scotland Act, which it was feared might split the party.

Sunday, March 11

Political parties in Rhodesia announced that they would not contest any of the 28 white seats against Rhodesia Front candidates in the forthcoming elections.

Monday, March 12

The new Middle East peace talks ran into difficulties in Israel and President Carter decided to stay on for one more day.

The British Prime Minister, addressing the summit meeting of EEC leaders in Paris, warned that the UK might refuse to pay its full contribution to the EEC budget after 1981 unless there was a drastic change in the current extravagance in expenditure. Mr Callaghan criticized the priority given to agriculture and said more emphasis should be given to industrial and unemployment problems.

Robert Relf, who was on hunger strike in prison in protest at a 15-month sentence for the incitement of racial hatred, was told by Lord Justice Lawton in the Appeal Court that the court would not be blackmailed into altering a sentence, and that if he wished to commit suicide that was his business. The sentence was reduced to nine months.

Iran and Pakistan officially withdrew from the Central Treaty Organization, leaving only Turkey and Britain as members of the pact.

The TUC organized informal talks among all the unions concerned in the Health Service pay dispute in an attempt to resolve the situation brought about by the National Union of Public Employees' rejection of the 9 per cent pay offer plus a comparability study and £1 on account.

WINDOW ON THE WORLD

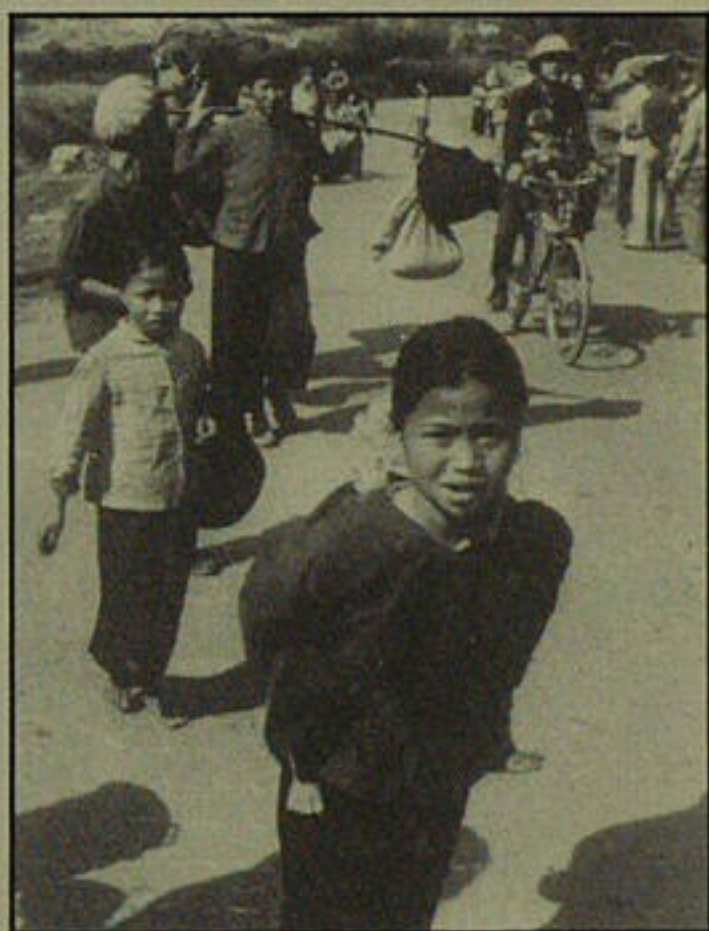
Border conflict: In the small hours of February 17 Chinese troops crossed the 4,500 mile border into Vietnam's five northern provinces on a wide front stretching from the Gulf of Tonkin to the hills near Laos, claiming that the operation was a limited one designed to punish Vietnam for repeated acts of aggression along the border and that China was not seeking territorial gain. An estimated 17 divisions, or some 225,000 men were involved. The invasion was immediately condemned by the USSR, with whom Vietnam recently signed a friendship treaty, and China was warned to withdraw its forces "or face the consequences". The USA also called for a withdrawal. After a week's fighting the Chinese had penetrated 10 miles into Vietnam, and Hanoi claimed 27,000 Chinese soldiers killed. The fiercest fighting was centred on the strategically important city of Lang Xon which guards the approaches to Hanoi and which the Chinese were reported to control 17 days after the conflict began. On March 6 the Chinese announced their intention to withdraw; Vietnam ordered general mobilization and demanded total withdrawal as a precondition of any negotiations.



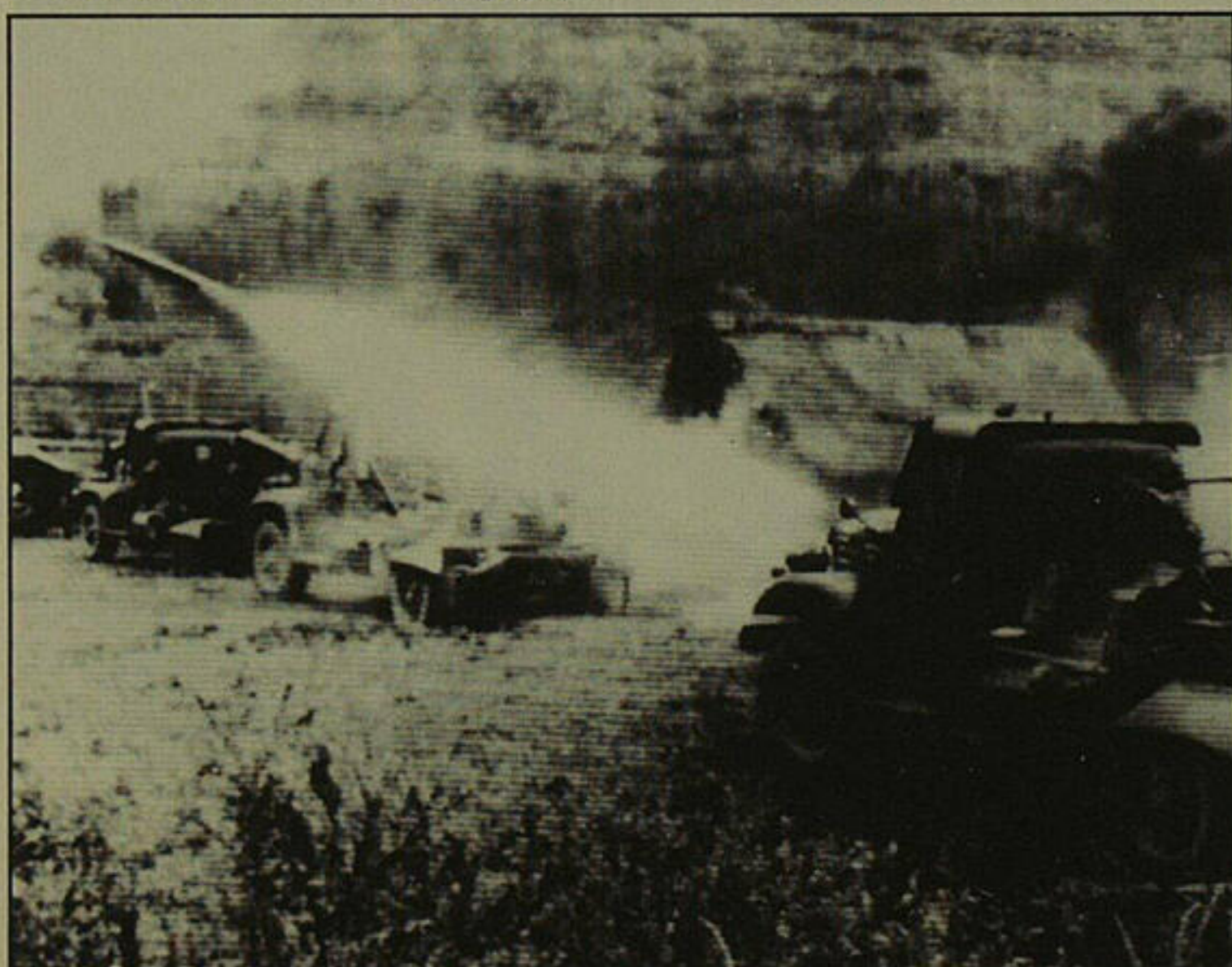
Houses destroyed by Chinese artillery bombardment along Highway 2, north-west of Hanoi.



Loudspeakers set up along the border to broadcast anti-Chinese propaganda.



Innocent sufferers in the war: refugees flee southwards along Highway 1.



Chinese tanks and artillery launch an attack from Yunnan Province.



A Vietnamese soldier is hit in a battle in Dong Dang, near Lang Xon.

After the referendums



Both the Scots and the Welsh showed themselves to be less than enthusiastic for the Government's devolution proposals when they were put to the test by referendum on March 1. Though the Scots voted in favour they did so by the narrow margin of 1,230,937 votes to 1,153,502 out of a poll which represented about 63 per cent of the total electorate. Thus only one in three could on this basis be said to have been positively in favour of the Government's proposal—well below the 40 per cent required to ensure that the Scottish Assembly should come into being. In fact in none of the 12 districts was that 40 per cent target achieved, and in half the favourable vote was less than 30 per cent. In Wales the verdict was unequivocal. A total of 956,330 voted against and only 243,048 in favour, out of a 58.8 per cent poll, so only one in eight Welshmen showed themselves positively in support of devolution, at least in the form currently devised.

It will strike many people as an odd conclusion to a decade of nationalist clamour. But it would be wrong to judge that, because no overwhelming demand has been proved, there is no case for considering other forms of devolution—at least for Scotland. The problems examined by the Kilbrandon Royal Commission on the Constitution in 1973, of the increasing growth, complexity, remoteness and cost of central government, remain with us, and have indeed burgeoned more rapidly in the last five years. There is a small majority demand for devolution in Scotland, and it is reasonable to assume that the majority might have been larger in the March referendum but for some of the particular circumstances in which it was held. One was

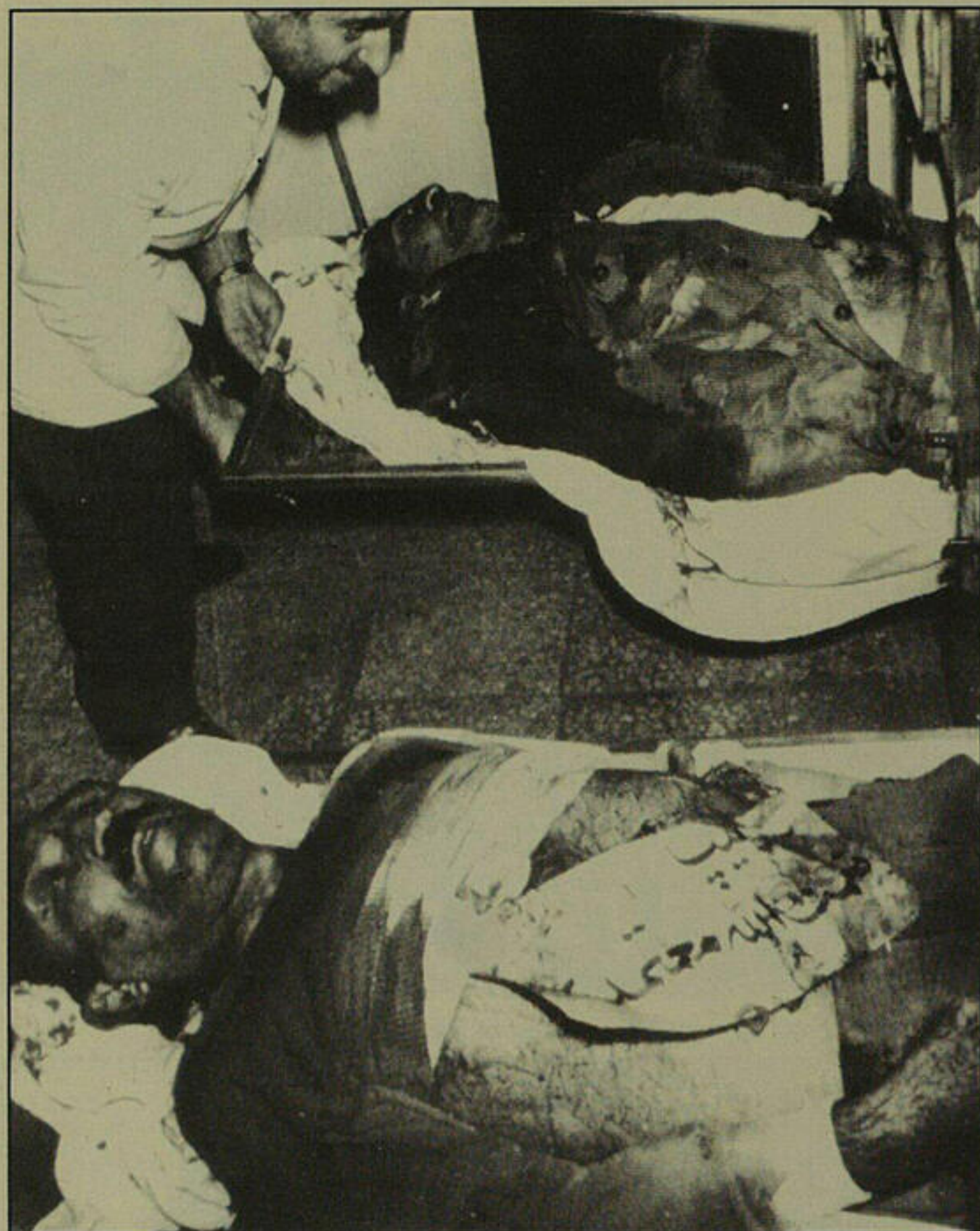
that the proposal being voted on was put forward by a government which is at present massively unpopular, so that almost any proposed legislation would be suspected as having been put forward for party advantage—in this case, to secure the continuing support of the nationalist vote in the House of Commons. There can be little doubt that many Scots were sufficiently aware of the political implications of the referendum to take a fairly cynical view of what was on offer, and to put their own comment upon it by not bothering to vote.

Apart from the political circumstance in which the referendum was held, there was also doubt on whether the constitutional change was the best that could be devised. The Conservative Party has suggested that it is not, and that a more effective form of devolution might be devised. Perhaps it can be, but there must surely be more careful consideration, less party political manoeuvring, and far greater conviction on the part of the Scots before any constitutional change of this nature is contemplated again.

The referendum verdicts should be the death knell of this Government. Mr Callaghan's cupboard is now totally bare. Devolution has been the principal fare he has had in it for two parliamentary sessions, and he cannot warm it up for a third time. His 5 per cent pay ceiling has collapsed and the replacement policy, the "concordat" with the unions, is vague to the point of being incomprehensible, and it has been so hedged about by such devices as comparability studies, relativity awards and payments on account as already to have lost credibility. And the rate of inflation, whose arrest was the one

undisputed achievement of this Government, is beginning to move substantially upwards again. But though the bell is tolling, the Prime Minister seems likely, if he can, to keep his Government in office until the autumn, when an election will finally be forced upon him. There are compelling political reasons why he should want to hold on if he possibly can, for there is little doubt that the Labour Party would suffer a substantial defeat if an election were held now, and there must always be hope that something might turn up, at the least perhaps a fine summer, to lessen the present discontents.

There are even more compelling national reasons why this Government should not try to soldier on. Last September Mr Callaghan declared that he would not then be calling a general election because he thought it was best for Britain that his Government should go on. The Government would work, in the fifth and final session of this Parliament, he said, "with the greatest vigour to control inflation, reduce unemployment and improve the efficiency and prosperity of British industry". A government having to spend much of its time worrying about what the small minority parties are thinking, and how their parliamentary votes can be assured, cannot act with the greatest vigour, as has been amply demonstrated by Labour's limp performance since last September. Mr Callaghan declared a few days ago that he was determined to see out the full term of this parliament. This means that the country will be faced with a further six or seven months of survival tactics by a lame-duck government. The cost to the country is too high. Mr Callaghan should call an election now, or be forced to.



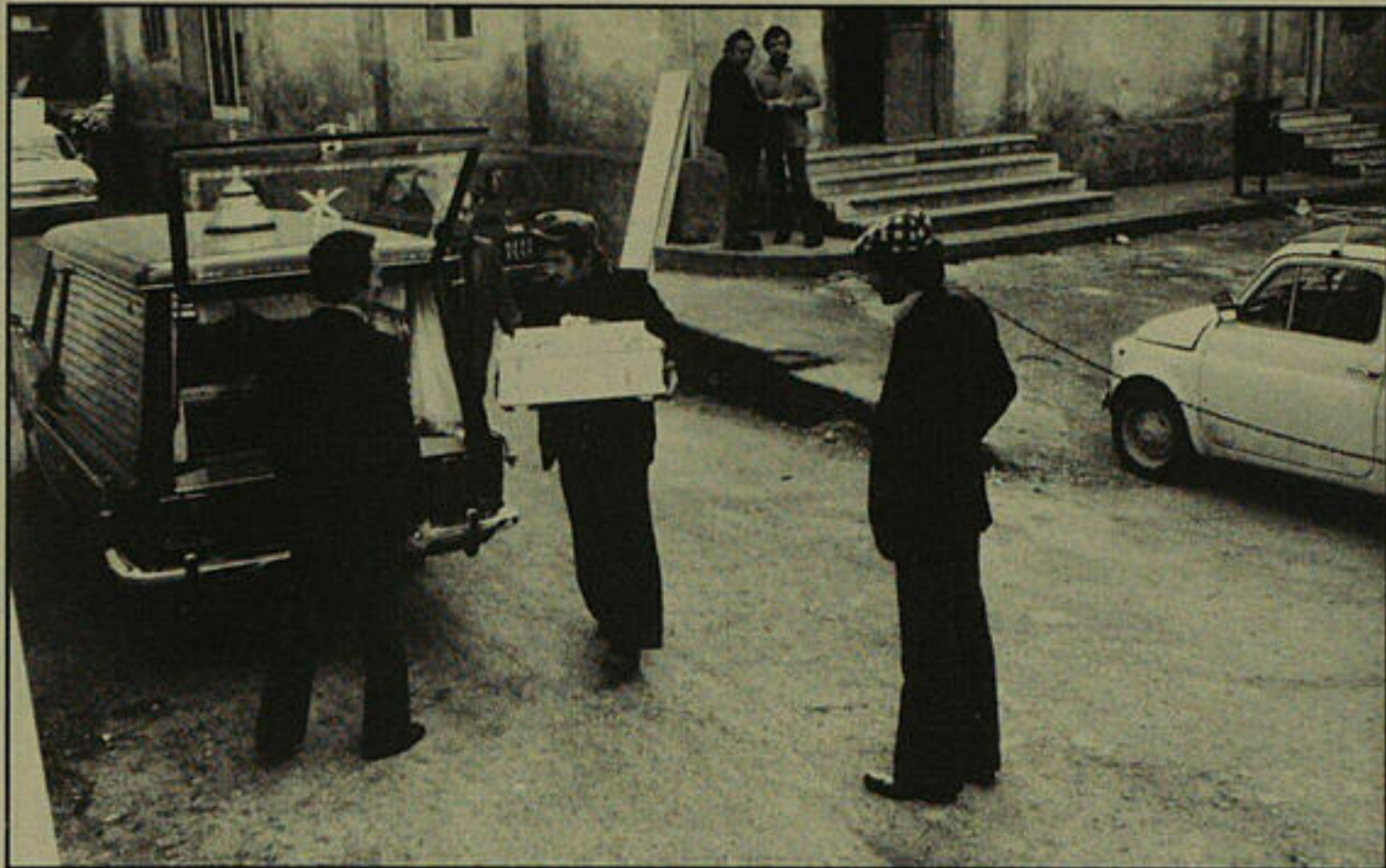
Iran in division: As supporters of the Ayatollah Khomeini, standing for an Islamic republic, came into conflict with left-wing revolutionaries, a wave of executions of those loyal to the Shah swept the country. Eight generals, including Nematullah Motamadi and Maunuchahr Malek, together with 22 other high-ranking soldiers were among those put to death.



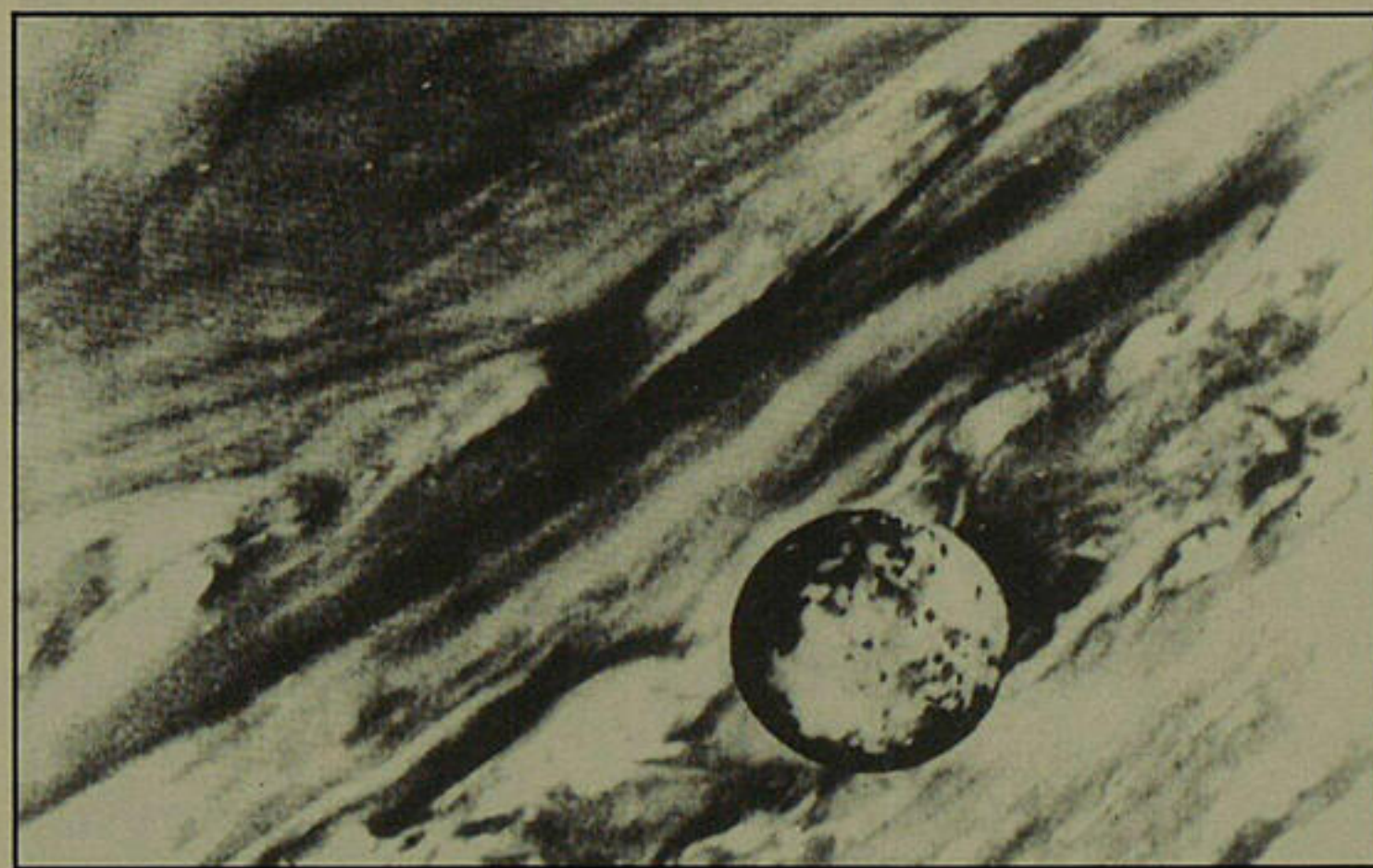
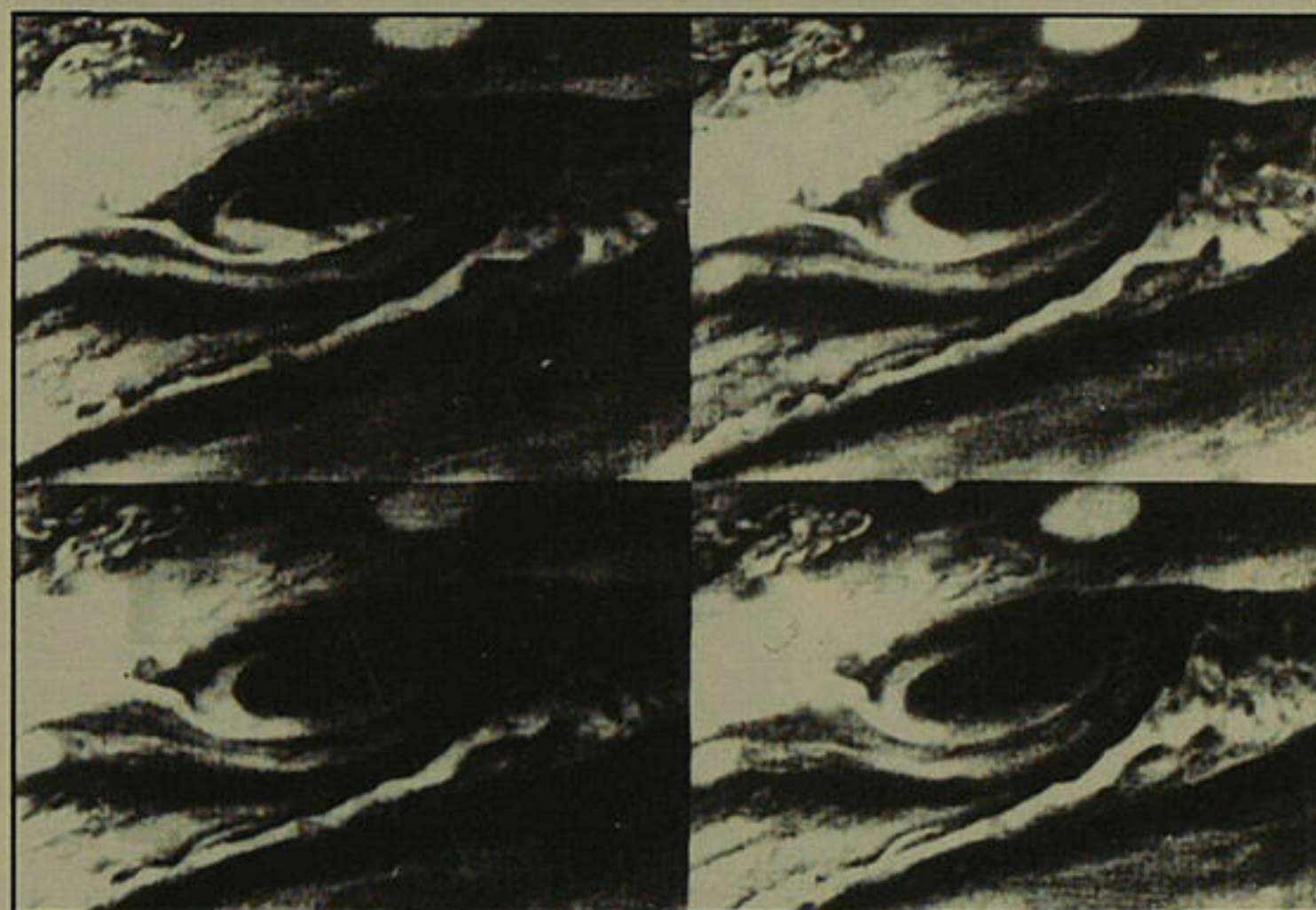
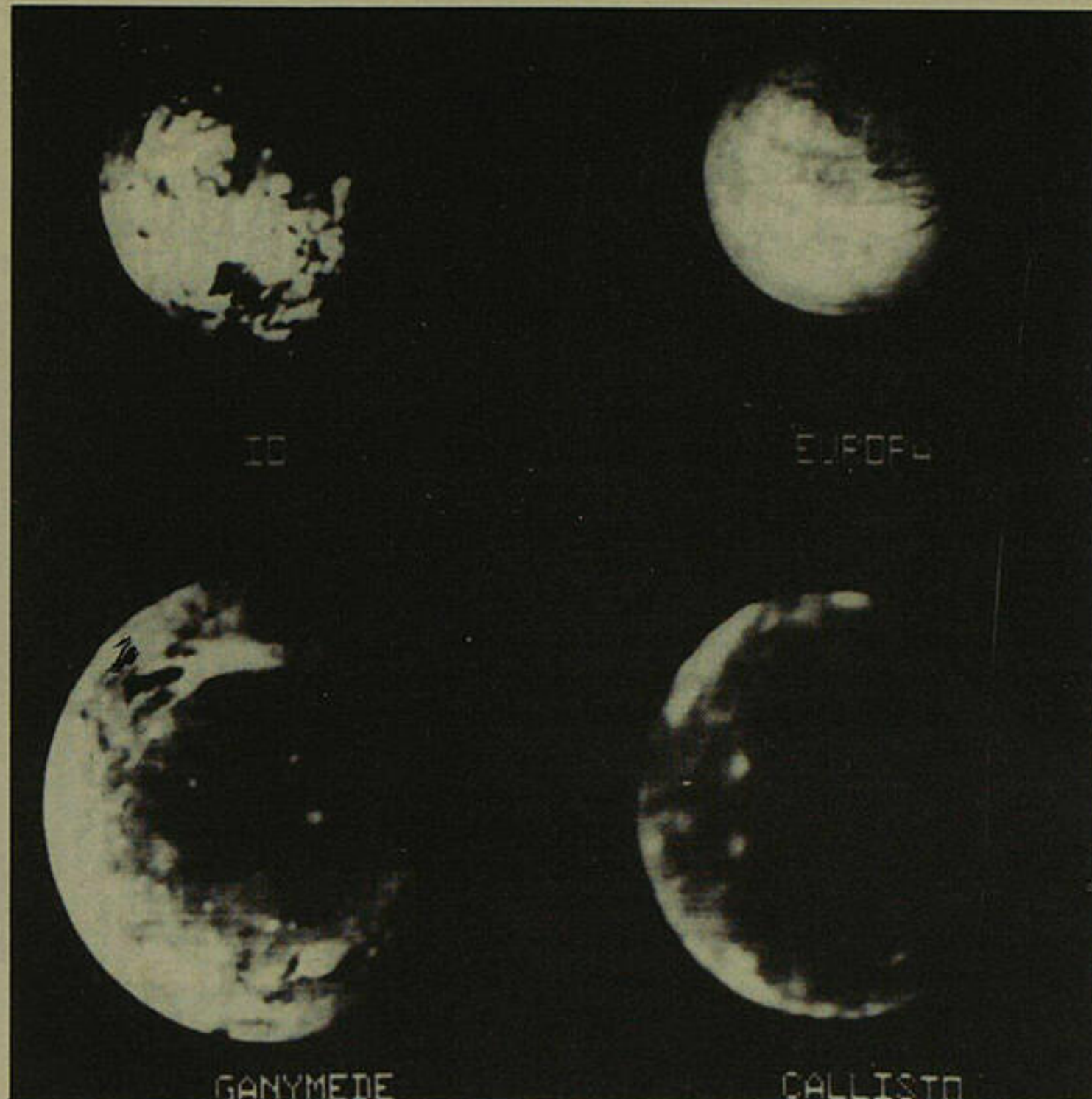
Soviet ships on the move: Russia's new aircraft carrier, the 40,000 ton *Minsk*, top, sailed through the Bosphorus into international waters in the Mediterranean at the end of February. She can carry between 30 and 50 aircraft. A 16,000 ton Sverdlov class missile cruiser, said to be the largest warship with the Soviet Pacific fleet, was among USSR ships to move into the Tsushima Strait around the same time, presumably heading for Vietnamese waters.



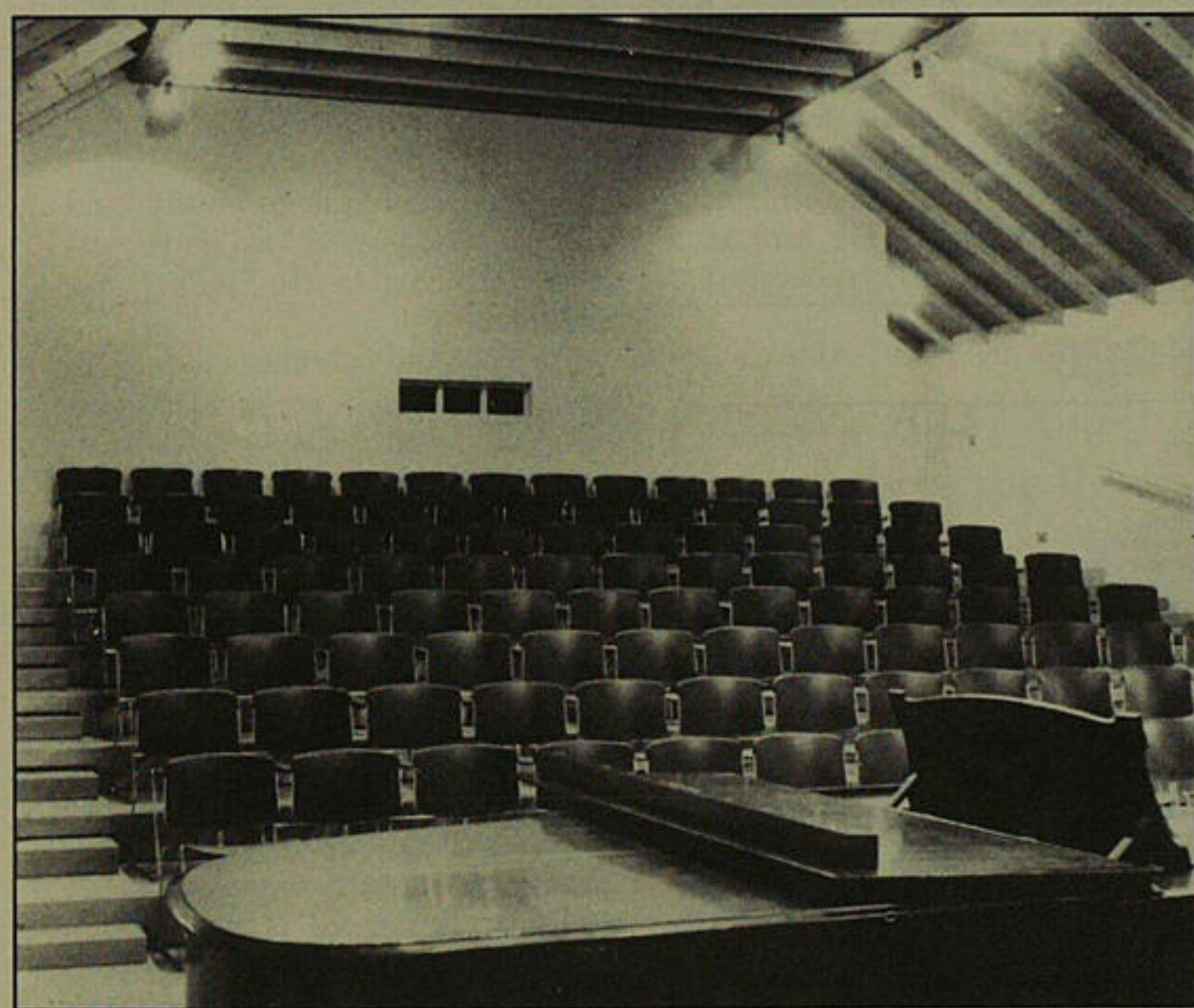
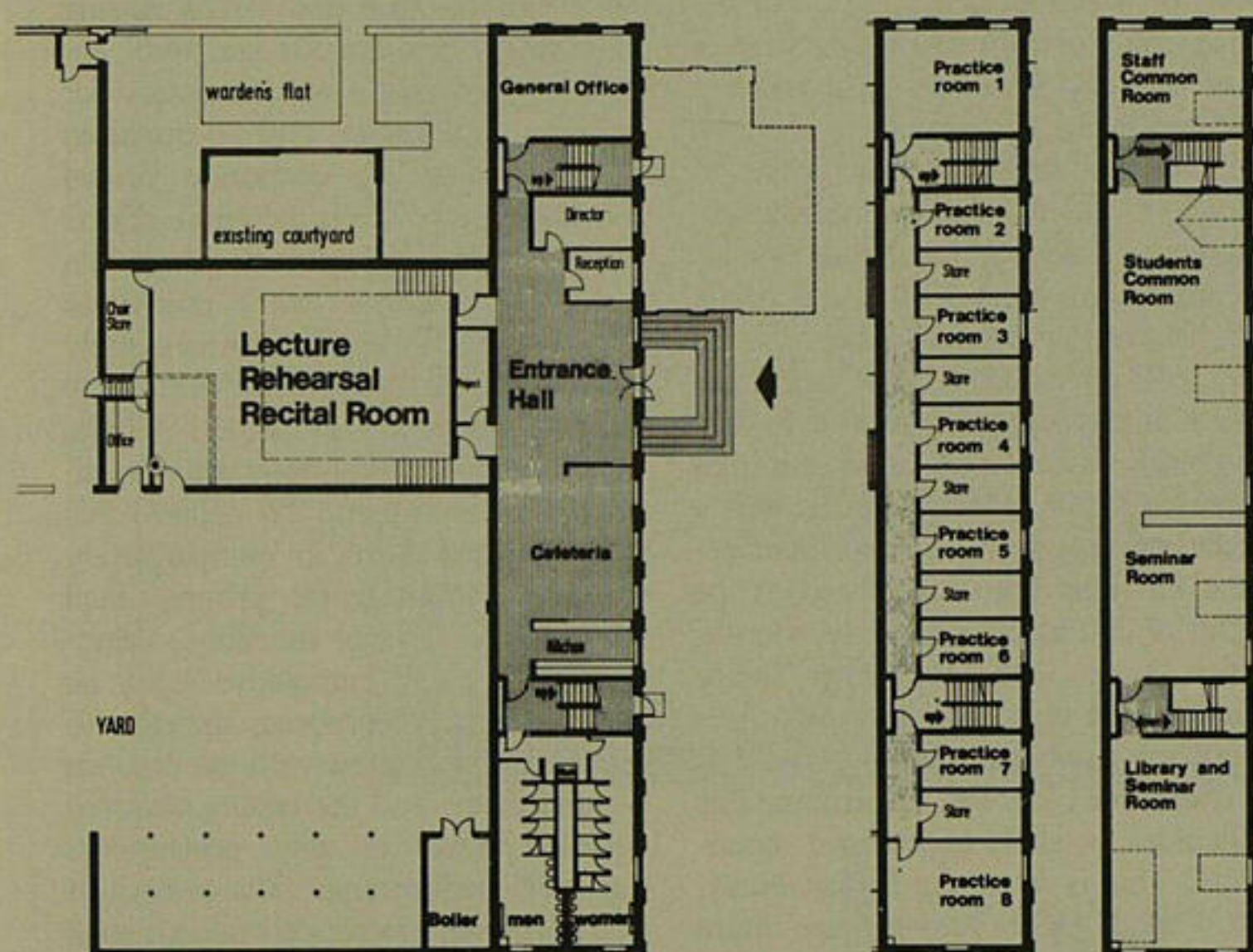
Efforts for peace: In further attempts to reach a Middle East peace treaty President Carter flew to Egypt to confer with President Sadat. After a warm reception, top, President Sadat and his wife took the American President and his wife sightseeing. Mr Carter was able to proceed to Israel on March 10 with some new proposals, and after discussions with Prime Minister Begin he returned to Washington via Cairo with "the ingredients of an agreement".



Death toll in Naples: Tiny coffins carried in hearses through the streets of Naples have become a familiar sight, following the outbreak of a respiratory viral infection which affects babies. The disease has caused over 70 deaths during the past year, and hundreds of babies have been admitted to the city's Santobono Hospital. Italian and foreign experts brought in by the government agreed that the principal cause of the deaths was a syncytial virus for which there was not yet a cure. They made recommendations to the Health Ministry to clean up slum areas in Naples, believed to be a contributory factor.



Jupiter surveyed: Photographs of Jupiter taken by the Voyager I spacecraft, which recently passed the planet, show: top, the four large Galilean satellites of Jupiter, Io, Europa, Ganymede and Callisto, at their correct relative sizes; centre, four views of Jupiter's Great Red Spot, taken one Jupiter rotation apart when Voyager I was about 20 million miles away; above, the satellite Io seen against the surface of the planet when the spacecraft was about 5 million miles away. Launched from Cape Canaveral in September, 1977, Voyager I is now continuing on its way to Saturn, Uranus and Neptune.



Britten-Pears music school completed: The conversion of the south block of maltings buildings at Snape, top, into a post-graduate training centre for young musicians is now finished and the school will be opened by the Queen Mother on April 28. Externally the building is unchanged except for new windows and the addition of an entrance porch, but the inside has been gutted and two new floors constructed. The recital room seating 150, above, on the ground floor, is fitted with removable chairs on retractable tiers so that it can be converted into an open space with a flat floor for orchestral rehearsals. Plans of the ground, first and second floors show the internal layout of the school, which has courses for singers and string players and for academic studies scheduled throughout 1979 as well as a production of *Eugene Onegin* to be conducted by Mstislav Rostropovich.

ANGUS MAUDE

The beginning of the end

As the Labour Government counts the cost of the failure of its devolution policies, watches inflation rising and tries to ignore bad news from by-elections and opinion polls, the Conservative MP for Stratford-upon-Avon speculates on the timing of the general election.

When a government once loses its grip on events, the luck always seems to run out completely and nothing it does turns out right. So it is with the present Labour Government. Not only do all occasions inform against it, but none of its ministers—from the Prime Minister to the unfortunate Mr Ennals—ever seems to be able to say the right thing at the right time. It is the beginning of the end.

When the end will come is anybody's guess. Seldom has a Prime Minister had less room for manoeuvre and a more unattractive choice of alternatives than Mr Callaghan. Nothing could look bleaker than his immediate prospects. He is way behind in the opinion polls; the Conservatives did well in the Knutsford and Clitheroe by-elections, where the total collapse of the Liberal vote was also bad news for Labour; and the massive defeat of the Government's devolution policies in the Scottish and Welsh referendums means that Labour has lost both face and votes in two areas where it once seemed strongest. The referendums fiasco also marked the collapse of what was virtually the Government's only major legislative effort in the last two sessions of Parliament.

Add to all this the cumulative effect of a winter of industrial strife, during which ministers who started by making tough declarations about standing firm on a 5 per cent pay rise limit have not only yielded to *force majeure* but miserably appeased militant strikers in hospitals and schools at the cost of great suffering to the public, and it becomes clear that the attractions of an early election cannot seem to Mr Callaghan great.

But are the attractions of hanging on any greater? Well, even for someone as completely condemned as the Prime Minister, while there is life there is presumably some vestige of hope. More immediately important, perhaps, is the question of whether the Government can hang on for very much longer. With the final showdown on Scottish devolution still looming, and with the prospect of a Budget that can hardly be popular with anyone (least of all the Labour Left), it would be foolish to make any firm prophecies. The Government could be upset at almost any moment.

All the same, it would not surprise

me if it managed to survive until Parliament rises at the end of July. Whatever defeats he may suffer in the House, the Prime Minister can always put a confidence motion before the Commons on the following day. However cross the Scottish National MPs may be now, and even if the Liberals' desire to distance themselves from Labour overcomes their unwillingness to be massacred in an election, I do not yet see Mr Enoch Powell and his faithful handful of Ulster Unionists hurrying to put a Conservative government in power.

Can the Government improve its electoral position significantly in the months before time finally runs out on November 8? It is hard to see how it can. The one hope Labour has had since 1976 is that the rate of inflation could be kept sufficiently low to cause people to forget the runaway inflation of 1974-76, and for a while it seemed that this might be possible. But with the inflation rate already hastening back towards double figures that time seems to be past. Mr Callaghan threw away that chance when he decided he could not win last October.

He may still hope that a fine summer and a long parliamentary recess will put people in a better frame of mind—but then he hoped that last year, and it did not work. The opinion polls will probably fluctuate with their usual inconsequence, but I doubt whether they tell us much about how people will actually vote when they enter the polling booths with the stored memories of five years of unsuccessful Labour government. Certainly they told quite the wrong story in 1970.

So what will it be? An unpredictable parliamentary upset, leading to a sudden election when no one expects it? Or a choice deliberately made by the Prime Minister? And if the latter, when?

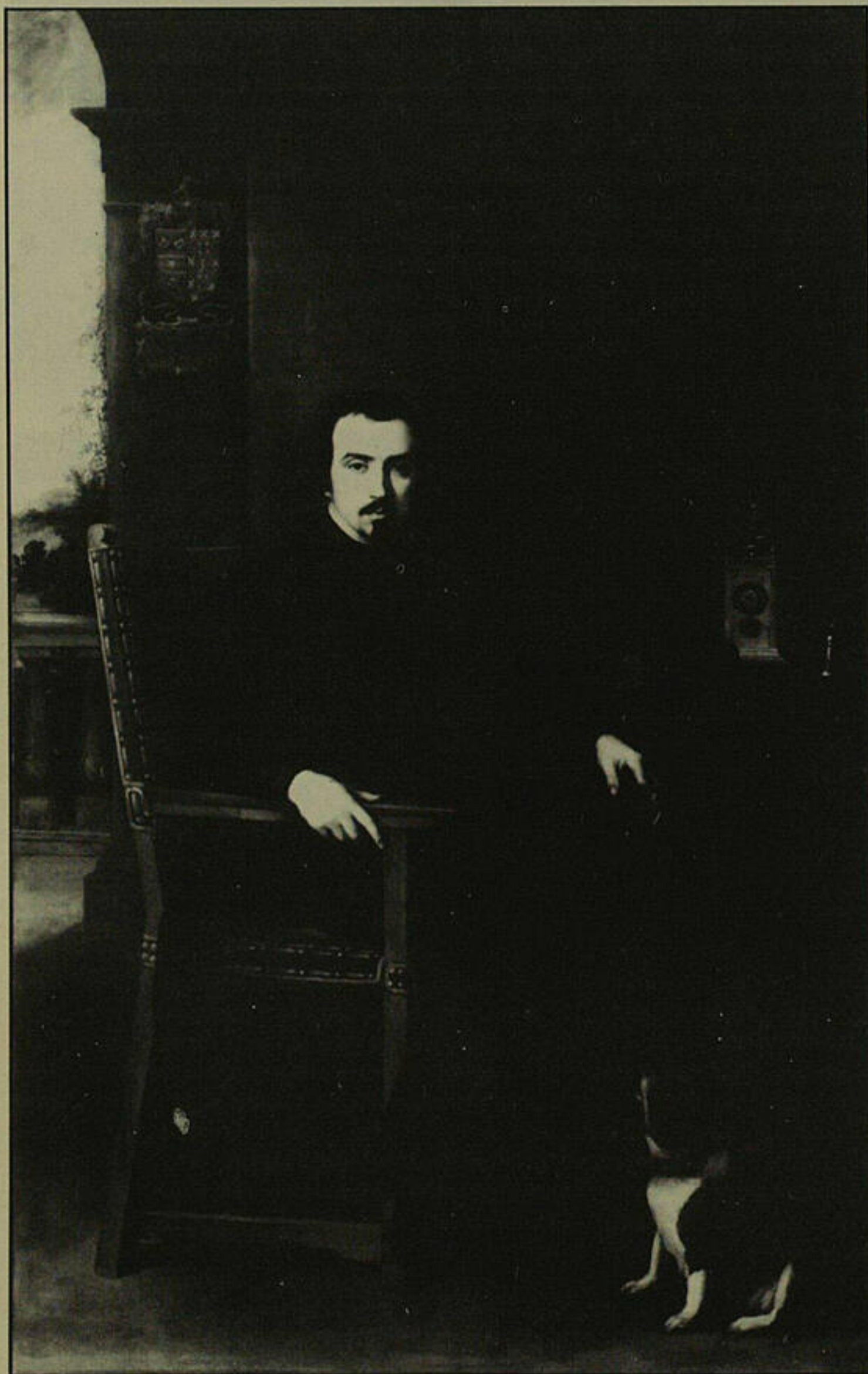
No doubt the shape of the Budget will tell us something, but it is unlikely to prove much of an electoral bonus. Will we go to the polls on June 7, with all the appalling strains a double election would put on Labour's creaking constituency organization? Or will Lucky Jim hold on to the very last moment, in the desperate hope that something just might turn up? This latter would, I think, be in character and I should not be surprised if he tried to do so. Whether he can succeed is another matter.

Correction

In the article on Tony Harrison published in our March issue the *Oresteia* was wrongly attributed to Euripides. It is the trilogy by Aeschylus, and not the Euripides play, that Mr Harrison is currently working on. We apologize for the error.



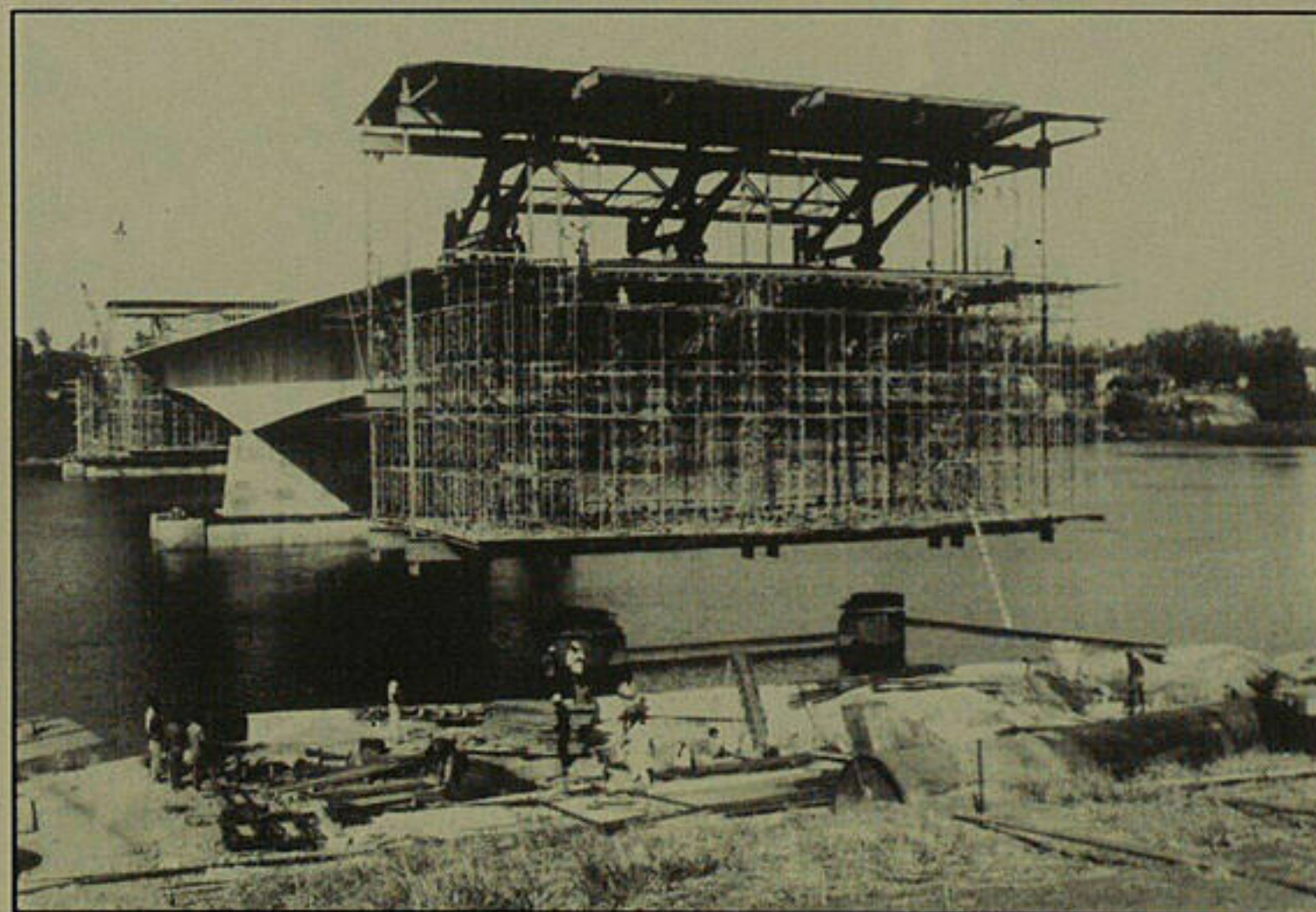
Another mile for the nation: Great Farthingloe Farm, west of Dover, has been bought by the National Trust, adding another mile to the 2 miles of White Cliffs already under its protection. The land was bought for £25,000 from the Ministry of Defence with the help of a grant from the Countryside Commission and money raised by appeal as part of the Enterprise Neptune project.



National acquisition: *Portrait of Don Justino de Neve* by the Spanish painter Bartolomé-Esteban Murillo, 1617-82, has been bought by the National Gallery through Agnew's from the trustees of the Bowood Collection. The picture is dated 1665 and the sitter, a canon and prebendary of Seville Cathedral, was a close friend of the artist whose only seated full-length portrait this is.



Disappearing pier: The 100-foot-long concrete Lambeth Pier, which sank suddenly into the Thames in February, has been raised and taken to Albert Docks so that damage can be assessed and estimates made of the cost of repair.



Link-up in Kenya: A new bridge is being built linking the island port of Mombasa to the Kenyan mainland, the existing one being inadequate for increasing traffic. It is scheduled for completion by a Japanese construction company in 1980.

The problem of management

At the time of writing this page, which for technical reasons has to go to press several weeks before it appears in print—in the days, that is, of “the winter of our discontent”, amid secondary picket-enforced strikes against a helpless and victimized public by organized hospital cleaners, boiler men, porters, school caretakers, dustmen, water workers, ambulance drivers and various Civil Servants in pursuit of ever higher, competitive and inflationary wage claims payable later, in the shape of rising rates, taxes and prices, by the victims of these now customary annual exercises—our justly popular Prince of Wales got himself into such hot water as was then available by suggesting in an off-the-cuff speech that much of our contemporary factory unrest was due to bad labour relations caused through defective and antiquated methods of management. This, not unnaturally, caused an outcry from many long-suffering and harassed employers driven almost frantic by cumulative and irresistible trade union and shop-floor demands, by one-sided and punitive egalitarian legislation, and by mandarin Civil Service rigidity, red-tape and departmental procrastination.

Yet, viewed in broad perspective, the Prince was manifestly right. It is not in the shops and factories of small, or even middle-sized, concerns that managers and employers are often on bad terms with those who work for them, however much professional *avant-garde* trade union organizers, in pursuit of the powers given them by a socialist state, may try to exacerbate things. The real trouble and underlying cause—every bit, I suspect, as much as the excessive and supra-legal powers given by recent Labour governments to trade unions—is the dehumanizing size of the huge centralized labour-employing organizations, in both the private and public sphere. For here a rigid official hierarchy on both sides creates resentment and confrontation instead of co-operation, the desire to excel and the fostering of corporate morale. The very nature of mechanical production, for ever growing in scale since the start of our own early Industrial Revolution, has cumulatively encouraged malaise in the factory. To make a man an unthinking and unfree cog in a machine instead of its master and controller, as mass-machine-production does, is to nullify and destroy the natural instinct which God planted in man to make him a creator and producer.

During the last war, at a time when vast numbers of citizens in uniform were turning their minds and hopes to the kind of better society which they fondly hoped would arise after our victory, I found myself, in the course of my work for the Services, presiding over little study groups of soldiers and airmen debating the needs and aspirations of our future society. I used

sometimes to suggest that even in the Soviet Union, where it was then fashionably believed that the purely material needs of man were most perfectly catered for by the rulers of that universally supposedly “progressive” society, the day might come when its altruistic and forward-looking rulers might find that, after succeeding in providing the “workers” with every conceivable material comfort and aspiration, the latter might still remain dissatisfied with their lot. And that, in such a case, the humanity-loving rulers of the USSR would be forced to take stock of their production-orientated economic revolution and think again, thereafter replanning their machines in such a way as to restore personal respect and liberty to those whose lot it was to serve, handle and control them. And this need, I believe, still lies at the root of the discontents which in all industrialized lands bedevil modern productive society.

Yet, though this may be so, lack of adequate man-management is clearly a major cause of the human discontent and resultant inefficiency which vitiates so much large-scale productive organization in our own and other industrial countries and produces the confrontation between labour and employer, whether public or private, which makes all our lives needlessly uncomfortable and, at worst, as in the case of the sick, old and helpless, dangerously deprived. To realize this one has only to experience, as any traveller on our nationalized mammoth railway system almost inevitably must, the lack of leadership, common effort and goodwill and of necessary improvisation on the part of the railway personnel to overcome the inconvenience, not to say

hardships, suffered by those who have paid for, and been defrauded of, its promised services, through some breakdown in its advertised time tables and facilities.

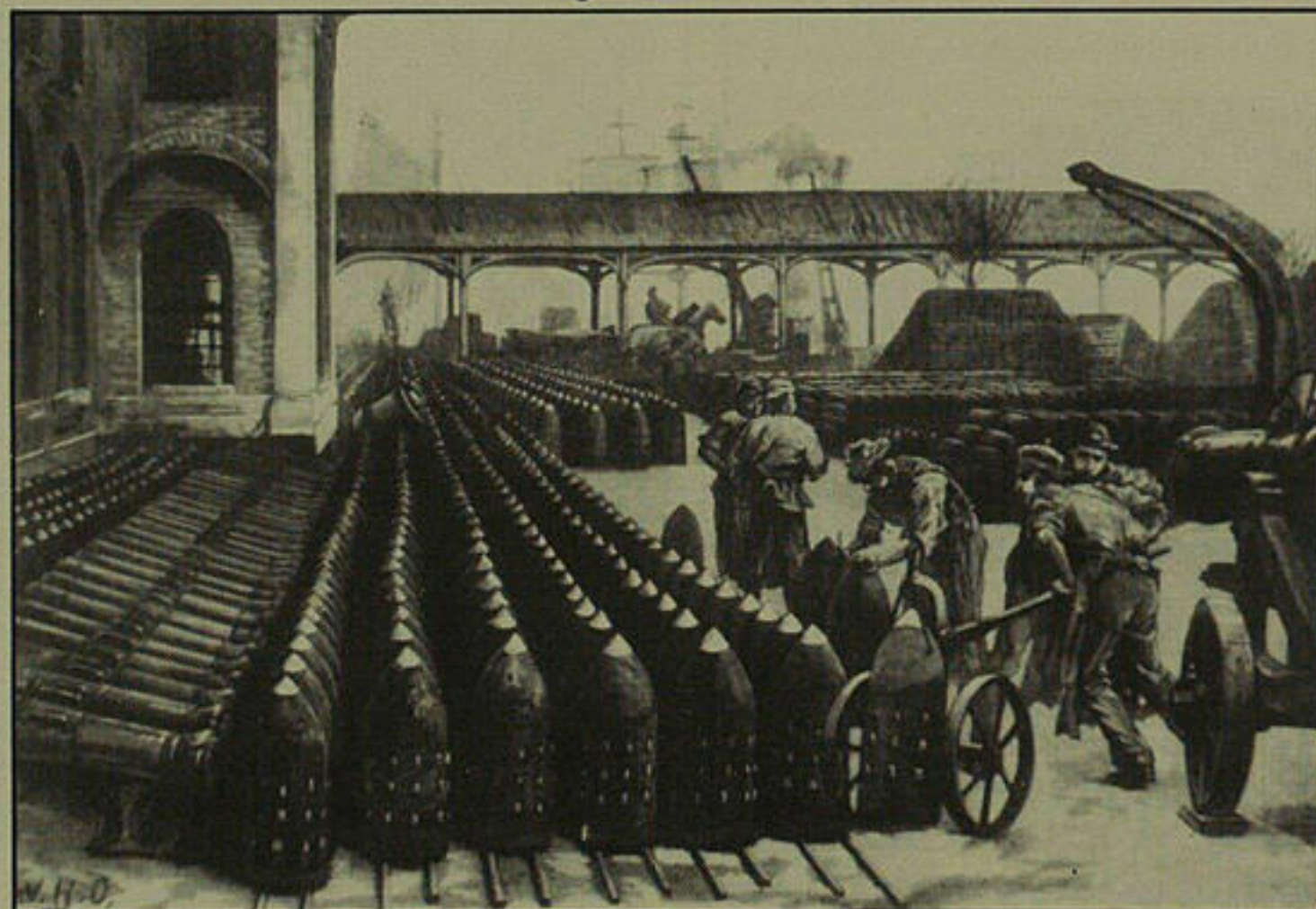
In other words, the Prince of Wales put his royal finger on a very real defect in our vaunted industrial system: one which is alike depriving those who produce and serve the community by their labour of pride and self-satisfaction in their work, and the consumer of the full value of the products and services for which he or she pays. For the satisfaction or lack of satisfaction of man as a producer and consumer are interdependent and cannot in the long run be separated. And the Prince of Wales, a highly originally minded, imaginative and thinking man, in his comparatively short lifetime has had a great deal of practical experience in the all-important, and too often neglected, art of man-management. For he has both served and commanded men in at least two of our fighting Services, where effective and humane man-management has long been recognized as the secret of that indefinable force, morale, which more than any other factor enables men in co-operation with one another not only to achieve success but to overcome otherwise insurmountable difficulties, in short to “remove mountains”. This is what the British Navy, Army and Air Force, perhaps more than any other comparable forces in the world, have long been famed for, possibly because of the very handicaps under which our unmartial-minded society and its rulers have tended throughout history to expect our fighting men to labour, particularly at the outset of our wars. For here, as in so many other matters, necessity has

proved the mother of invention.

The art of man-management is a considerably easier, though equally necessary, contribution to human efficiency where men are under enforceable discipline than where the ultimate sanction of such discipline is lacking. Yet, though more difficult, it is achievable in both sets of conditions. Many years ago, as a young man, I used as a hobby to produce pageants in which large numbers of men and women, under no kind of enforceable discipline, not even that of the cash nexus existing in ordinary commercial life, were engaged, yet where it was necessary for them to conform to, and be practised and exercised in, corporate crowd movements on which the entire effects of the scenes depicted by them depended. To achieve this I, and those who assisted me, had to depend entirely on the willing co-operation and freely given obedience—in other words, morale—of the thousands who constituted the performers. To achieve this we organized them in comparatively small and manageable groups, each with its own special functions, voluntary leaders and cumulative *esprit de corps*—for the corporate appetite to excel, we found, grew with the practice—until in the end the results achieved equalled those of any professional theatrical performance. The essence of that corporate morale depended, I shall always remember, on the sum total of the freedom of each individual performer to play and develop his part as he conceived it within the framework of the movements demanded of the performing group to which he belonged and whose competitive rivalry and desire to excel proved such an important contribution to the cast's public performances.

To give every individual producer in industry a feeling of personal incentive and desire to excel, and everyone, high and low alike, engaged in organizing such production a duty and obligation to encourage, by understanding, imagination and example, the needs and human feelings of those whose productive powers he has been appointed to evoke and foster, must surely be the real key to industrial, as to any other, form of corporate activity. For this, all over-centralized, over-rigid, impersonally mechanical organization of production is unsuited. It should therefore be the aim of all those responsible for man-management in business and industry, as the Prince of Wales so clearly saw, to provide a workable alternative based on the latent self-respect, pride and capacity for loyalty and trust instinctively inherent in human nature. And for this the co-operation of both sides in industry, management and organized labour alike, is needed. However long it takes, our economic survival, let alone prosperity, depends on its achievement ●

100 years ago



Rows of 700 lb Palliser shells, named after the Major who invented them, at Woolwich Arsenal. The shells in this illustration, from the *ILN* of April 19, 1879, were for 38 ton guns. Woolwich Arsenal, which manufactured guns and shells, employed thousands in its thriving industry. The day shift for men in the foundry was from 6am to 4pm, worked without a break so as to keep the furnace constantly supplied.

The Yeoman Cavalry of the Richmondshire Militia on Manoeuvres near Richmond by John Frederick Herring, Snr., sold in July 1978 for £40,000



Every detail receives attention

Throughout his life John Frederick Herring was a prolific painter of equestrian subjects. One of the keys to his popular appeal was his ability to portray faithfully individual riders and horses down to the finest detail.

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Profile by Joan Bakewell

Chief Constable James Anderton

The Chief Constable of Greater Manchester is the youngest of his rank and commands the largest police force outside London. Son of a Wigan miner, he describes here how his fervently held Christian beliefs and fundamentalist moral stand motivate his public and private life.

Each morning at 7am Joan Anderton brings her husband his breakfast—grapefruit, bacon and eggs—in bed. Since his appointment in 1976 as Chief Constable of Greater Manchester (at 44 the youngest chief constable commanding the largest force outside London) James Anderton has become Britain's most famous policeman. "She shares my notion of total commitment. It's part of my nature that I have to give all of myself, most of the time, to what I'm doing. My wife and daughter support me totally in this." The security and comfort of a happy home life allow him to fulfil a schedule dense with appointments. In 1978 he made 64 speeches, attended 71 police and 134 civic functions, besides doing his job.

Within 18 months of his appointment he masterminded three major containment operations with the National Front, deploying thousands of police, two helicopters and over £250,000. He spear-headed a drive against pornography in the north-west: within 11 months his men made 264 raids, seizing 160,000 books. His public statements were as absolute as his actions. A Preston speech in 1977 condemned "social non-conformists, malingerers, idlers, parasites, spongers". He spoke out for corporal punishment at the time the European Court of Human Rights condemned the Isle of Man's birching. And the Right loved him. He called for the abolition of minimum height requirements for police recruits; he instituted a system of consultation and open debate at all levels of his own force. "In that context I'm ultra-liberal, but if I feel that in the context of a problem a tougher, seemingly right-wing approach is needed, I advocate that, too. I'm very much a mixed bag, regarded as a paradoxical figure."

A man of such firm opinion, such a fundamentalist moral stand and such practised fluency make him a gift for the media. There have been television profiles and interviews; every statement he makes is now assured of headline treatment. And if this sudden celebrity status surprises him in one way, in another he had always sensed himself to be a man of destiny.

He was born on Empire Day, 1932, into a miner's cottage in Wigan—two up two down, the lavatory, shared with other families, across the cobbled yard. The *Daily Express* front page for that day hangs framed in the spanking-new office he inhabits in the new £2 million tower block headquarters. He remarks on the newspaper's dated language and style: "But I'm still a

royalist, you know, a staunch royalist.

"I would say I'm one of the luckiest men in the world. I say it quite often." Indeed he does, recounting the tale of his life with delighted, almost lyrical, pleasure. "I was born into a marvellous family; my mother a lovely person, quiet and homely, my father a little bit more fiery. I suppose I possess some of his temperament. The living room was a play floor with linoleum and a rush mat carpet, with mother doing the washing in a dolly tub. We had an old-fashioned black-leaded grate. My father would come home from the pit, black, and get into the tin bath in front of the fire. The first thing he did was take off his mucky hat and see if he could sling it like a hoopla on the brass knob of the oven door. He was greatly sustained by his Christian faith and by his moral views on life and I follow him in that respect." His mother took in sewing to earn a bit extra. "When I was in bed I could hear the sound of my mother's sewing machine, clattering away till ten, 11 at night." Holidays were a few days near Morecambe or an afternoon at Southport. Looking back he sees it in a roseate glow of idealized contentment. "Everything I got was a wonderful bonus to me, and I appreciated it. If I had to live my life again I wouldn't alter it at all."

The family was church orientated. From the age of six-and-a-half he went to choir practice twice a week, and on Sundays there were Communion, matins, Sunday school and evensong. There was talk of politics, too. "I'm told my paternal grandfather was a great political theorist—a local Kier Hardy, radical socialist. Father was a Labour supporter, too, a great believer in social justice." There was also the rougher justice of childhood. He remembers when he was five, the two-year-old girl "from next door but one came down our path into the vestibule. There was a bowl of fruit on a lace runner. She pulled it along, took an orange and ran away. I followed her, retrieved the stolen property—then I beat her. My mother heard what I'd done, and she beat me!" He eventually married that little girl.

He won a scholarship to Wigan Grammar School but left at 16. "I had no inherent desire to pursue an academic life. School didn't captivate me. Neither of my parents had the background or vision to guide me to a professional future." From very early he had decided with absolute certainty to be a policeman. "I had a great belief in myself. I somehow felt I was different

as a youngster. Many things that seemed to please my contemporaries I found trivial and unimportant. Certainly in matters relating to behaviour I couldn't join in their thinking and very often stood alone as a consequence. In order to maintain my vision of life I had to be at odds with a lot of my contemporaries. It was the same in my army life."

Nonetheless it was a typical boyhood. Reading was *Biggles*, *Just William*—"Even Dickens, believe it or not." There was the twopenny rush at the Saturday afternoon cinema, for Flash Gordon. And the fond memory of when "My dear old Mum scraped together all her pennies to take us to see *The Wizard of Oz*. It must have cost half her housekeeping. I mustn't admit to being a romantic, but honestly I watch it spellbound each Christmas." Abraham Lincoln was also a hero, and still is to some extent. "I always thought he was so good and great. Now, in his latest biography, I'm told he was sometimes indecisive and weak. But I have weaknesses, too, and we must never put people on a pedestal where we can admit no failing in them." Did he regard himself as a decisive man? "Yes, I do, yes—but I believe in coming to a decision rationally and sensibly."

At 18 he had to do National Service. He was keen to serve in the Military Police. "I wanted to prepare myself to enter the Force as a constable on the beat. That was a job that put together all that I saw in life, a profession that held dear all the ideals I treasured—integrity and a moral base for the work I had to do, a protective role in society which would match my expectation of myself as a Christian."

This devout sense of calling led him to turn down a commission in the Army and, after coming through the Military Police, to take on a short-term six-month service engagement. "I enjoyed my army service immensely; I experienced the responsibility of command and I liked that. I was 19 years old, the senior NCO with a really tough bunch, veterans and regular soldiers. I think the seeds of command are within you: suddenly you find a belief in yourself. That was the moment, in my army service, when my confidence in myself really began to grow. Earlier, at school and in my teens, I suffered from a massive inferiority complex. But given a new vision of life by the Army, I realized I was perhaps a little better than I gave myself credit for. I was substantive sergeant and, towards the end, acting company sergeant major.

From that moment I had a great belief in myself and my ability to influence others around me."

On his demob in 1953 he joined the Manchester City Police. Constable Jim Anderton was to have a rise as meteoric as his view of himself was confident and clear-headed. He was some four years on the beat in the Moss Side of Manchester. Ten years later he was Chief Inspector. Then in 1968 he became assistant to the Chief Constable of Leicestershire and Rutland. "But chaps who served with me as constables will say Jim Anderton is just the same man now, the same fundamental moralist, as he was then." You may not agree with his hard line, but you know where you are with him. "I said when I came here, 'I will be more accessible, more available to my men, to the public, to the media, than even Sir Robert Mark.' They were amazed. But I believe in total honesty. And I take a strong stand because of the lethargy I see around me and the unwillingness of many people in authority openly and honestly to acknowledge what is clearly wrong and needs to be put right. The root cause of crime is the decline in moral standards in society." The cadences of populist rhetoric threaten to take over our conversation; I get back to his life.

By this time he had met Joan, the girl next door, again. "I bumped into her walking home from her church, as I was walking home from mine. It was love at first sight. She was a Methodist and Sunday school teacher. I was an active church member. We walked and talked and courted. I joined the Christian Endeavour Movement with her, and we used to go to rallies. I virtually became a Methodist. We married in the Methodist church where my maternal grandfather, Silas Occleshaw, used to preach. I'm a lay preacher myself."

Although Christianity is something he constantly invokes as the basis of his moral stand, he is not any longer a regular churchgoer. "I don't worship regularly at any local church. I'm not a Sunday Christian; never have been. That's not to decry people who make a habit of going to church. It is necessary to sustain many people, but it isn't necessary for me. I have my spiritual life in my home and in my work. I carry a copy of the New Testament all the time."

And thus to 1976 when this single-minded man, with a strong sense of his own purpose, became Chief Constable of Greater Manchester. He has set his



sights on stemming the tide of moral decline he sees all around. "There are signs of growing indiscipline and the kind of political activity not in the best interest of the country—people who would love to weaken the armed forces and the police force as the two principal arms of the state. I make no secret of the fact that I will do my best to keep the police strong in the face of that kind of subversive threat." But hadn't his suggestions of fingerprinting and carrying identity cards posed another kind of threat—the police state? "That statement was taken completely out of context." He is eager to correct what he sees as unfair distortion of his views by the *Tonight* television programme. "I am *not* in favour of a 1984 approach. I would like to see fewer, not more, police powers, and I would not be happy in a police force with that kind of power."

Today his home is a detached house in Sale, some 15 minutes' drive—he is chauffeur-driven—from his spacious office, with two L. S. Lowry works on the wall flanking a piece of golden embroidery by his wife. The family is closeknit, sharing holidays in the Western Highlands of Scotland or abroad in Austria, Germany, Italy. "We're not beach resort types; we like the mountains—walking and talking, visiting churches, stately homes." Back in Manchester they support local institu-

tions. "We used to belong to the Hallé Society. We think the new Royal Exchange is absolutely superb." He also supports the Federation of Boys' Clubs and the Boys' Brigade. But, from choice, he remains a non-joiner of organizations such as the Masons and Rotary. "I don't think it right for me to belong to any organization which attracts criticism of self-interest. I can't be regarded as someone who looks after his own interests. I belong to the public."

But surely his outspoken stand against moral decay must bring him invitations to join organized campaigns? "If a campaign is to be fought and won, I'll do it myself. Campaigns become pressure groups—and that becomes political." Might he ever go into politics? He considers thoughtfully for several moments. "I've read every political doctrine from Marx and Engels, through Mao Tse-tung, even Sartre and Kierkegaard. But I would find it hard to adapt to politics. It causes men to cloak the truth in order to attain political objectives. My conscience would not allow me to do that." He pauses again as though the idea is a tempting one. "Let me sum it up like this. I believe we all have a destiny. We are in the hands of the Lord, or the devil. I'm Chief Constable of Greater Manchester because it's God's will. My future will be determined by him." ●



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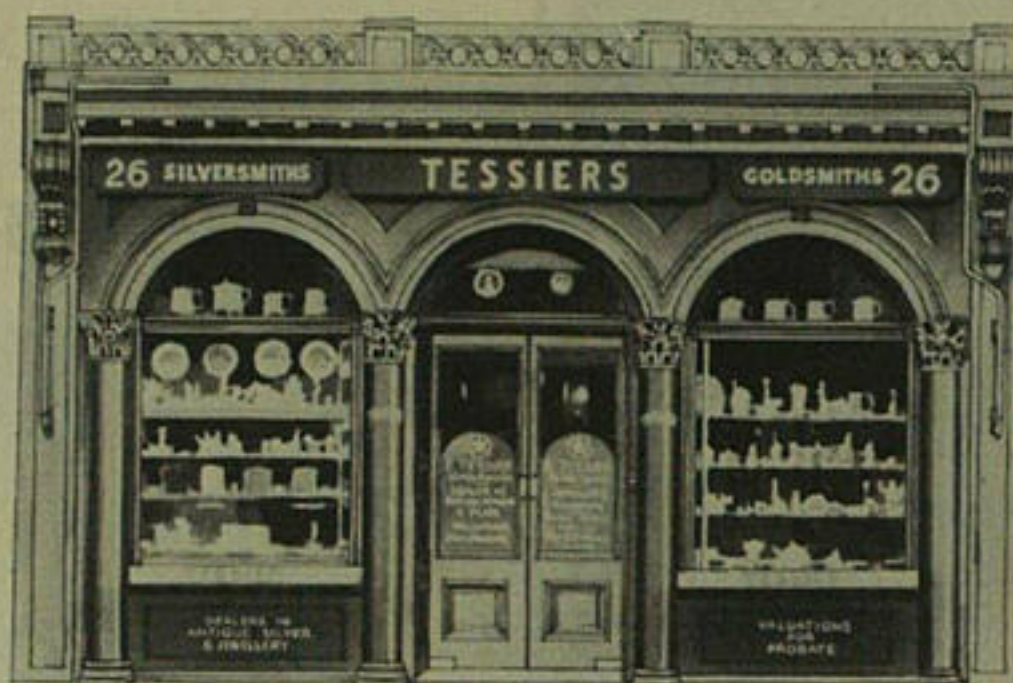
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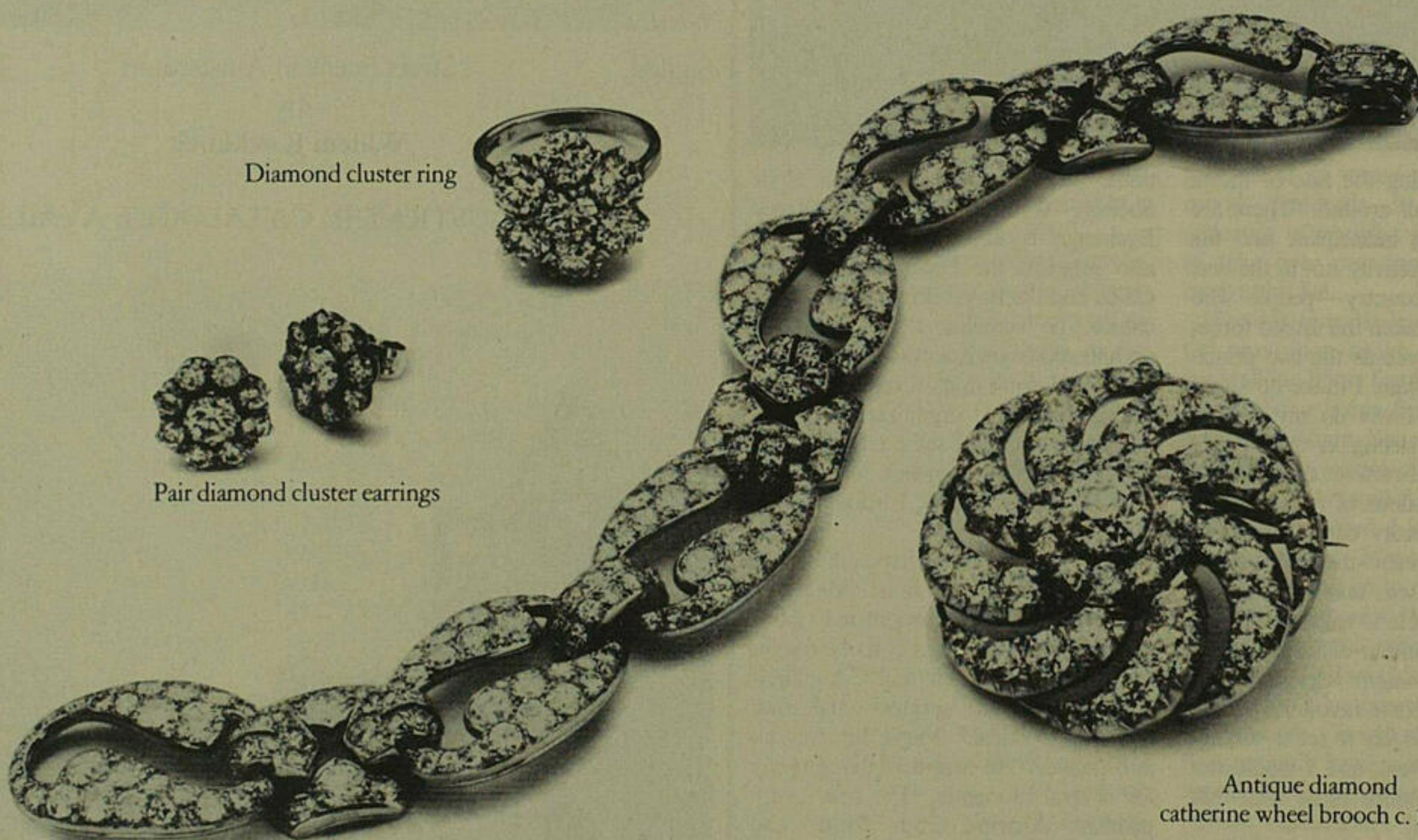


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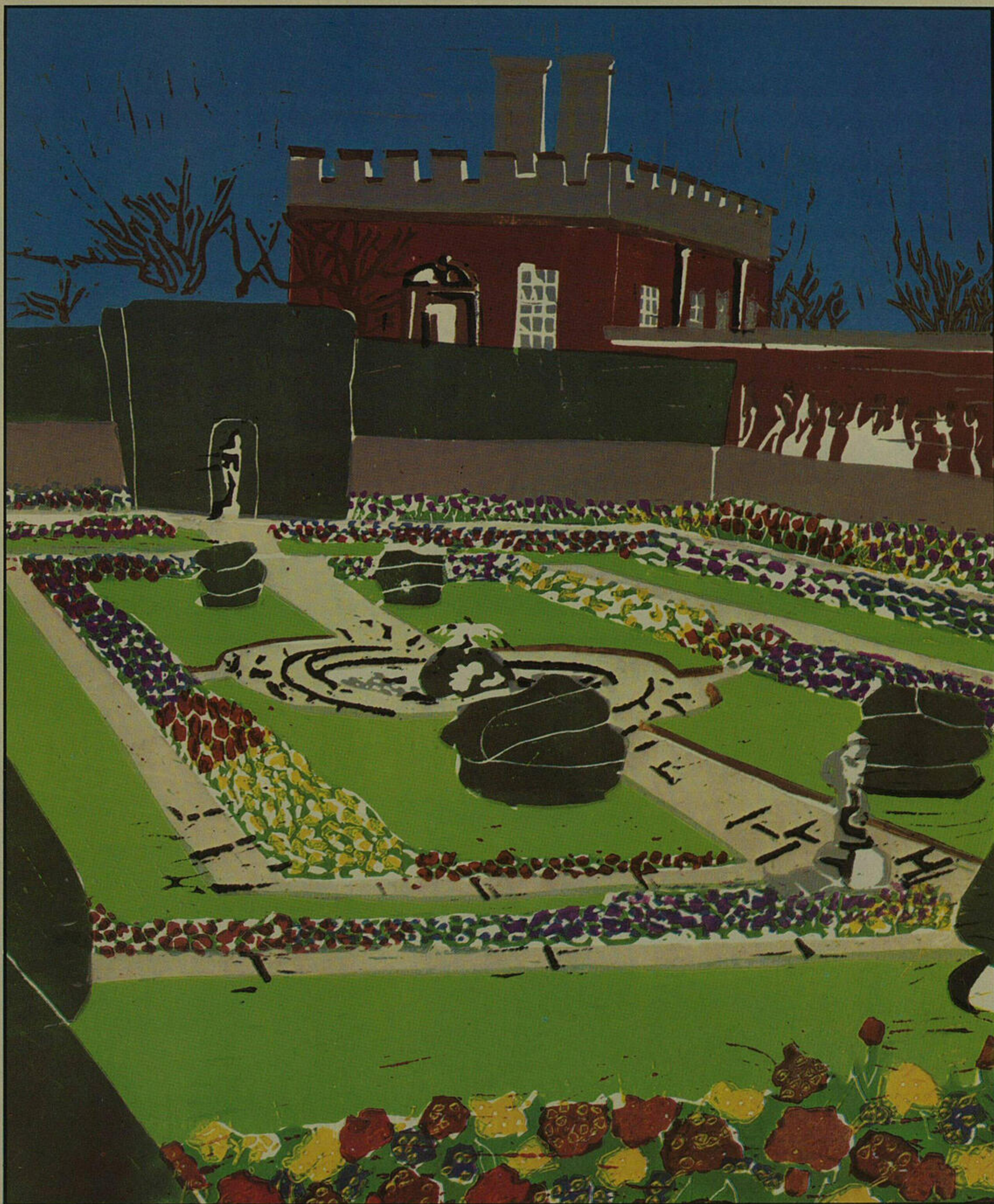
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GARDENS THROUGH THE YEAR, 4: THE POND GARDEN, HAMPTON COURT BY CHRISTINE SIMPSON

The Pond Garden at Hampton Court was originally designed for Henry VIII with several ponds, sundials and heraldic beasts on pedestals with shields displaying the King's arms. It was laid out anew for William III in the year before his death in 1702, with, in Defoe's words, "small enclosures surrounded

by tall hedges to break the violence of the winds and render them proper for the reception of such exotic plants in summer as were moved out of the conservatories . . ." It was replanted as a Tudor-type knot garden in 1924. Beyond, facing the Thames, is Wren's Banqueting Hall.



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A small cheer for Europe

by Norman Moss

Looked at from afar, the elections to the European Parliament would seem to be something tremendously exciting, to be celebrated with fanfares of trumpets and arrays of banners, a big step towards the dream of internationalists across the ages, Tennyson's "Parliament of Man, the federation of the world". This is the first international election in history in which people in different countries are electing members of the same body. Yet, like other events connected with the EEC, it is seen mostly as a tedious exercise in administration, to be understood best by reference to those coloured charts that show the links between the various organs of the EEC, and which of these organs can consider and refer back each other's proposals.

In fact it is worthy, if not of trumpets and banners, at any rate of a small cheer for Europe. It will make the idea of the European Community less remote, and will provide for the first time a link between one of the institutions of the Community and individual Europeans. It will be a continuing link, since the member of the European Parliament that the voter elects will represent him directly as a constituent.

On June 7 and 10 voters in all nine member countries of the Community will vote for members of the European Parliament for the first time. At present the members of the European Parliament—MEPs—are nominated by their own national parliaments so as to reflect their membership.

Yet even now members are seated according to political groupings, not nationality: Communists from different countries sit together, and Socialists, Christian Democrats, and so on. In the present Parliament the Socialists form the largest group, but this is only because Britain's Conservatives and the Continental Christian Democrats are not grouped together—it annoys some Conservatives that they are seated to the right of the Christian Democrats.

The new way of choosing members of the European Parliament will be accompanied by changes in the Parliament itself. It will have more members—410 instead of 198—and it will be elected for a fixed period of five years. More importantly, the fact that the Parliament is elected by the people of Europe will give it more moral authority, and eventually, perhaps, persuade the EEC governments to give it more statutory authority as well. This is reflected in the importance that is being given to these elections in most Continental countries. It is not reflected in anything that is happening in Britain.

In most of Europe politicians of leading stature are standing for the European Parliament: in Germany men like Willy Brandt, the former Chancellor, and the Chairman of Germany's TUC, Heinz-Oskar Vetter; in

Belgium the former Premier Léo Tindemans. In France the parties are treating the election as a test of strength, and for this reason if no other they are fielding front-rank candidates. The leaders of the Socialist and Communist Parties, François Mitterrand and Georges Marchais, are both standing, and President Giscard's UDF is putting up one of the most popular figures in the cabinet, Simone Veil, the Minister of Health.

In Britain no front-bench MP is standing for the European Parliament. The only candidate who has ever held a cabinet office is Barbara Castle, and she has said already that she is giving up her seat in the Commons. As a longtime opponent of British entry into the EEC who has not changed her views much, she will go, if elected, as a suspicious watchdog over British interests rather than as an enthusiast. In fact, the Labour Party Executive, which looks with a cold eye on the EEC and all its works, decreed that no one may sit as a Labour member in both the Westminster Parliament and the European Parliament, which rules out even the Labour MPs who are interested enough to attend now, unless one of them is willing to give up a career in domestic politics. Active participation in two parliaments is indeed difficult, and it seems likely that the Continental politicians who play a leading part in their own countries' affairs will lend the European Parliament their name more than their presence.

Tom Normanton, the Conservative MP for Cheshire, is one British MP who plays an active part in both the Westminster and the European Parliament. He often leaves his house at 5.30 am to catch an early flight to Brussels and attend a morning session of the Finance Committee of the European Parliament, on which he sits, then flies back at lunchtime to be in the House of Commons in the afternoon. He calculates that he made 360 flights last year. Yet he, like many others, feels that MEPs should not be divorced from their own national parliaments, simply because power still resides in the national governments. "The job can't be done effectively unless the European Parliament and the national parliament are compatible with one another," he says. "I'd be a political eunuch if I had no connexion with Westminster."

It has been proposed that a "grand committee" be formed, of the House of Commons plus those British MEPs who are not in it, to discuss Community affairs. It might be more helpful if some arrangements were made to reduce the work load of members of both parliaments so they can be borne by one person.

The members of the new European Parliament will certainly want to make

one change in their own interests. They will want to alter the present ridiculous system by which the Parliament meets in three different cities. This is the result of one of those typical EEC compromises between conflicting interests that creates the maximum of inconvenience.

Because several cities wanted to be the home of the European Parliament, it meets sometimes in Luxembourg, in the huge, square Robert Schuman Building that was constructed for the purpose; and sometimes in Strasbourg, in the Palais de l'Europe, the equally modern building on the banks of the Rhine that houses the Council of Europe (which has nothing to do with the EEC). Meanwhile, the committees of the Parliament, which take up more of a member's time than the full sessions, meet in Brussels.

This means that members spend a lot of their time in hotel rooms, when they are not in planes or trains. The moving of a session from Luxembourg to Strasbourg involves a whole caravan of trucks which regularly plies between the two cities carrying the secretariat's papers in steel filing cabinets. Neither of these two cities will willingly give up its role as the home of the European Parliament. So while veteran MEPs debate the merits of a working lunch at the Aux Gourmets in Luxembourg and the Auberge de la Tannerie in Strasbourg, the two cities will argue their case for having the Parliament there permanently (and it could still be put in Brussels).

The larger question raised by these elections is whether the Parliament will also undergo changes in its function, whether, once it represents the people of Europe directly, it will be given more power, and will become something like a true parliament that will legislate for Europe. At present it has direct control over only a small part of the EEC budget. It discusses and makes recommendations on all Community legislation and its word carries some weight. The issues are usually marginal though not unimportant, such as retirement age, the right of privacy, and monopolies and competition. It also discusses human rights, and, whereas it may not exactly jolt the world when it discusses violation of human rights in Russia or Argentina, there is concern and even action when it discusses, as it did recently, the alleged persecution of a Breton nationalist in France.

The present British Government does not want to see any extension in the European Parliament's powers. Frank Judd, the Foreign Office Minister of State, made this clear when he addressed a meeting to launch the election campaign. "This will not be a parliament in the true sense," he said. "It will not have a legislative function. It will serve as a focus for European thinking." Many Conservatives, on the

other hand, would like to see its powers increased, and most other governments in the Community are thinking along these lines, always excepting the French.

This is not only to make the Community more supra-national. It is also to make it more democratic. For if the European Parliament is given more power—and this will not happen soon—it will not be at the expense of national governments in the first place, but at the expense of the European Commission. A German official who knows Britain well said: "I used to hear a lot of worrying in Britain about decisions being taken by faceless bureaucrats in Brussels. Well, we'd like to see them taken by some elected representatives instead."

The obvious extension of the power of the Parliament would be in the budget. It could go for complete control over the Community budget. At present it only has the power to veto the whole thing, which is not a usable power in most circumstances; as one MEP said, it is like possessing an atom bomb but not a pistol. With real control of the budget it could fulfil the historic role of a parliament, and control the executive (in this case the EEC Commission) by controlling the purse strings.

Yet from the Commission's point of view, the Parliament will have the institutional weakness of any democratically elected body: its members will be directly responsible to the Europeans who put them there. It has not dawned on most voters yet that after the June election they will have a member representing them in Luxembourg (or Strasbourg or Brussels or wherever it turns out to be), a member they can call to order at any time. This could also be a brake on any supra-national trends.

Suppose, for instance, that fishing rights are being discussed, as they usually are. Under the present system Parliament might decide on a compromise in which certain British fishing rights in the North Sea are sacrificed in exchange for some wider benefit. The Government in London would be consulted on this. But after June there will be a member sent by voters living in Hull, Scarborough and Whitby, and he will have to answer to them for anything he gives away in the North Sea, and not to Whitehall. Or if EEC investment in areas of high unemployment is being discussed, the voters of Tyneside or Glasgow will be able to tell their member what they want him to do, and he is just as likely to find an ally in a member from Sicily as one from London. Whatever power or influence the members of the new European Parliament turn out to have, it will reside, ultimately, in the people who put them there ●

Letter from Washington

by Des Wilson

Though the lot of the blacks in America has improved since the days of protest in the 1950s and 60s the prosperity gap between black and white US citizens is, the author suggests, wide—and still widening.

It is hard to believe that over 20 years have passed since we in Britain first saw television pictures of the late Martin Luther King and his civil rights movement in confrontation with white America. Any flashback to the late 50s and 60s would revive memories of King's black demonstrators being attacked with police dogs and fire hoses; of torchlit meetings of the Ku Klux Klan; of Governor George Wallace standing in the doorway of the University of Alabama to stop blacks wishing to enrol; of the strident voice of Malcolm X; of the Black Panthers; of the riots in Detroit and Harlem and Watts; and, more positively, the sympathetic response of the country's new leadership, from the Kennedys, John and Bobby, to Lyndon Johnson.

A lot of water, and no little blood, has flowed since then: Martin Luther King, Malcolm X, John and Bobby Kennedy are all dead—all assassinated. Lyndon Johnson is dead, too. Wallace lives on, but an embittered cripple, himself the victim of an attempted assassination. But what has happened to America's blacks? Have all the problems been solved? Is there these days no cause for protest? Ask such questions of the overwhelmingly white power-men in Washington—the politicians, the administration officials and the media commentators—and they will say pragmatically that the economic and political and social pendulum could hardly be expected to swing from the unacceptable position of the 50s to complete equality and justice overnight, but it has begun a clear and irreversible movement in that direction. These days most blacks do vote—or do have the vote. There are black governors and black mayors. There is in theory far greater equality of opportunity.

Others, notably black spokesmen and those concerned with civil liberties and welfare issues, say that just enough has been achieved to take "the political edge out of the problem". A black community worker in Washington told me: "In those days the United States represented an extreme form of racism of the kind that made even violent protest seem more than justified. What has happened is that the worst extremes have been eliminated. Then the collective liberal conscience became obsessed with Vietnam and with cleaning up politics after Watergate; and all the time the fundamental problems of blacks, the ghettos, unemployment and poverty, have remained. They were always the *real* problems, but they were always the most difficult, long-term ones to solve, and thus the politically unfashionable ones."

He and others I talked to contended

that the blacks remain as they were, clearly second-class citizens, but now reduced to a kind of sullen acceptance of what Martin Luther King called their "isolation on a lonely island of poverty in an ocean of material prosperity".

Timothy Crouse, a reporter for *Village Voice* who has just completed a year in Harlem, writes: "Blacks are invisible to most white people in this country. They took on a little substance for a while in the 60s, when they kicked up a storm; it was hard not to see the Panthers, Muslims, the rioters in Watts, Harlem and Detroit. But now they have grown quiet again and it takes an effort to see them, to look at them and wonder what they are thinking; what they are going to do about their lot in American life. The thing that makes blacks invisible and that makes whites so indifferent is racism."

One of Martin Luther King's successors as a spokesman for America's blacks is Vernon E. Jordan Jr, leader of the National Urban League for nine years. Jordan caused considerable irritation to the Carter Administration last year by questioning its awareness of the problems of the blacks who helped elect the President. While I was in Washington I attended one of Jordan's press conferences. He says that one of the most disturbing elements to emerge from research into "black America" is that many white Americans, for whatever reason, "hold a number of basic misconceptions about the nature of life within black America, thus making them increasingly resistant towards efforts to achieve racial equality in the areas of housing, employment, education and economic security. The most glaring of these misconceptions is that blacks have made such significant progress over the past decade that now most of them are so safely anchored in middle-class status that total equality of opportunity has been achieved, and there is no need for special efforts on behalf of blacks and other minorities. The facts, however, show something quite different."

In an effort to expose these "facts" Jordan and the National Urban League have published a major report on *The state of black America 1979*. Jordan says it shows that "the income gap between blacks and whites is actually widening and not only is black unemployment at its highest level in history, but the jobless gap between whites and blacks is also the widest it has ever been. As to the misconception about the enormous growth in the black middle class, the actuality of the situation is that the proportion of middle-income families has not significantly increased and, in fact, the pro-

portion of black families with incomes above what is known as the "intermediate budget level" has remained at about a quarter since 1972.

"Life for most black Americans instead of being comparably comfortable—as the misconception would have it—is in all too many instances reduced to a matter of basic survival."

Black America consists of nearly 25 million people, more than half of them in the heart of cities. Nearly a quarter of black workers are unemployed. The median income for black families is about £4,600 a year compared with about £8,400 for white families. According to the National Urban League, 28 per cent of black families are poor compared with 7 per cent of white families. So, as Jordan says, although "not everyone in black America is poor and/or jobless, a disproportionate number of its residents are". While the Carter administration claims that the unemployment rate among young blacks is 34 per cent, the National Urban League says that thousands of unemployed black youths do not appear in the statistics because they have given up the impossible task of looking for work. The League claims that more than 50 per cent of black youths cannot find work and it is perhaps this claim that should concern white America most, for the bitterness and frustration that could arise from this reality cannot indefinitely be contained behind the curtain of non-communication that is drawn between comfortable, white, middle-class, governing Americans and the ghettos.

Anyone who wishes to test the claims of black leaders like Vernon Jordan need do no more than drive round the nation's capital itself. Washington is a fascinating city. In one respect it is like a company town, the company being the Administration. There are politicians and politician's aides, civil servants and lawyers, lobbyists and representatives of pressure groups, columnists and reporters, and a vast army of drivers and security men, administrators and secretaries, all of them working for or with, or even employed to work against, the government. The visitor is dazzled by all this, and it takes a conscious effort to search beyond it for the city itself. There you find the reality of the two Americas, black and white. There are few mixed neighbourhoods. There are simply better-off black areas and worse-off black areas, and better-off white areas and even more better-off white areas.

While in Washington I met Bryce Nelson, a writer for the *Los Angeles Times*. He had just completed an investigation into what he calls Washington's "stunning upper-middle-class afflu-

ence". His investigations revealed that Washington had the highest median family income in the nation and was increasing its lead. At £10,600 it was, according to latest census bureau estimates, 40 per cent higher than the New York city area. Families with combined incomes of £20,000 to £30,000 a year were common. It was difficult to find a three-bedroomed house for less than £63,000 and houses that had sold for £45,000 in one desirable part of the city in 1973 were now selling for more than £150,000. In many mid-Western towns a seller would be fortunate to obtain £30,000 for a similar house.

The problem is that while those who work for or in relation to the administration have become more affluent and have inevitably lifted the cost of living in the city, the permanent, largely black service workers who keep the city going have not kept pace. This has served to widen the division between the two standards of living. Yet it is the affluent who control the levers of economic and political power that could help solve the problems of the poor. Bryce Nelson, in a report that was published the day after I met him, quoted a top White House aide as questioning the "danger to the Republic in the transition of Federal officialdom into a mandarin, governing class that is significantly more privileged than the people they are governing".

I was particularly struck by the contrast between two press conferences held on the same day in Washington. In the morning there was Vernon Jordan's press conference, when he warned that "1979 promises to be a year of crisis for America's black people" and even described them as "on the brink of disaster", and in the afternoon there was a press conference called by President Carter. I attended this confidently expecting Jordan's remarks, and the National Urban League report published that day, to be raised with the President. Despite the fact that Mr Carter made it clear that his budget would be an austere one, and despite predictions that there would be cut-backs in welfare expenditure (as indeed there were), not one questioner referred to the cry for attention from America's blacks. On the other hand, a row over the dismissal of the chairman of a committee set up to keep the President in tune with the views of America's women was a major topic. Jordan says that Americans must still find "the wisdom to understand the price we all must pay when so many of our people are still locked in poverty and shorn of hope". But 20 years after we first heard Martin Luther King make the same call, I found little of that wisdom in Washington in 1979 ●

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The fight for the Ribble Estuary

by Brian Gadsby



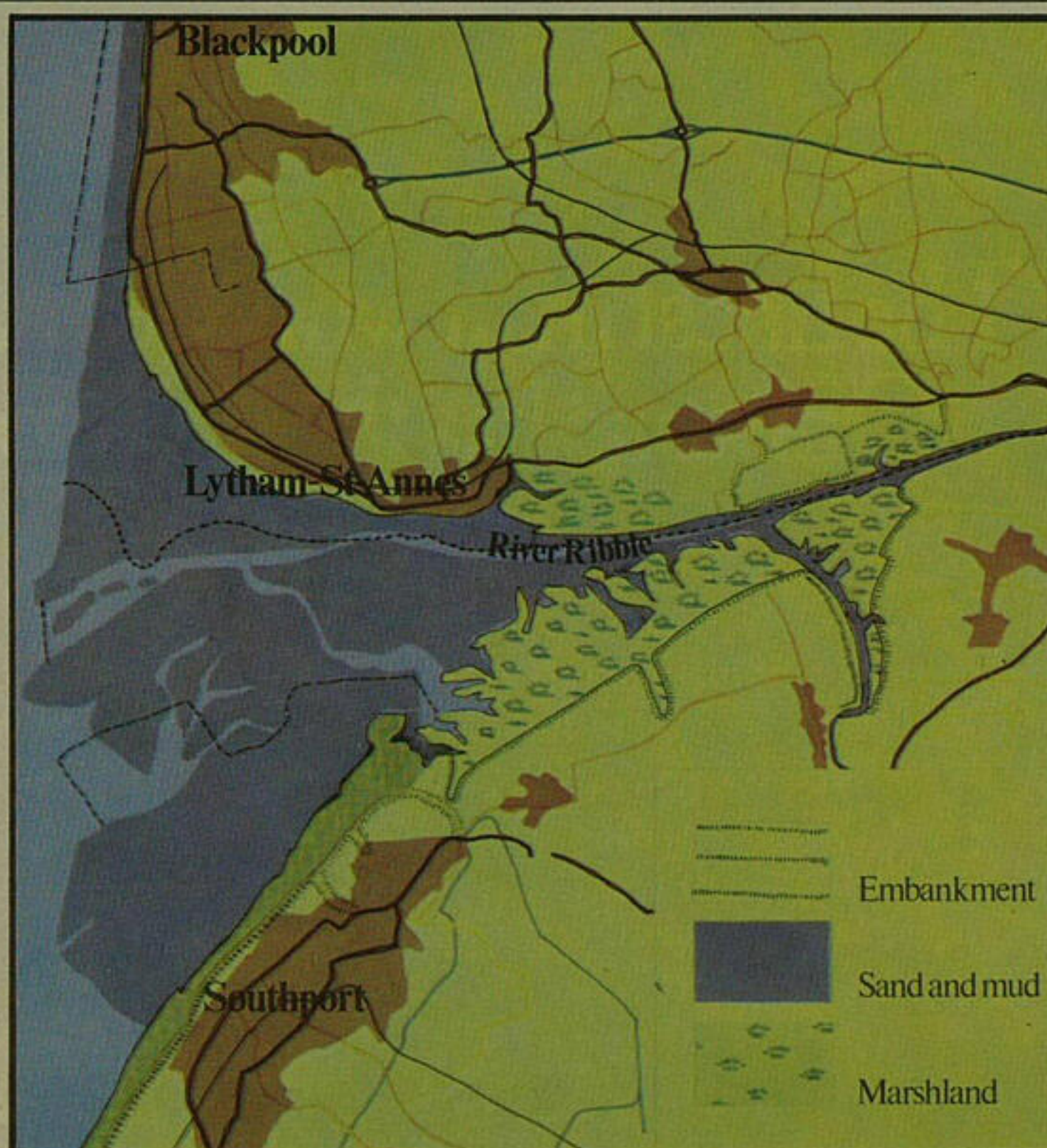
On the north-west coast of England the two resorts of Blackpool and Southport are separated by extensive mudflats and saltmarsh, known as the Ribble Estuary, which attract thousands of bird visitors in the months from August to March.

Scene of a conservation battle to save some 5,500 acres of saltmarsh and mudflats from drainage and development, the Ribble Estuary is acknowledged as one of the most important wetland habitats in Western Europe. It holds internationally important flocks of knot, dunlin, redshank, bar-tailed and black-tailed godwits as well as nationally important flocks of sanderling and grey plover. Other winter birds that have recently increased in numbers include the Bewick's swan, with a regular flock of over 100 birds, the pink-footed goose, with as many as 25,000 birds, and the oyster catcher, with numbers in the region of 30,000. While the largest bird concentrations occur during passage in winter, the Ribble has its own huge population, around 10,000 pairs, of black-headed gulls and a very large colony, around 1,000 pairs, of common terns.

In May last year the sale of about 5,500 acres of its southern marshes threatened the Ribble habitat directly and, indirectly, the other estuaries of Morecambe Bay, the Solway and the Dee. It is believed that the wading birds interchange between these estuaries and any drastic habitat change in one could affect the bird population in the others. In spite of a substantial bid by the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, backed by the Nature Conservancy Council and the World Wildlife Fund, the land was sold to a development company, mainly financed by Dutch money, for reclamation. After a great deal of effort by conservation organizations which involved many MPs the Environment Minister, Mr Dennis Howell, promised last July that "the Government would find the necessary funds for the NCC to maintain this vital conservation area in the hands of the nation".

In January the Dutch company offered the NCC about 4,000 acres, chiefly mudflats, of the estuary, but maintained its intention of reclaiming 1,500 acres of saltmarsh; this offer was ecologically not acceptable as the two habitats are interdependent. The NCC has therefore initiated a compulsory purchase procedure, which now awaits confirmation by the Secretary of State following a public inquiry. These proceedings will take several months.

The chairman of NCC, Professor Fred Holliday, says, "The site is of such outstanding importance nationally and internationally that the loss of any of it would inflict a major blow to nature conservation here and in the rest of Europe" ●



The Ribble Estuary is an important site for passage and wintering birds and for breeding. There are large flocks of oystercatchers and knots, top.



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Seeking Kimberley's lost legends

by H. D. Hancock

Last year the Western Australian Museum mounted a 5,000 mile expedition into the remote Kimberley region to explore its tortuous coastline for evidence of the legendary "gods from the sea".

The Last Frontier has become a hackneyed phrase over the years; but if it is interpreted as an area in which the most modern and sophisticated techniques of Western-style civilization have confronted and so far been defeated by intractable natural barriers, then the Kimberley region in the extreme north of Western Australia might well qualify.

It measures about 500 by 400 miles and its rugged beauty has presented a challenge since the first known European visitor, the English pirate William Dampier, careened his ship there in 1686. Yet it is more empty now than it has been since the first aborigines crossed the island-studded straits from Indonesia 40,000 years before Dampier's arrival.

Efforts to tame the Kimberley and bring it into line with the developed southern area of Western Australia began nearly a century ago with the discovery there of the state's first goldfield, at Hall's Creek. All have failed. The goldfield petered out within months. Frustration has dogged every effort to establish crops—including the ambitious Ord river dam project of the 1960s in which one of the world's biggest man-made lakes, created for a cotton irrigation scheme, has succeeded only in breeding insect pests including encephalitis-carrying mosquitoes.

Even the aborigines have deserted the Kimberley for easier living in settlements on the coast. The interior is left now to indigenous wildlife and to scarcely less wild scrub cattle, rounded up once a year as hamburger meat on sparsely stocked ranches or stations, each covering a million acres.

The Kimberley's defences against civilization are as effective as they ever were: an extreme climate, ranging from tinder-dry heat to a monsoonal wet season in which the few roads are often impassable; a largely sterile terrain criss-crossed by deep, precipitous-sided ravines which become raging torrents

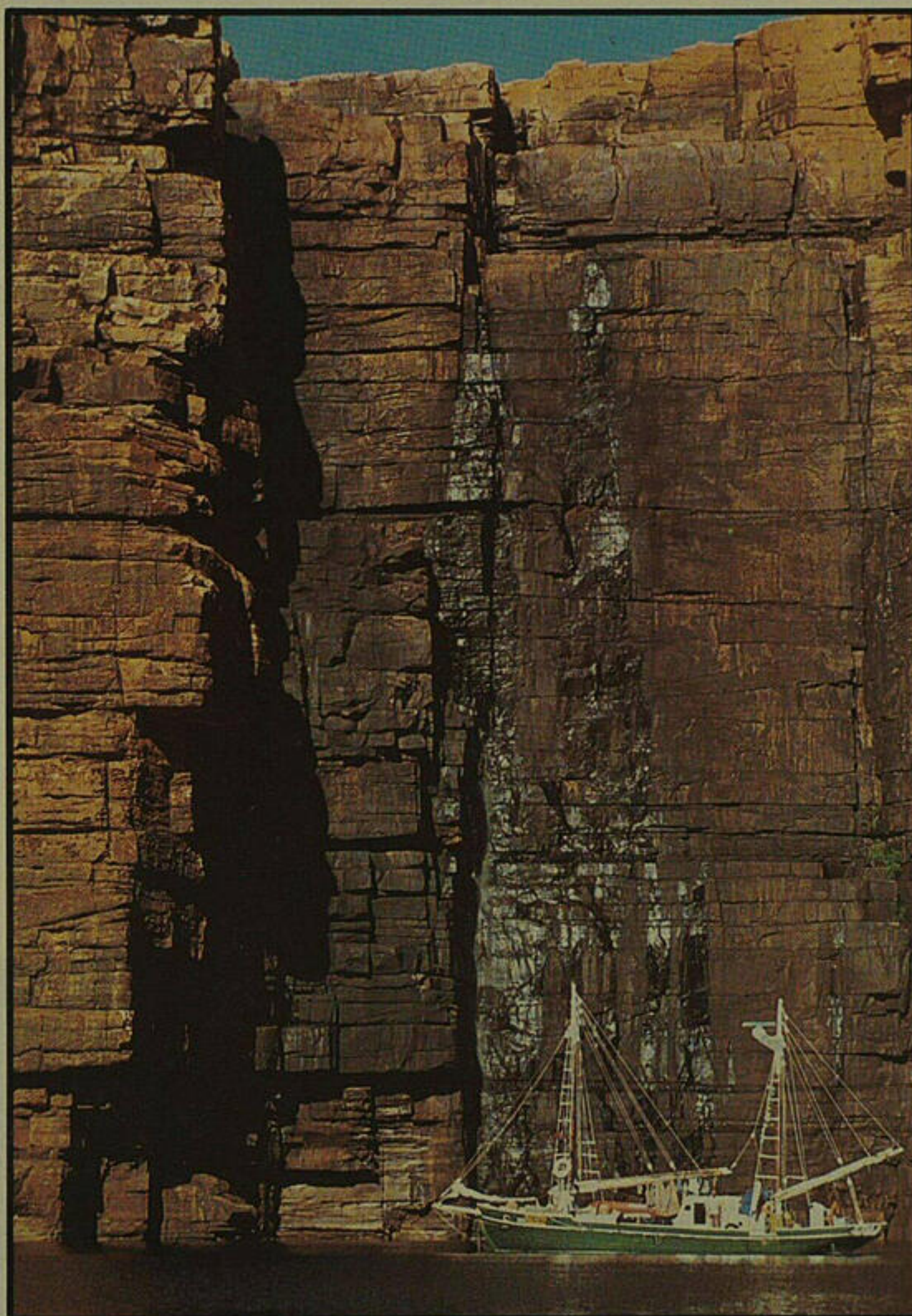
in the months-long wet; and a coastline guarded by one of the world's greatest tidal variations of 40 feet, which produces torrents sweeping at up to 12 knots through its fjords and inlets.

This remote and inhospitable territory was the target of an 11-week expedition covering nearly 5,000 miles which was mounted from Perth last summer by the Western Australian Museum. Its members, including experts in aboriginal lore and marine archaeologists trained in difficult local scuba-diving techniques, travelled in a traditional but nearly extinct craft, a former pearling lugger, developed from 18th-century Devonshire and Cornish luggers and chosen for its shallow draught and ability to "take the bottom" if trapped between the extreme Kimberley tides.

The expedition had two main objectives: to trace and investigate formerly unexplored wrecks along the deeply-indented coastline, and if possible to correlate with them aboriginal legends of "gods from the sea". These might indicate European or Asian visitors long before the first recorded discovery of Australia by Dirk Hartog, skipper of a Dutch East Indiaman, who landed on the west coast in 1616 while *en route* from the Cape of Good Hope to Batavia.

The name of the Abrolhos Islands, 350 miles north-north-west of Perth, seems to indicate possible earlier arrivals. It is apparently a bastardized contraction of *Abri vossos olhos*, Portuguese for "Open your eyes", an appropriate warning about the dangerous reefs and islets forming the group. There are theories, too, that the Chinese, whose far-ranging trading junks reached Indonesia as early as the 15th century, may have travelled the remaining few hundred miles to Australia's northern coasts.

The expedition expected difficult conditions, and was not disappointed. Tracking down aboriginal



The expedition ship, an old pearling lugger chosen for its shallow draught, seen under 300 foot cliffs in the King George river, near Cape Londonderry.



Sailors' graffiti dating from 1820 on a baobab tree in York Sound; rock formations, scoured by the winds, on the Kimberley coast at Llangi.

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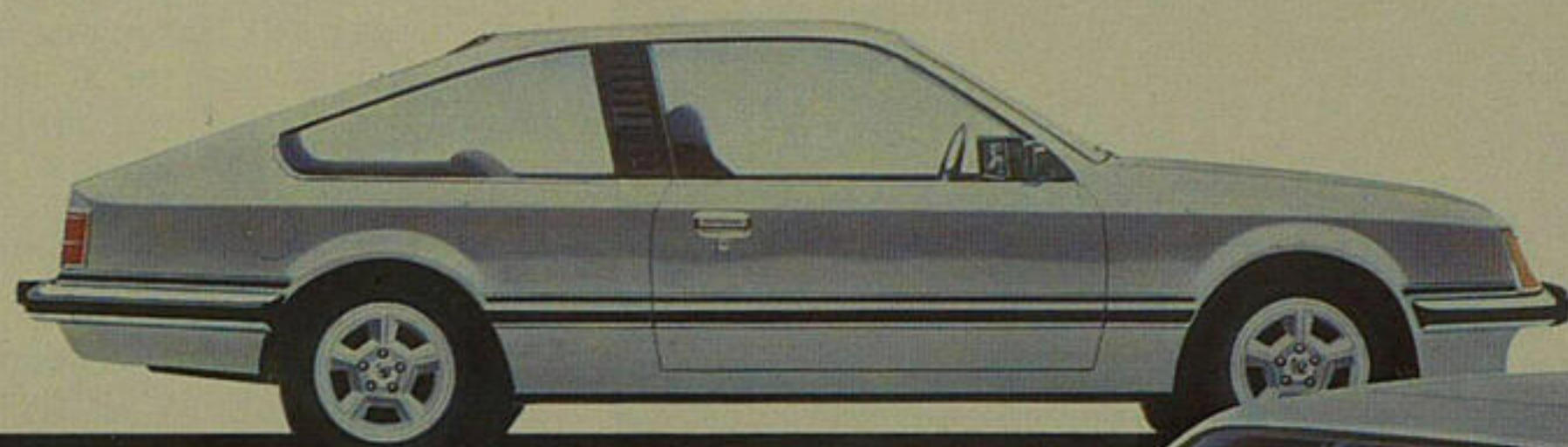
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Seeking Kimberley's lost legends

sacred sites in search of significant rock carvings and paintings meant recruiting from missions and coastal settlements aborigines whose own knowledge was often scanty and incomplete. The resulting searches meant long slogs across arid country or through mangrove swamps inhabited by saltwater crocodiles, man-eaters up to 30 feet long.

For the expedition's marine archaeologists, diving hazards included tiger sharks, enormous grouper fish, venomous and inquisitive sea-snakes, and the racing tides. The latter threatened even the lugger herself.

Although she was 60 feet long and weighed 30 tons, she was several times spun like a matchstick by tidal whirlpools. In the inaptly-named Secure Bay, which scientists have earmarked for a tidal power station if industry ever reaches the Kimberley, a maelstrom slammed her rudder over so hard that the stout top bearing cracked right across. As an ironic contrast, within hours the water deserted her completely. The tide receded so fast that she was stranded in the centre of the 10-mile-long bay.

About 80 miles north of this tidal trap, at an aboriginal sacred site called Llangi on the West Kimberley coast, we had an opportunity to check whether legends of "gods from the sea" might have resulted from the arrival of early Europeans or Asians, whose ships had been sunk or driven ashore by the north-west monsoons which ravage this area of the Indian Ocean.

Paintings of these gods, called *wandjina* or *kaiara*, were recorded and sketched in 1837 by the first known European explorer of the Kimberley, Sir George Grey. They are startlingly different from conventional aboriginal art, which consists of stencilled hand-prints, outlines of game animals and fish showing internal organs, and tiny, elegant, human figures.

Wandjina figures can be up to 20 feet long. They show human-type bipeds with large dark eyes but no mouths, wearing what appear to be white hoods extending over the shoulders. The heads are surrounded by apparent haloes, while below the shoulders are hip-length smocks and trousers, all garments completely alien to aborigines.

Recent imaginative writers such as Von Daniken have cited *wandjina* paintings as evidence of possible visits by prehistoric astronauts. Aboriginal tradition describes them as weather-gods, the white upper garment representing clouds and the spiky surround of the halo representing lightning.

At Llangi, hopes that they might indicate alien seafarers were strengthened when a short distance offshore from a cave containing *wandjina* figures the expedition sighted at low tide a mass of unusually dark stones, like the ballast-piles frequently left as ancient wrecks disintegrate. This



Cave paintings on Bigge Island, on the north-west tip of Kimberley, depict pipe-smoking figures; in one case they are shown in a rowing boat.

seemed to reinforce stories of a ballast stone and an anchor and chain being found nearby some years ago. Some of the stones have been brought back to the Western Australian Museum for geological analysis.

However, the Llangi cave yielded another mystery: the red-ochred bones of a man, with an inner wrapping not of the tree-bark traditionally used for aboriginal burials but in what appeared to be sail-cloth bound by sheet-ropes. Was this further evidence of a shipwreck victim? For the time being at least the verdict must be Not Proven.

Farther north still, in York Sound, we came across evidence of early European visitors who had been considerate enough to identify themselves for posterity. Across the double bole of an enormous baobab tree was a gnarled but still bold carving in foot-high letters "HMC MERMAID 1820". During the first detailed charting of this remote area, a marathon task which took more than two years, Lieutenant Phillip King RN careened his cutter *Mermaid* on the nearby beach to patch up her leaking hull. His crew had found time for this piece of historic graffiti.

Sailors of the Royal Australian Navy nearly a century later were res-

ponsible for another investigation by the expedition, on Carronade Island, near the mouth of Napier Broome Bay. On wartime patrol in 1916 in HMAS *Encounter*, they landed on the island and found two cannon, bearing apparently Portuguese markings, upended in the sandy beach. According to contemporary reports, the crew immediately set to and dug up most of the local topography on the assumption that old cannon meant pirate galleons, which meant buried treasure.

They had no luck, but the romance of their find was increased by a story from a local pearler, who claimed aborigines on a nearby island had staged corroborees in which they simulated the repulse of two boatloads of invaders and triumphantly carried off two rolls of matting which might well represent guns.

We checked this story with Father Seraphim Sanz, head of the 70-year-old Benedictine mission at Kalumburu on the mainland nearby, who was less than impressed by it. The island referred to, he said, was now uninhabited, but neither he nor the mission aborigines had heard of such a story.

We ourselves searched Carronade Island and its offshore waters with a

magnetometer for any Portuguese relics, but without success. It seems more probable that the cannon were reproductions by Indonesian fishermen seeking trepang, or sea-cucumbers, who frequently visited Australia's north coast in the early years of white settlement to collect this obscene-looking but much-prized delicacy for the Chinese market. It was an Indonesian practice to cast cannon from moulds made from obsolete European weapons, and the two found on the island may have been set up to safeguard a seasonal trepang fishermen's camp from possible aboriginal attacks.

By far the most impressive evidence of unrecorded visits by foreigners to Australia was on Bigge Island, 25 miles north of Cape Voltaire on the north-western tip of the Kimberley. It was found in the most dramatic of the aboriginal sacred sites we investigated.

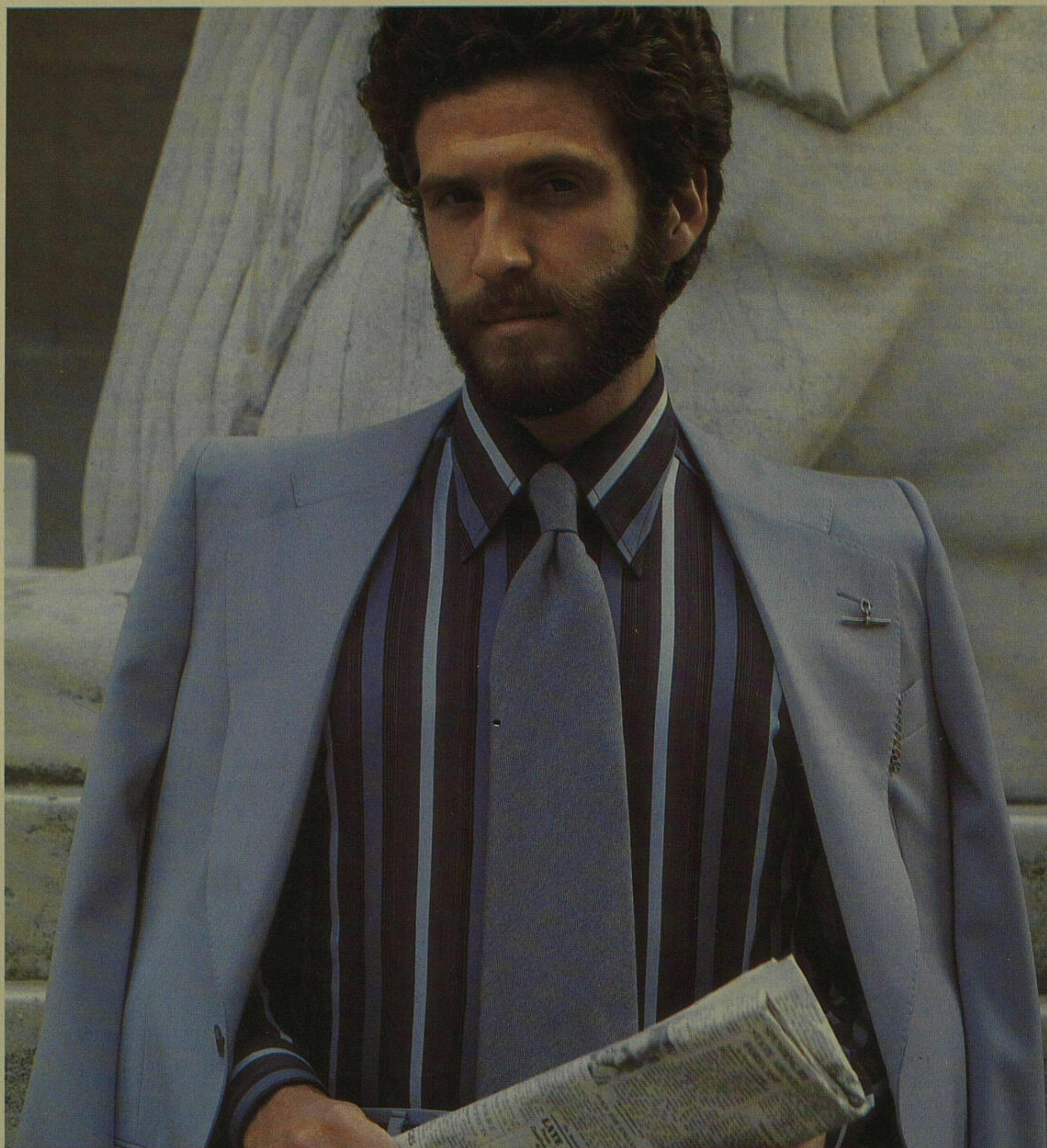
Landing from the lugger on a beach of white shells, we found evidence of previous occupation in a 10 foot bamboo harpoon shaft with detachable barbed head, of the type traditionally used by aborigines for hunting turtles and their favourite food, the dugong. Overlooking the beach was a red sandstone bluff 50 feet high, whose fretted vertical façade bore an uncanny resemblance to a ruined temple. A frieze with caryatid-like shapes sculpted by cyclonic winds and rain ran across it, while below squat red pillars supported the entrance and roof of a cave system.

Inside, there were head-high apertures containing bundles of human remains, much like the niches for dead bishops in European cathedrals. But the nearby wall paintings were the most impressive and evocative feature of all. In white, red, black and yellow they confronted us at every turn as we wound our way through caves and corridors. Some were conventional, but most gave startling evidence of contact with outside visitors whose habits, dress and equipment the artists had meticulously observed.

There was a group of figures in smocks, trousers and chunky slippers, one apparently with a white beard. There was a rowing-boat with oars and rowlocks (aborigines only paddled canoes) containing three men who, like the slipper-clad group, had in their mouths what seemed to be pipes.

Nearby were drawings of ships, one a lugger similar to our own but the other shown with two close-set masts and an archaic lee-board, whose occupants are also smoking pipes. Lee-boards were features of galiots, small shallow-draught, European vessels of the 17th century and earlier, like that in Abel Tasman's fleet when he mapped part of the Kimberley coast in 1644.

Could these paintings be a relic of his visit, or of a still earlier one when, at the start of the 17th century, the Dutch, Portuguese and English were all competing for the lucrative spice trade in nearby Indonesia? Armed with information gained in this year's expedition, future investigators should be in a better position to find out ●



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Impressions of Taiwan

by Bevis Hillier

The end of the American defence treaty with Taiwan and President Carter's diplomatic moves towards mainland China have made the island one of the most vulnerable places in the world. The author, who visited Taiwan last May for the inauguration of the new president, gives his impressions of the country.

Last May I was one of only two British journalists who attended the inauguration of the new President of Taiwan, Chiang Ching-kuo. As the other journalist edits a "newsletter" for the Taiwan government, to be issued to MPs and other people of influence, I could perhaps claim to be the only independent British observer present.

Four years before I had spent almost a month in Mao's China, travelling from Hong Kong across the border into Canton and northwards through the centre of China to Peking. We were in theory a party of 20 art connoisseurs, but to the undisguised irritation of some (including the late Liberal peer, Lord Henley, who optimistically left his shoes outside Chinese hotel bedrooms to be cleaned) the Chinese were more intent on showing us tractor factories, schools and new underground stations than Ming tombs and the exotic palaces of the *ancien régime*. One of the places we visited was the pagoda-haunted city of Sian where, as the Chinese gleefully recalled, Chiang Kai-shek was captured in his pyjamas in the Sian Incident of 1936.

When I was invited to the inauguration of Chiang's son by Eddy Hsia, one of Taiwan's representatives in London (they do not have an embassy, as they are not recognized by the British Government) I jumped at the chance of making a comparison with what I had seen in 1974. Partly influenced by the mainland propaganda, I expected to find the island riddled with corruption, with fat cats living in indecent luxury at the top and a morass of barefoot slum-dwellers below. The evident nepotism of Chiang Ching-kuo's election bolstered this speculation. I found no such state of affairs in Taiwan. On the contrary, the country seemed to have much in common with Red China, in the militaristic exaltation and discipline of its people, the god-like status given to Mao and Sun Yat-sen respectively, and the dominance of the hard-work-from-dawn-to-dusk ethic.

I arrived in Taiwan on May 16. The air journey from London had taken 23 hours, with stops at Dubai and Calcutta and a change of plane at Hong Kong. I was left to my own devices the next day and explored Taipei. There was no sign of poverty: not a slum or a bare foot in sight. There were several ramshackle, insalubrious markets; the foodstuffs spread out on the roadside booths all looked like tobacco. Masses of low-power Japanese-type motor bikes. Many tailors' shops, which will run you up a light-weight suit in two days. (I found only one off-the-peg clothes shop in the city.) I saw the Edwardian Presidential Building, festooned with decorations for the coming inauguration, but when I moved closer to photograph it, a white-helmeted military policeman stepped



Chiang Ching-kuo, president of Taiwan since last May.

forward angrily and raised his hand in a gesture of "No!"

Back at my hotel, the Central, I was planning what to do with the next day when a Government Information Office man telephoned and said could I be in the lobby at 6.30 am the following day when Mr Lee or Mr Wu would arrive to take me on an all-day trip of an off-shore island. When he had rung off I consulted the guidebook I had bought (*Formosa at your Fingertips*) and hoped the island might turn out to be Lan Yu (Orchid Island) where there are "primitive and fascinating aborigine tribes". But it turned out to be the island of Quemoy (Kinmen) which faces the Chinese mainland and engages it in an unceasing war of propaganda.

Limousines took us from the hotel to Sung Shan air base where we met a dapper little army general called Wang

Yeh-kai (Military Spokesman, Ministry of National Defence). Taiwan generals have gold cherry-blossom on their cap peaks. General Wang proudly told us that generals have ten sprigs, colonels only eight. I had breakfast at the base with Bridie Mahon, whose husband Vincent, of the *Irish Independent*, was in a Taiwan hospital with bad sunburn acquired in Bangkok, where they had broken their journey. I also met Arnold Motaung, deputy Minister of Information in Lesotho (the former Basutoland); M. Herminaire, a Belgian journalist; Lee Rashall of KGO Radio, United States, and Craig Spence, an American representing the *Japan Times*. A Graham Greene collection!

Donning lifejackets, we strapped ourselves into the hammock-like seats of a military aircraft, the type familiar from so many US movies in which the men are about to parachute and one of

them is yellow and has to be pushed.

We were given a "press kit" of literature to read on the plane, including the currently top-of-the-pops story of Fan Yuan-yen who in July, 1977, flew across the Taiwan Straits in his MIG-19 to defect from Communist China. When we arrived on Quemoy (the aircraft flew in low to avoid attracting the notice of the mainland), we were greeted by the island's deputy commander, Lieutenant-General Liu Wan-tsai, a less engaging figure than Wang with a wolverine face and what thriller writers call a "loose mouth".

The Taiwanese are extremely efficient and nearly always punctual to the minute. We were given an itinerary for our visit and everything happened exactly to schedule. First, a visit to the Quemoy Historical Museum, where there was much melodramatic saluting of generals by sentries. We were shown the methods by which the Quemoy garrison constantly bombard Red China with propaganda literature—by balloon, sea float and loudspeaker. I asked General Wang if the loudspeakers might not antagonize even people sympathetic to his cause, by disturbing their peace? "They do it too. It is a form of warfare," he said. He added that when Red China broadcast through loudspeakers to them, it was usually when the wind was in the wrong direction, so you couldn't hear what they were saying anyway.

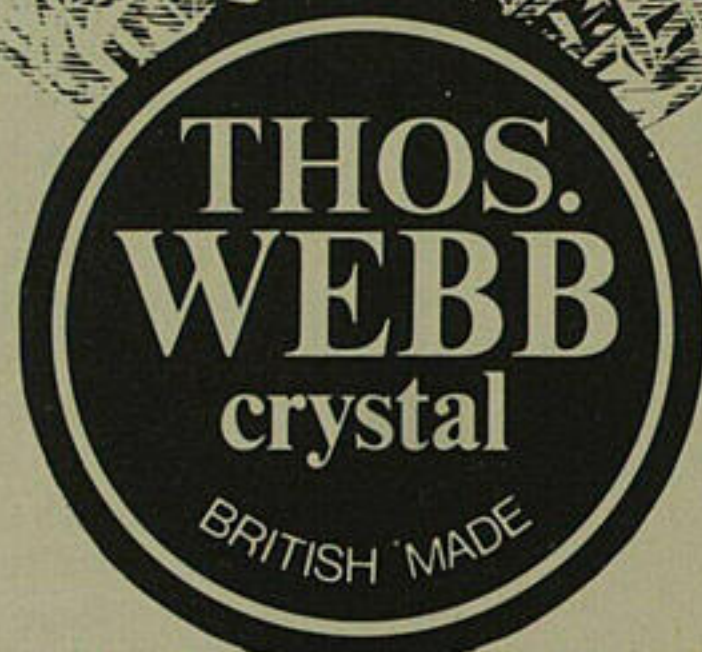
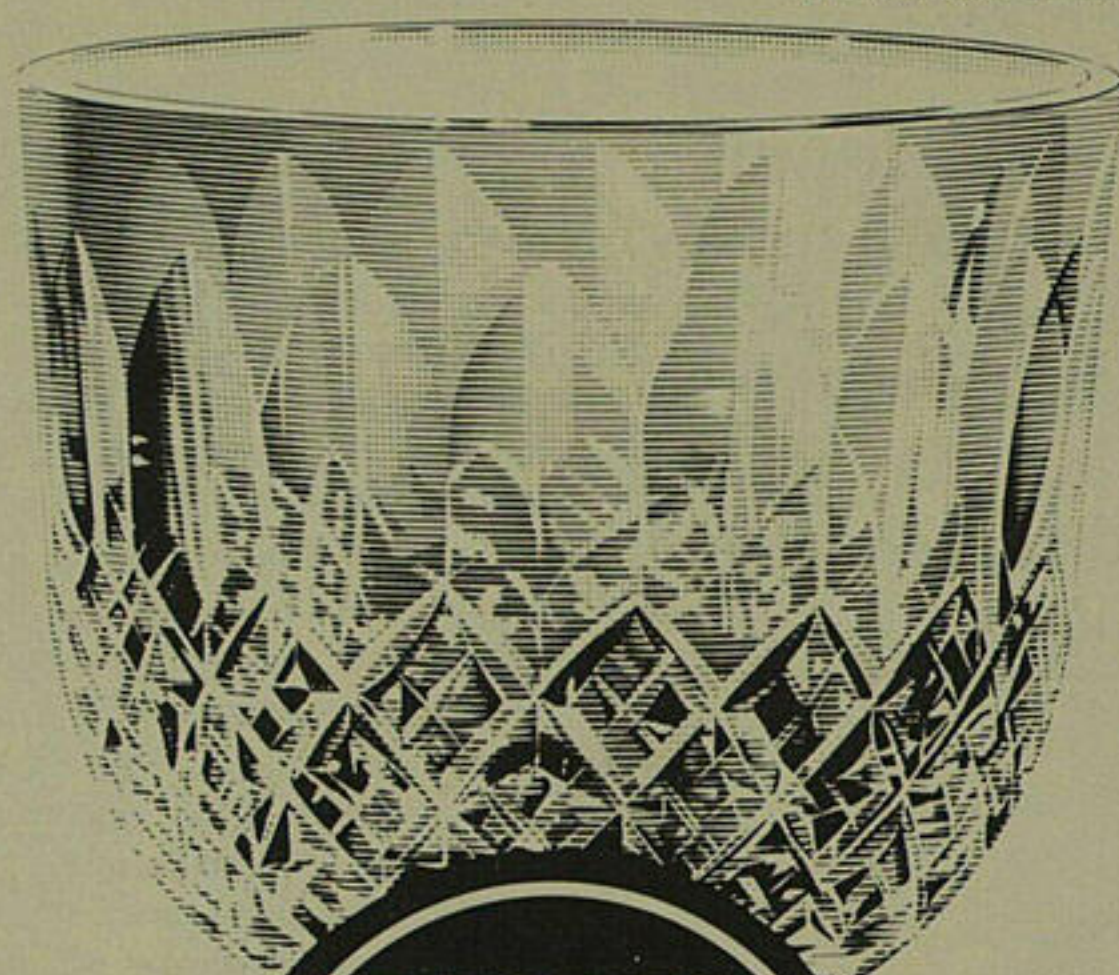
On the museum's walls were examples of Chinese mainland propaganda posters (I bet mainland China does not put Taiwan's on show), under the heading "Chicom's Psywar Themes". Also photographs of houses on Quemoy destroyed or damaged by "Chicom's Artillery Shells". (We had all had to sign indemnity forms before setting out.) The garrison had also hung on the wall the tatty, patched clothes of fishermen who had defected to them, as an example of how miserably the Reds live. A lot of Taiwan propaganda is materialistic—for example, "You don't get a fridge or a TV on the mainland, as you do here."

After a hilarious lunch, at which the two generals vied with each other in downing thimbles of a slivovitz-like drink, the local *Kao-liang* wine, and we kept them company, we went to see the loudspeakers, which were blaring out their messages at a few Red fishing smacks. Faintly we could hear the answering jabber from the mainland. "The darnedest thing I ever saw," said an editor from Seattle. "They yell at them, and they yell at them." Candide could not have put it better. We also saw gas balloons being sent off with messages; I wondered how it impressed girlfriends when soldiers told them: "I'm in the Quemoy balloon squad."

The next day, May 19, we assembled in the hotel lobby at 8.30 am ➡

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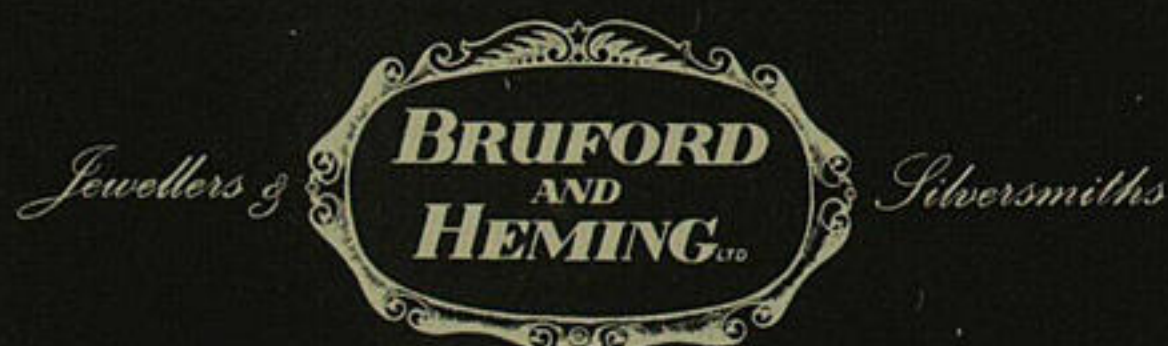
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Impressions of Taiwan

to go by coach to the Armed Forces University. General Wego Chiang, president of the university, is the brother of Chiang Ching-kuo who would become President of Taiwan the next day. An engagingly vain little man with rather suspiciously black hair (but, after all, he is the author of a book called *The Significance of Remaining Young Psychologically*), he arrived informally in the conference hall, flanked by twittering aides who did his bidding ("May I have a pointer?") at the double and smiled sycophantically at his jokes. One of them bustled up to him with a crackling microphone. "They want to record my speech," said the General with simple pride.

He said that in front of us we would find a small box containing a gold and enamel badge, the ying-yang badge of the university. However, he pointed out, the ying symbol had a speck of yang in it, and vice-versa. This was to symbolize that "You have part of me in your heart, and I have part of you." There was also a song sheet in front of us, headed "Believe Me Dear" with the singer's direction "Sweetly". General Chiang not only recited the words, he sang them—not exactly sweetly, but in a good pub baritone. The song included this immortal passage:

"I'll use some clay,
For a figurine of you,
And capture your smiles
That rapture me so;
Then some more clay
For one of me,
And place it beside you
To keep you company.
I'll crush them both
For a reason you shall see,
And mix them up
As completely as can be.
I'll make two more, a she, a he.
The she is you, the he is me;
So I can say, it's really true,
I have you in me and me in you."

"You in me and me in you!" the General bellowed, oblivious of the multiple *entendres* a group of journalists can read into almost anything.

The General has a military background straight out of a Le Carré thriller. He trained under General Walther von Reichenau and in the 98th Regiment of the Mountain Corps at Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Bavaria. He was in the Military Academy at Munich, and was commissioned as a second lieutenant in the Wehrmacht. He was "tempered in the battlefield during the *Anschluss* and in the Sudetenland, Czechoslovakia." Not exactly a background of a "goodie".

He invited us to fire questions at him. "Don't hesitate to embarrass me: we Chinese have been embarrassed many times, we are experienced in embarrassment." I asked: "Sir, what makes you think the mainland Chinese will give up their communist ideology in which they have received more or less complete indoctrination?"

"Let us talk of facts," he said. "We have sent many parties into the mainland. Nearly all of them have met with a sympathetic response. Look also at all the people who swim or fly to Taiwan for freedom." When pressed for exact numbers, he said he did not have them to hand—"but you should remember that nine out of ten wanting to escape get caught. Also, the Red Chinese make sure their pilots do not have enough fuel in their tanks to get to Taiwan". The only reason that Fan made it was that he was asked to test a new plane—the MIG-19—from an air base near the mainland coast. "He saw his chance, and at once took it."

He spoke also of a diplomatic party he had visited in Jedda in the 1960s. Among the smart guests, a party of ill-dressed Chinese turned up, wearing the white caps which signified they were Muslims. It turned out they had escaped from central China with few belongings, and several of their companions had had to be left behind on the way—they did not know whether they were alive. He said some of the party were reduced to tears by this recital—"especially the ladies".

If the communists waged war on Taiwan, he said, it would be in their normal way, first by infiltration and subversion. Asked about Taiwan's relationship with America, he said: "It would be the biggest mistake in human history if the Americans were to give up this island." He stood in front of a world map, holding the pointer, and told us why. As one of the other reporters later said, he gave the impression that the globe was divided into Taiwan and the "offshore world".

A needling German reporter asked what Chiang thought of the news in that morning's *China Post* that Zbigniew Brzezinski, the United States National Security adviser, was flying to Peking and would arrive there on Saturday for talks on the possibility of "normalizing" mainland Chinese-American relations.

Here, for the first and last time, Chiang's avuncular mask slipped, and he made it clear, ying and yang notwithstanding, how little of President Carter was currently to be found nestling in his heart. "That is the *un-clever* part of the American government. They have been called 'the Ugly Ones'. There are so many things they don't *have* to do. Why do they have to do this right on our Inauguration Day? It just shows their ignorance."

"Surely they knew," the ever-soothing German chipped in.

"If they did it on purpose, it makes them that much *more* ugly," said the General.

He now returned to the high table to deliver his peroration. "We are the only legal government that freedom-seekers on the mainland can look to. That is why we can never reach a compromise with the Chicoms. Eight hundred million people on the mainland are depending on us. Taiwan is the most powerful trump card for the free world. There is no need for the free world to



Bustling downtown Taipei, top, typifies modern Taiwan. But the past is remembered: the Sun Yat-sen Hall, where the presidential inauguration took place, is named after the first president of the Republic of China, above right.

invade mainland China. Let the people on the mainland do the job! And let us do the messy part of the job." After the press conference, he produced colour photographs of himself to sign for us.

In the afternoon we went to the splendid China Sports and Cultural Centre—a real stately pleasure dome—for a kind of Chinese Royal Tournament to celebrate the impending inauguration. Dancing girls did dazzling arms drill with dummy rifles, occasionally dropping them in concert and skimming away to reveal some Chinese phrase ("I love China") spelt out in strewn rifles. The object of the show was for Chinese from all over the world to pay homage to Chiang. The San Francisco contingent looked as if they couldn't make up their minds whether to be Chinese or Red Indians, with their big feather headdresses, stomping feet and war yells. Those

from Sacramento, California, had xylophones in the form of lyres and played music that seemed a cross between Polly Wolly Doodle and Chopsticks. The Taipei Junior High School, all wagging pigtailed and blanchmange-pink tunics, danced with silk banners in the manner of Loïe Fuller, while some of their schoolmates acted silkworms, tumbling about the floor in silken sacks. They must have been baking alive inside.

One of the aboriginal communities of Taiwan performed as lolloping dogs. Long, red streamer tongues protruded—banners painted with congratulatory calligraphy. Lee's Acrobat Team, girls in flimsy swimsuits, were a big hit, contorting themselves in ways which suggested a Bangkok sex film rather than the proprieties of a political triumph.

Saturday, May 20: Inauguration Day. We had been bidden to be in the

lobby at 7.30, because even though the ceremony in the Sun Yat-sen Memorial Hall did not begin until 9 am it was thought the traffic would be terrible. As it turned out, the streets were as dead as they usually are at 7.30. Graham Mulley, the other British journalist of the party, asked: "Would you say there is a sense of heightened expectancy on the streets?"

"You could say that a kind of frenzy has seized the populace," I returned.

"Like it."

We arrived at the Sun Yat-sen Memorial Hall in good time and took our seats in the huge packed auditorium. "I wouldn't mind having the ice-cream concession for this place," said Mulley. We had feared we would have to sit through an enormously long ceremony, all the principals loosing off for several hours in a language we did not understand. But the event was short,

practical, dignified. Punctuality fetishists as ever, they began on the dot of 9 am and were all done by 9.25. The National Anthem was sung, in a resonant bass of which I had not thought the Chinese capable, since their normal speech is almost hysterically high-pitched. Three bows to the national flag and the portrait of Dr Sun Yat-sen. Chiang was sworn in. A 21-gun salute boomed distantly. The Vice-President was sworn in. Chiang gave a brief address, of which we had been given translations. Most of it was the good old usual stuff ("Morality and truth should be placed above everything else") but there was a special aside for the Americans who were present in strength, many in white dress uniforms: "That anything which benefits China [i.e. Taiwan] will also benefit the United States and that anything that harms China will also harm the United States... That any thought of regarding the Chinese Communists as a 'balancing force' or as a party to the 'strategy of balance of power', or any illusion that 'the building of bridges' and 'negotiation' would curtail Chinese Communist expansionism, will confront the free nations with the dilemma of 'battling against a tiger at the front door' while 'letting a wolf in through the back door'."

I remembered those words when I heard of President Carter's deal with the mainland Chinese. I also remembered two episodes, one from my journey through Mao's China, the other from my trip to Quemoy. In Peking we were taken round the National People's Congress Building (*Ren min da hui tang*) which contains, besides a banqueting hall, over 100 small meeting-rooms for each municipality or province of China, each furnished with the products of that district. One of the rooms was ostentatiously set aside for Taiwan, with chair covers made of Taiwan grass.

And in Quemoy, as if in direct retaliation to such a challenge, we were shown the inscription which Chiang Kai-shek had himself written on Mount Tai Wu: "Remember the Lesson at Chu (*Wu Wang Tsai Chu*)."

This refers to a state called Tsi which was overrun by invaders and lost its cities in 284 BC, with the exception of one, a place named Chu. The people of Chu refused to retreat and fought bravely. Their last stand resulted in victory. Not only was Chu saved but all the 70 cities of the state were liberated in 279 BC. Hence the rallying cry engraved in the rock on Quemoy: "Remember the Lesson at Chu."

Perhaps a more appropriate *graffito* for Taiwan would have been: "Yanks, Don't Go Home!" Now that the United States has forsaken Taiwan, I am in no doubt that mainland China will attempt to regain its renegade "province". I am equally sure, from what I heard and saw in Taiwan, that the Taiwan government will never succumb to diplomacy. Only war will settle the matter: and that bitter war will come sooner than most China-watchers think ●

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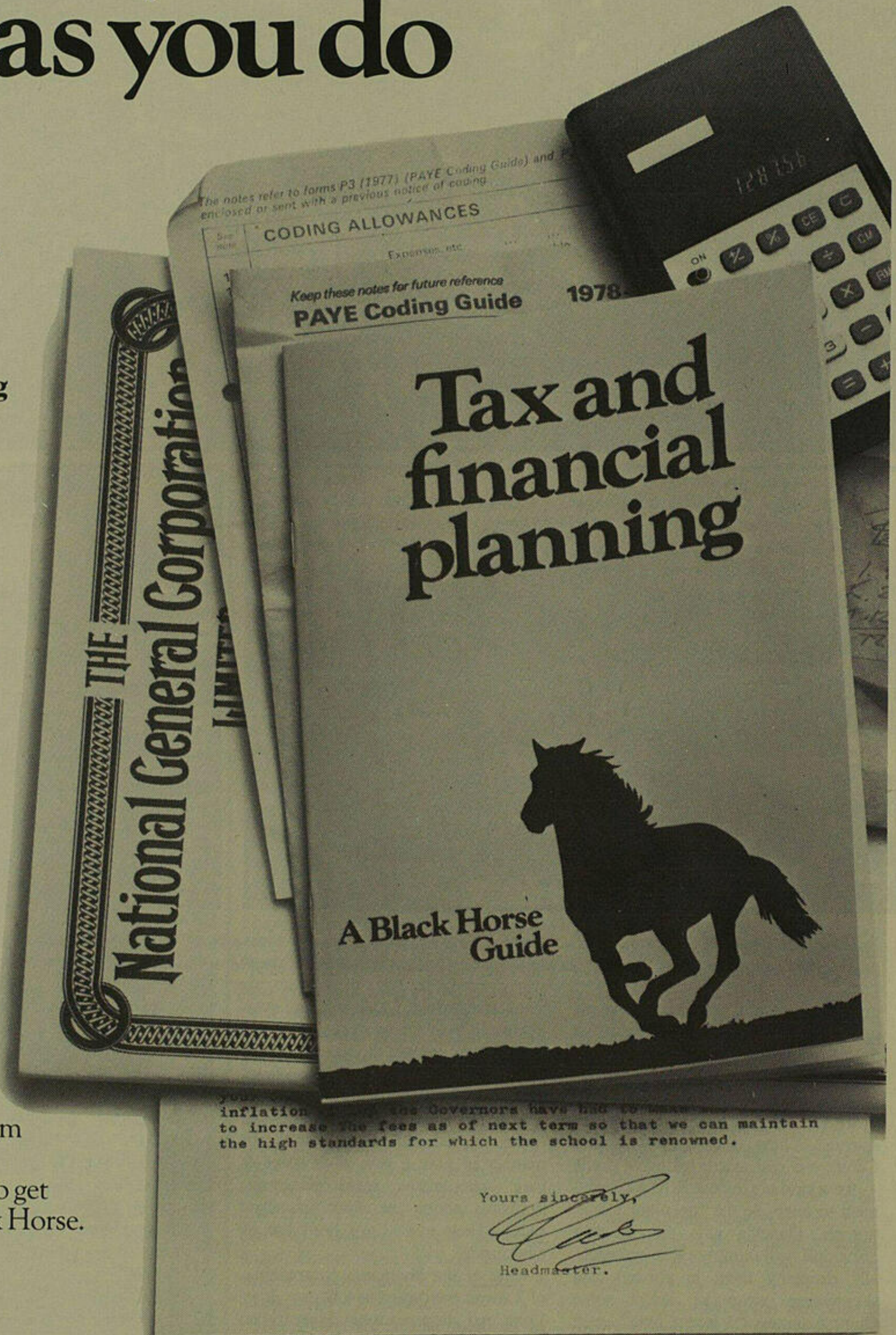
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At the sign of the Black Horse

Rhodesia at the polls

by Tom Arms

As Rhodesia prepares for the changes that will probably bring that country its first black Prime Minister, the author, who has recently returned from a visit to Rhodesia, looks at the personalities involved in the election and at the difficulties that any future government will have to face.

This month many black Rhodesians will go to the polls for the first time and be able to vote for black political parties and politicians. One of these politicians will almost certainly be the first black Prime Minister of Rhodesia, which will then have become Zimbabwe-Rhodesia.

There are inadequacies in the constitution that will then come into force, the major one being the 28 reserved seats for whites, which will give the Europeans a blocking vote in the new parliament. There is also the pre-election agreement that, no matter what the electoral outcome, a government of national unity will be formed with a cabinet seat for every five parliamentary seats won by a party. This guarantees the whites five out of 20 cabinet seats. But the greatest inadequacy of the constitution and its parent, the internal settlement, is that the war and the suffering are likely to go on in spite of the elections. In fact the elections may exacerbate the situation by turning a black-white confrontation into a black civil war based on tribal loyalties. Indeed, in the mines and factories the managements have already started segregating tribes for the first time, following outbreaks of fighting in the dining halls and sleeping quarters in the heat of the election campaign.

There are two major African tribes in Rhodesia. The Mashona is the largest, totalling about 85 per cent of the black population. The Matabele make up the remaining 15 per cent. Of the four major nationalist leaders Joshua Nkomo is from the Matabele, Bishop Abel Muzorewa and Robert Mugabe are from the Mashona, and the Reverend Ndabaningi Sithole has one parent from each tribe.

Nkomo is generally recognized as the most capable of the black nationalist leaders. Both the British and Mr Ian Smith favour him as the first black prime minister, as do many of Rhodesia's businessmen. He is also actively supported by the Russians. In the early years of African nationalism Nkomo's talents and charisma made him the undisputed leader of the black nationalists in Rhodesia. But during his ten-year imprisonment, from 1964 to 1974, others filled the vacuum. After his release he earned a reputation as a divisive force as he tried to regain his position of leadership, and later, as leader of the Zapu (Zimbabwe African People's Union) guerrillas, his abduction of schoolchildren for his army lost him more supporters.

Without opinion polls or peaceful elections it is difficult to estimate how much support Nkomo still has among



Top, Rhodesian leaders in the internal settlement: front row, the Reverend Ndabaningi Sithole, Chief Chirau, Bishop Abel Muzorewa, Ian Smith. Patriotic Front leaders boycotting the elections: Robert Mugabe, far left, Joshua Nkomo, left.

Rhodesia's blacks, but most observers believe it is in direct ratio to the proportion of Matabele—about 15 per cent. If this is so the only way Nkomo can hope to come to power is through the barrel of a gun, so it is to his advantage to stay out of the current elections and disrupt them as much as possible.

While Nkomo has been losing ground the other half of the Patriotic Front, Robert Mugabe, leader of the external Zanu (Zimbabwe African National Union), has picked up support over the last few years. Before the Geneva Conference ➤➤➤

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Rhodesia at the polls

he was almost unknown outside African nationalist circles. This was mainly because, like Nkomo, he spent from 1964 to 1974 languishing in jail. While in his prison cell Robert Mugabe ousted Ndabaningi Sithole from the Zanu presidency, and soon after his release he started organizing guerrillas based in Mozambique. Shortly before the Geneva Conference he and Nkomo announced the formation of the Patriotic Front.

The Front has been a far from happy alliance. Mugabe took over a guerrilla movement which had already infiltrated Rhodesia from its Mozambique border. Nkomo only started seriously building his army about three years ago. Most of Mugabe's energies have been directed towards trying to force Nkomo to commit more of his men to the battle. Nkomo is believed to be holding back for a final showdown with Mugabe, and already there have been reports of fighting between Zanu and Zapu forces where the two armies' operational areas overlapped. Both armies are estimated to be between 15,000 and 20,000 strong.

Robert Mugabe is an avowed Marxist who has gone on record as favouring a one-party socialist state. He has not, however, been able to win support from the Russians.

There have been reports of talks between Mugabe's supporters and Bishop Muzorewa's UANC (United African National Council) to bring Mugabe, a fellow Shona, into the internal settlement. In this respect, the release in February of four of Mugabe's white captives was an interesting exercise. Each of the captives was well treated as part of a carefully prepared propaganda exercise, so that when they returned to Salisbury they described the guerrilla leader as a "decent and humane chap". Some observers believed that this exercise was a Mugabe peace-feeler to the Salisbury government, and point out that shortly before the release of the captives Ian Smith surprised an audience by commenting that "Mugabe is not such a bad sort".

Mugabe is unlikely to take part in the internal settlement unless Bishop Muzorewa wins the elections. So far, the Bishop is clear favourite.

Bishop Muzorewa did not win his spurs as a nationalist until 1971, when he was asked to lead opposition to the Smith/Home constitutional proposals. He was chosen simply because Nkomo and Sithole were in jail. After the defeat of the Smith/Home proposals the Bishop was expected quietly to leave the stage, but instead he clung to the leadership of the UANC.

The Bishop's decision to join the internal settlement was based mainly on his inability to secure the support of the guerrillas, who regard him as an upstart because he has neither been in prison nor fought in the field. He lost much credibility for refusing to resign



Slums in the African township of Highfields, in Salisbury. Malnutrition has resulted from the widespread destruction of crops by security forces.

after Byron Hove, UANC-appointed co-minister for Law and Order, was sacked soon after the transitional government had been formed, and he lost ground again when he gave in to Smith's demands for 28 reserved parliamentary seats for whites after Mr Smith had told his party caucus that the best he could do was 25.

But as tribal loyalties have grown with the coming election the Bishop has been able to muster hundreds of thousands for UANC rallies. His position as Bishop of the United Methodist Church also gives him a large following among the deeply devout African women, which could be a crucial factor in the election.

The two other black leaders in the internal settlement are Chief Jeremiah Chirau and the Reverend Ndabaningi Sithole. Chief Chirau was initially dismissed as a "Smith stooge", but he has since proved that he has a mind of his own. Lately he has played an active, if ineffectual, role in trying to draw Nkomo and Mugabe into the internal settlement.

Sithole was, with Nkomo, one of the founding fathers of African nationalism in Rhodesia. The two men started as allies, but this ended when Sithole ousted Nkomo from the Zapu leadership in April, 1963. He renamed the organization Zanu, with himself as president and Robert Mugabe as general secretary. The following year he was arrested, along with Nkomo and Mugabe, and spent the next ten years in Salisbury prison. While in prison Sithole seemed to develop a strong totalitarian streak and thirst for power which resulted eventually in his losing the leadership of Zanu to Robert Mugabe. He made a vain attempt to win back the leadership when he was released from prison in 1974, but since then has moved closer to Bishop Muzorewa, who appeared to provide the broad popular base that the veteran nationalist lacked. Both the Bishop and Sithole have been lining up support inside and outside the country for their election campaign and, they hope, for recognition afterwards. They have

impressed some British observers, and the Bishop has won financial support from Colonel Muhammad Gaddafi of Libya. Sithole has won the support of President Idi Amin of Uganda, which may prove a doubtful advantage.

Inside Rhodesia the two men have been contending not only for the votes of the blacks, but also for those of the whites. The Bishop's party has accepted the services of a former British Conservative Party worker as their "Salisbury co-ordinator," whose job is to drum up support for white UANC candidates in the white districts. If any of these candidates win seats then the UANC will cut into the 28 white reserved seats, which would otherwise almost certainly go entirely to Ian Smith's Rhodesia Front Party.

There are signs that some whites may already have decided to vote for black politicians in the hope of protecting their interests when black majority rule takes over. Bishop Muzorewa and the Reverend Sithole spend much of their time addressing all-white audiences and sitting through dinner and cocktail parties in the exclusive suburbs of Borrowdale and Highlands. At one such party Mr Sithole's wealthy host asked if he could make a contribution to the black nationalist's party funds. Sithole replied: "But, of course." The businessman wrote out a cheque for \$1,000 Rhodesian. Sithole looked at it, handed it back and told his host to add a nought. The businessman did so.

Such tactics are common to politicians round the world. Less common are the candidates' "private armies", recruited from the growing number of unemployed black youths. Now both Muzorewa and Sithole each has a 1,000-strong private army, owing allegiance to their respective leaders and at times terrorizing local black populations into giving their support.

The African villager is the man who bears the brunt of this deteriorating situation. If he is not being terrorized by the private armies then he is being terrorized by Patriotic Front guerrillas not to vote, or to supply food, shelter and more "freedom fighters". If he gives

in to Patriotic Front demands then the security forces destroy his crops, home and food to deprive the guerrillas of supplies, and probably also will arrest him for aiding the enemy.

Disease is becoming as much a killer in Rhodesia as the bullet. The Rhodesian health service—one of the finest in Africa—is breaking down as guerrillas spread across the countryside. A total of 127 village clinics have been shut by the war—that is 60 per cent of all the clinics which provide the first line of defence against disease. The result is that malaria, scabies, pneumonia, bronchitis, tuberculosis and measles are all on the increase, as is malnutrition following the destruction of so many crops.

Dr Paul Fehrsen, President of the Rhodesian Medical Association, has warned: "If hostilities continue epidemics and disease will become widespread in cities, towns and rural areas throughout Rhodesia."

Humans are not the only ones to suffer. Veterinarians are unable to treat cattle in the guerrilla-controlled Tribal Trust Lands, and because of fighting on the Mozambique-Rhodesia border pilots have been unable to spray this breeding ground against the tse-tse fly, carrier of sleeping sickness. For the first time in many years sleeping sickness has spread into Rhodesia and infected cattle which are also suffering from tick diseases because cattle dips have been destroyed. The Rhodesian National Farmers Union estimates that one million, or a third of the cattle in the Tribal Trust Lands, will be lost through disease in the year ending this month.

The irony of the situation is that all this suffering could have been avoided had Ian Smith accepted the proposals put to him at the *Fearless* and *Tiger* talks, both of which were far less radical than the present internal settlement. If Mr Smith had presented the internal settlement ten years ago it would have been eagerly embraced and the rebel Premier hailed as a world statesman. He probably would have won the Nobel peace prize. But events have since moved on. Rhodesia is no longer a black-white confrontation with Joshua Nkomo on one side, Ian Smith on the other and Britain refereeing in the middle.

At a local level Rhodesia seems to be collapsing into a black civil war, with disease and bandits rampant and the whites trying to retain some semblance of the good old days. At a regional level the country has become a battleground between the presidents of the neighbouring black states to try and install a black Zimbabwean president who will be friendly towards him. At an international level Rhodesia is a contest between the super-powers for the control of the hearts, minds and trade of Black Africa.

The only reasonable way forward appears to be to continue to apply diplomatic reason and pressure on all parties in the hope that the desire for peace and an end to suffering will overcome personal lust for power ●

Two university buildings

by Tony Aldous

The author here describes two very different university projects: an imaginative extension to a Victorian gothic Oxford college, and a building to house an art collection where it might be used and appreciated in a working environment.

The great wave of university building which followed the Robbins Report has long since subsided, leaving university surveyors and buildings officers stoically tightening their belts and filing away ambitious expansion plans against the day when the national economy revives. But some new and impressive buildings are still going up in university towns and campuses, chiefly where college appeals have been able to draw on the rich and influential or where a private patron has met the main cost. The two recent buildings discussed here, an extension to Keble College, Oxford, and the Sainsbury Centre for the Visual Arts at the University of East Anglia, fit into one or the other of these categories.

Keble had the familiar Oxbridge problems: a college population outgrowing the original buildings, a tight site and makeshift accommodation in adjacent college-owned houses which was considered unsatisfactory. Keble's buildings were not medieval or Georgian, but William Butterfield's grand but forbidding Victorian gothic, with its decorative coloured brickwork.

The college mounted an appeal and engaged as architects Ahrends, Burton & Koralek, who were already working on a Roman Catholic chaplaincy off St Aldgate and had designed a theological college in Chichester. They at first recommended retention and conversion of the line of Victorian houses owned by the college in Blackhall Road and backing on to the Butterfield buildings; but Keble was committed to a new building, without which its problems would to some extent persist. So ABK had to design a building to replace the Victorian ones on a very constricted site, at its widest in Museum Road, then turning the corner in Blackhall Road, meeting a pinch-point where the Butterfield buildings project from the south-west corner of Liddon Quad, and ending up in the Fellows' Garden.

The building they designed, completed in 1977, has been likened in its plan shape to a serpent. If we take the single-storey flat looking out over the Fellows' Garden as the head, the neck is at the pinch-point, then a wing unfolds eastwards towards the backs of Liddon and Pusey Quads; thereafter the thin body rises up to four storeys at the corner of Museum Road, the tail making three right-angled turns back on itself, inside which is a tight little quad with a plane tree.

Before we abandon this snake simile, however, it should be added that the serpent is a two-faced one. The building's outside face is of yellow brick, deliberately chosen not to compete with the dark red brick of the Victorian buildings; its inner face is of glass and steel. The outer face, looking across Blackhall and Museum Roads to relatively modest-scaled domestic buildings, is almost fortress-like, with blank walls relieved only by narrow slit windows, rectangular turret-like projections (containing pantries, showers and lavatories), and that sloping base to its walls which medieval fortress builders called a batter. The inner face, which is only a room's depth away, gives the inhabitants their views out across the two new quads, with tinted glass affording privacy from overlooking, and continuing down to slope out from the lower storeys and cover a sunken walkway. Whereas Butterfield abandoned the traditional rooms-on-staircase layout, preferring corridors, ABK, because their site was so narrow, returned to stairways. With the triple twist of the tail, yellow brick (not bronzed glass) faces back towards red brick.

The overall impression is of an elegant and by no means overpowering design, which the outer face might have been had ABK used red rather than yellow brick. This outer wall can be criticized for making the rooms, unsocially, almost single-aspect; but it remains an interesting and, because broken up by recesses, modestly scaled piece of townscape. The glazed screen on the inner side of the snake is elegant in its shape and general effect and does not compete at all with Butterfield. The 58 undergraduate and 40 graduate rooms provided in the body and tail of the snake have proved popular (about as popular as those Victorian wings which now enjoy central heating); and they have greatly increased Keble's in-college residential capacity. The tip of the snake contains tutorial rooms; the spread single-storey "wing" provides a bar and common rooms.

The extension has given the college a considerable gain in rooms and also freedom for manoeuvre in upgrading the interior of older buildings.

The Sainsbury Centre, opened last year on the University of East Anglia's campus at Earlham on the edge of Norwich, is a very different building on a very different site. Sir Denis Lasdun's great wall of teaching buildings strides zig-zagging along high ground, in front of them his residential zigzags, both looking out across a spacious tree-clad campus to the new 40-acre lake or broad alongside the River Yare. Between teaching buildings and residences run a service road and a high-level footway, linked by bridges to the buildings on either side. All this is in concrete, Lasdun architectural sculpture at its best. Then, at the end of the road and the walkway, was a space for expansion, with no very precise plans

for its use until Sir Robert and Lady Sainsbury appeared on the scene.

They had built up over the years a remarkable art collection, mostly sculpture and very personal in choice, which they wanted to house where it could be widely appreciated and used—not in a dead museum setting, but in a living and working environment. From this developed the notion of a Centre for Visual Arts which would be at once a public gallery, though of the most informal kind, and part of the teaching buildings and apparatus of a school of fine arts. "We want," Sir Robert has said, "to give some men and women—and who better than undergraduates in a school of fine arts?—the opportunity of looking at works of art in the natural context of their work and daily life; not just because they have been prompted to visit a museum or art gallery. To give them the opportunity, when young, of learning the pleasures of visual experience; of looking at works of art from a sensual, not only an intellectual point of view; above all, of realizing that certain artefacts are works of art as well as evidence of history."

With this goal in mind, the Sainsburys and UEA commissioned Foster Associates to design them a building to accommodate it. What Foster produced is quite different from anything on the campus. It is a long, rectangular-sided aluminium box, some 130 feet long by 114 feet wide by 33 feet high. Structurally, its long sides and roof form a tunnel with a double skin: outside some 3,000 interchangeable panels, most of them anodized aluminium filled with insulating foam, some glass, some with

grilles; the inner skin, which looks light grey or white according to the light, of aluminium louvres; and the space between (about 9 feet) containing the tubular steel framework, storage, lavatories, and ducts, cables and the like. From a console near the main entrance a touch of a switch controls the louvres in walls and ceiling, producing an almost infinitely variable range of natural light; and controls also louvres over the huge end walls of glass, revealing or hiding vistas of trees and water.

Inside this giant and subtle box of tricks, various areas are demarcated. From the northern (lake view) end southwards they are: an area for temporary exhibitions; the entrance area, with control console and coffee bar; the main exhibition area, a space 114 feet square, arranged with screens and pedestals and chairs, with the atmosphere and informality of a huge, high-ceilinged living room rather than a gallery. Here you stroll or sit among Moores, Giacomettis and many more beautiful things. It is more like being invited into Sir Robert's home to see his treasures than going into a museum. These first three areas are full height, divided only by waist-high barriers.

But next comes a solid division, a block of single-storey rooms carrying above them an open mezzanine where the department of fine arts holds its tutorials, again in an informal, living-room setting. Then there is a courtyard, with rooms for tutors and lecturers round it and, in its centre, the department's collection of 91,000 slides and 1,000 boxes of photographs. Next is another single-storey block, with tutors' rooms on one side, kitchens on the other, and the university's senior com-

mon room an open mezzanine above. Finally, looking out through a huge glass wall on to a group of fir trees, is the full-height restaurant.

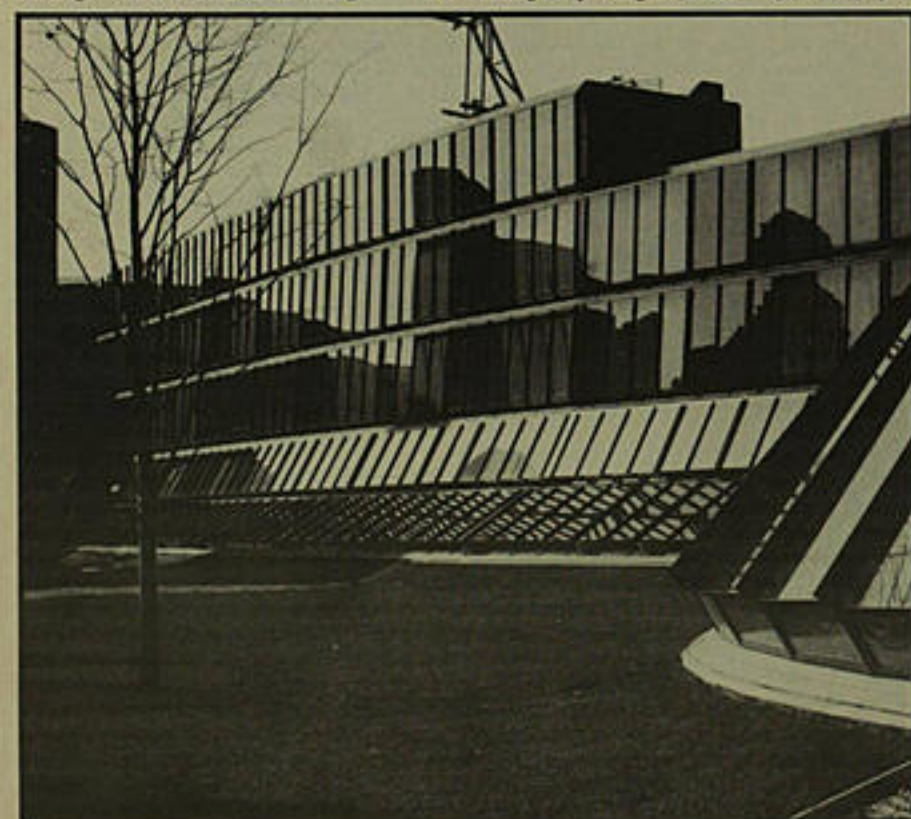
Below ground, in a basement running the whole length but only part the width of the building, are art stores and conservation workshops, and storage for the kitchens. This basement is served by a tunnel and a ramp set into the landscaped terrain to the south. Two glass-sided lifts rise from basement to mezzanine; the temporary exhibition end of the building is fed by a "scissors lift" enclosed in gates when you see it in the basement, but folding down to its floor by the time it reaches the exhibition area. Exhibits can thus be brought unopened in their packing case by fork-lift truck and lift from loading bay to exhibition location.

Dr Alan Borg, keeper of the collection and previously at the Tower of London's Armouries, has few reservations about the building. It has been criticized because light, and to some extent humidity, levels make it difficult to exhibit sensitive items like watercolours and drawings. You would need to erect a light-proof tent or box within the building to do so. With hindsight, had funds permitted, Dr Borg would have liked air-conditioning rather than the (pleasantly effective) ventilation system actually used. But the light effects and the vistas through the glass-walled ends of the building, he finds exciting and stimulating. At present the university has the whole building to itself each morning; then from noon to 5pm every day from Tuesday to Sunday the public have access to the gallery areas. Between April and August last year 28,000 of them visited

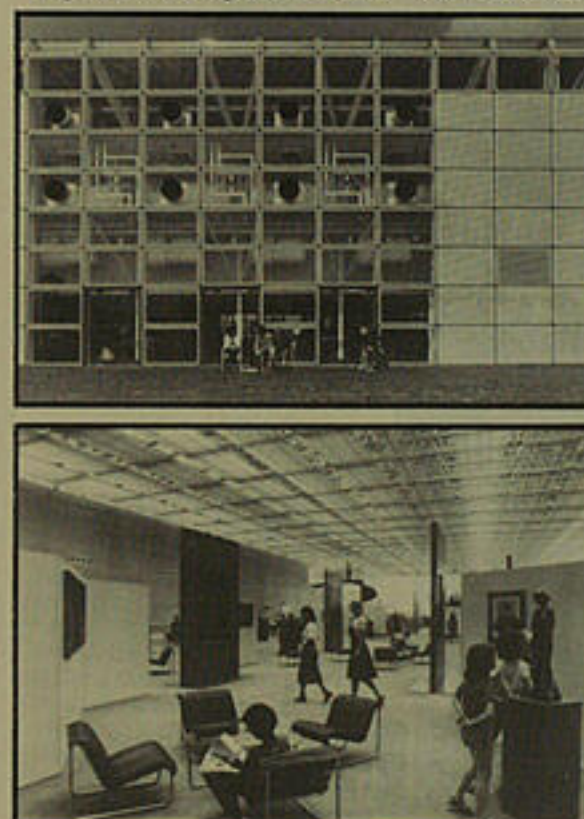
the centre, most of them arriving via the extended elevated walkway to enter the building on a platform high above its northern end—a breathtaking interior bird's eye view. The public also use the very popular restaurant; and guests at special dinners walk round the Sainsbury Collection during pre-dinner drinks, then sit down at table to gaze at the pine-trees floodlit outside. "The walls almost seem to disappear," says Dr Borg.

In theory the building is completely flexible. You can take out solid panels here, substitute glass ones there, alter the mezzanine blocks, or even remove one altogether. The Centre has in fact switched some panels to change the basic balance of lighting; but more than minimal adjustment costs too much; whereas the fine tuning of light by way of the louvres costs virtually nothing.

It has been questioned by some visitors whether Foster's Sainsbury Centre is really architecture. "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas l'Architecture," wrote one of my colleagues recently. As Dr Joad might have said, "That all depends on what you mean by architecture." This building is a high technology box of tricks but, internally at least, a very beautiful one. It is also, being well insulated, a "low-energy" building. Outwardly it does not at all match the other buildings on the campus, but nor does it affront them. Its impact (which depends on how bright is the sunshine it reflects) is less than one would expect from so huge a building. And, even if it is not Architecture with a capital A, this building to house 1,000 works of art and several scores of art students, is, I would assert, itself a remarkable work of art.



The new extension to Keble College, Oxford, by Ahrends, Burton & Koralek, presents two different faces: fortress-like yellow brick walls facing outwards, towards Blackhall and Museum Roads, and a snake-like wall of glass inwards, above left. Top right, a study-bedroom. Bottom right, the bar.



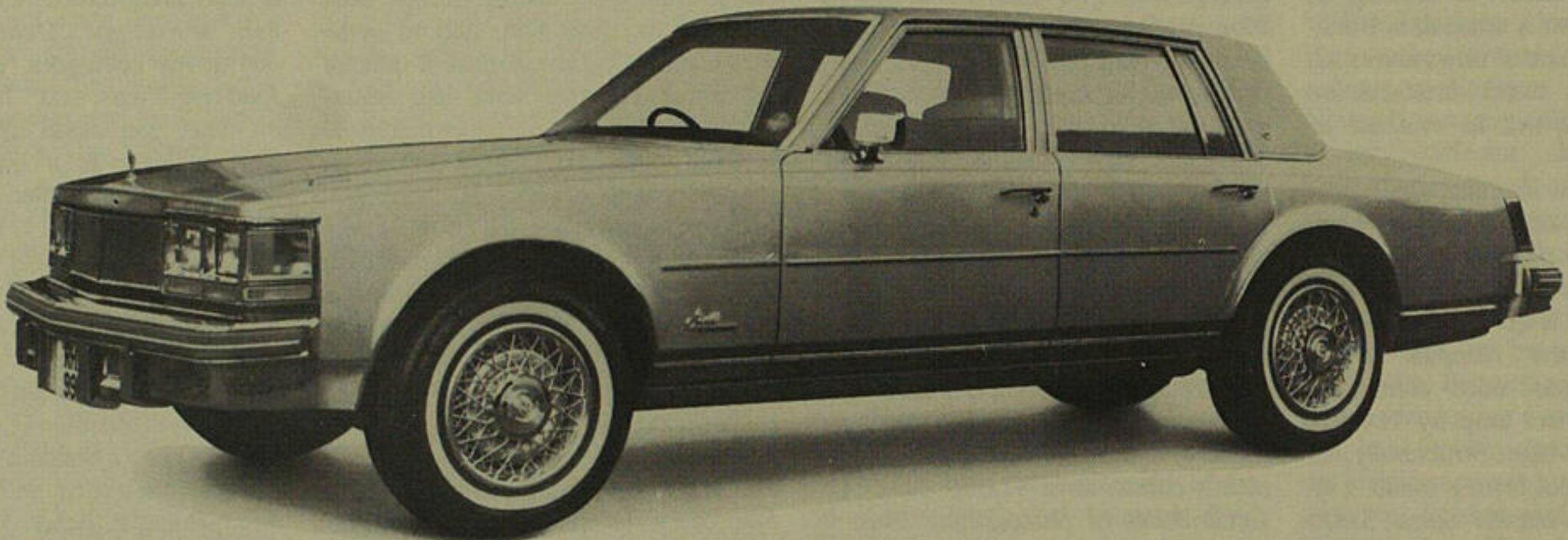
The 3,000-odd panels which clad the Sainsbury Centre are interchangeable. Top left, glass panels and doors make an entrance with, above them, extract fans. Bottom left, part of the Sainsbury art collection. Above right, the glass-panelled north end with delivery ramp and, above it, the restaurant.



There's a lot to like in the New Americans.

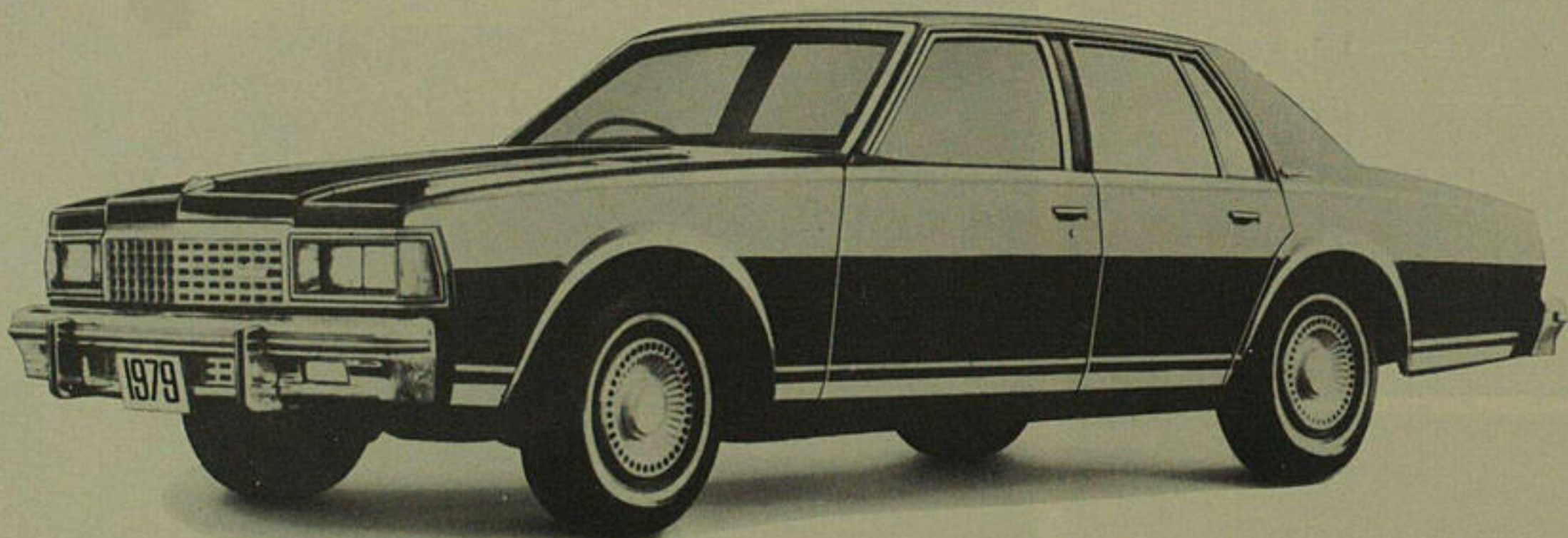
Have you noticed how American cars from General Motors have changed in recent years? Far more in tune with European ideas of style and driving conditions, but still with an interior opulence that's uniquely American.

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The first Memorial

by J. C. Trewin

A hundred years ago this month, the first Shakespeare Memorial Theatre was opened in Stratford-upon-Avon. The author recalls some of the principal characters behind the enterprise, and describes the memorable opening night when neither torrential rain nor the sneers of the London critics could dampen the audience's enthusiasm for the inaugural play, *Much Ado About Nothing*.



One hundred years ago, at ten minutes past seven on the evening of Shakespeare's birthday, 1879, John Ryder, as Leonato, spoke the first line of *Much Ado About Nothing*: "I learn in this letter that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina."

Shakespeare, 263 years after his death, had come that night to his first Memorial Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon, an extraordinary building of bright red brick, with a still unfinished Romanesque tower, much sham-Gothic decoration, plum-cake turrets and a belt of half-timbering. Some of it, through half-closed eyes, looked roughly like a fashionable Victorian version of Shakespeare's Globe. Anyway, it was at last his theatre in his own town. Outside, rain poured; but within no one cared except London writers, eager to scorn this riverside remoteness and say what nonsense it was to spend so much on a bare, gas-lit provincial theatre.

The entire block—adjoining library



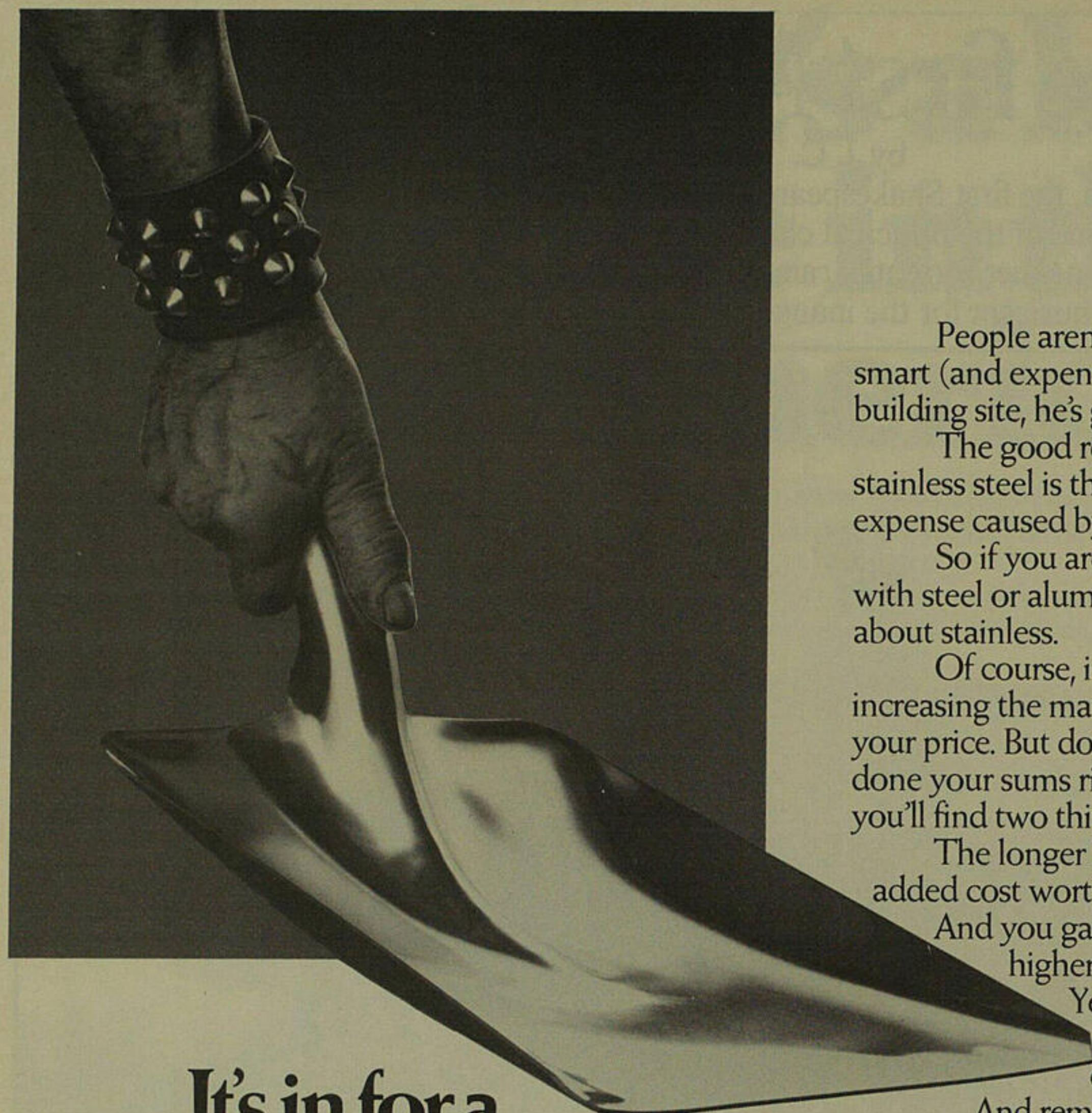
Top, the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, which was opened in 1879. Above, after a fire destroyed much of the original building, a huge new theatre was added; it was opened in 1932.

and art gallery were yet to be completed—would cost £20,000; most of it was given by the local benefactor, Charles Edward Flower, and the rest, except for £1,000, from Stratford itself. London mocked. "A paltry and impertinent business," said the *Daily Telegraph*; "half theatre and half mechanics' institute."

Shakespeare, until then, had had little luck in his birthplace. During his last years he lived in a town from which the players were banned. After that not much happened for over two-and-a-half centuries, though there had been strolling players, the "pompous folk", and though David Garrick had held his three days' "jubilee" of 1769, the second and third days in drenching rain. He delivered an ode in a wooden amphitheatre, or rotunda, on the Avon-side meadow where the Royal Shakespeare Theatre now stands.

"Can British gratitude delay," Garrick asked, "To him the glory of this isle, To give the festive





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*"A Survey of Corrosion and Protection in the UK," published by the D.T.I. in 1971 (figures adjusted for inflation).

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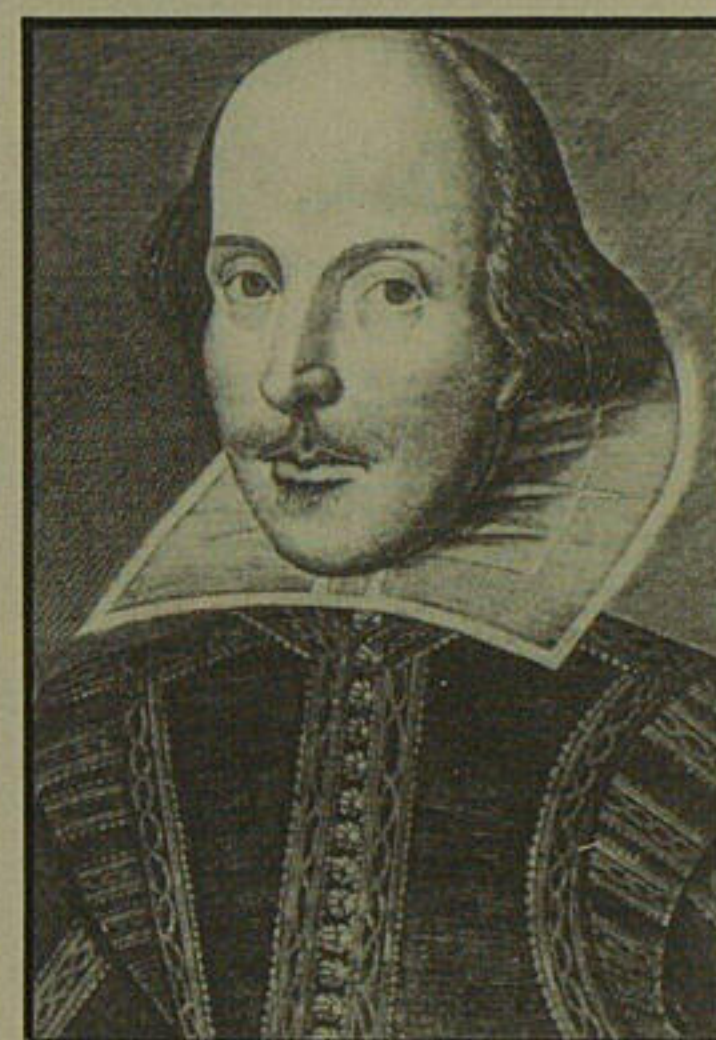
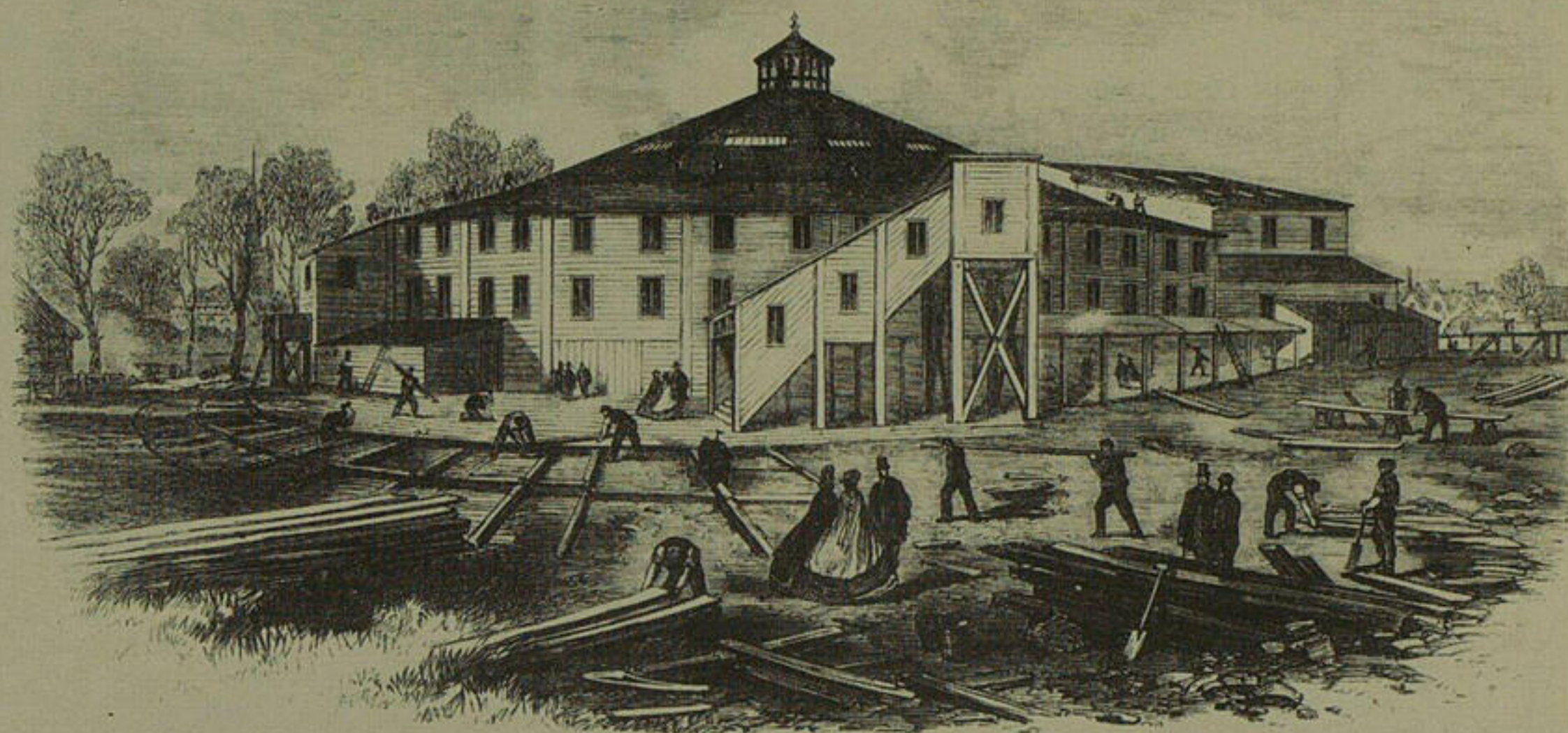
The first Memorial

day, The song, the statue, the devoted pile?" But Stratford would have no "devoted pile" for a century afterwards; simply various birthday celebrations and pageants, and a fortnight's birth-tercentenary festival (1864) in a 12-sided timber pavilion. This was remembered for many years by a ring of poplars in a paddock behind the houses of Old Town and the western wall of Southern Lane. Stratford's only regular theatre had been an all-purpose affair, never more than a minor house—though known for a while as the Royal Shakespearean Theatre—on part of the site of Shakespeare's garden in Chapel Lane. It had an unremarkable, intermittent career of about 47 years, and closed for good after Mr and Mrs Wybert Rousby had acted *Hamlet* and *Ophelia* there in April, 1872.

Suddenly Charles Edward Flower, of the local brewing firm, saved Stratford from small-town apathy. Son of Edward Flower, mayor at the tercentenary, he had been educated at Shakespeare's school. Believing that the plays should be performed at a theatre dedicated to Shakespeare in his birthplace, Flower gave the 2 acre site on the Bancroft where Garrick's "rotunda" had stood and where cattle had grazed in the 16th century. At the same time, in the autumn of 1874, a Shakespeare Memorial Association was formed to build a small theatre used for "occasional performances" of the plays, concerts and lectures; with "a library of dramatic literature and a gallery of pictures and statuary of Shakespearian subjects".

The governors advertised for designs; a modern-Gothic building was chosen, submitted by Messrs Dodgshun & Unsworth of Westminster—Mr Unsworth would say that, on the whole, he had brought in everything pretty well—and though flooding of marshy land by the Avon caused delays Lord Leigh, Provincial Grand Master of Freemasonry, laid the foundation stone with masonic ritual on April 23, 1877. Helen Faucit, the actress, attended a luncheon that day when rain soaked through the tent—Stratford was never fortunate with its weather—and guests had to eat under umbrellas. Tom Taylor, the dramatist, "gave a long speech upon uses the building . . . might be put to, and among others (oh! Spirit of our great Shakespeare!), the amusement of amateur actors".

Exactly two years later the main part of the building was ready, about midway between the house where Shakespeare was born and the church where he was buried. The theatre, "a piece of pinchbeck medievalism", said an angry critic, seated 800 people on the ground floor and in two balconies; the stage might have been shallow and cramped but the acoustics were fine. Flower and the Governors invited Barry Sullivan, the Birmingham-born actor, a man much admired by the then



young and unknown Bernard Shaw, to lead the company in a ten days' festival; and Helen Faucit, Mrs (later Lady) Theodore Martin, once Macready's leading actress, agreed to break her retirement and play *Beatrice* on the first night to Sullivan's *Benedick*.

London critics, their horizon bounded by Leicester Square and Clare Market, were thoroughly rude. What right had these "respectable nobodies", this "local clique", to do such a thing as this and so far from the metropolis? Shakespeare had sought his intellectual life in London. Would he need as memorial an addition to the list of petty provincial theatres? At a ceremonial luncheon that opening Wednesday, Charles Flower answered with careful calm:

"They say we are a set of respectable nobodies. All I can say is that the Nobodies, having waited 300 years for the Somebodies to do something, surely blame ought not to attach to us. We shall be ready to go on patiently with our work, knowing we do so in a true spirit of love and reverence."

He had been patient enough that



morning while the church bells pealed. As Helen Faucit was at Stratford for only a single night he had thoughtfully had the theatre green-room fitted up as a dressing-room and sent across a few things from Avonbank, the riverside house where he lived, to make it comfortable. An hour or so later he met Mrs Charles Calvert, who would play *Gertrude* in *Hamlet* on the second night. Sullivan, he told her, happened to

look in after the rehearsal and see the preparations. "He said: 'What's all this?' 'Miss Faucit's dressing-room, sir.' 'Oh then, take my compliments to Mr Flower and say that unless my dressing-room is arranged in the same way, I don't appear tonight.' And so I had to remain to give orders about some furniture." Here Flower turned to his wife: "And you, my dear, must send across silver candlesticks, vases of flowers and a lace pincushion for Mr Barry Sullivan." It was an example of a centre-stage actor indulging his temperament, for otherwise Sullivan was a generous man; he would not take a fee for his work and gave 100 guineas to the fund. On the birthday evening, ➤➤➤

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'GIVE TO THOSE WHO
GAVE—PLEASE'



The first Memorial

under an unabated cascade, carriages splashed through the deepening pools on Waterside towards the door of the new theatre. Oblivious of the rain, the town, in Helen Faucit's words, had been "en fête all day, flags flying, bands playing, cannon firing". She herself had gone in the morning to Holy Trinity Church to look at Shakespeare's monument. It had seldom been admired, the bust of a puffy-faced burgher who gazed across the chancel with pained surprise; but Helen Faucit, seeing it with the eye of faith wrote in her diary:

"Can see so much of the man behind it. The profile also tells so much. Especially on the left, it speaks of the grandeur; the full face of the humour and sweetness... The bust looks like a living friend, whom one would wish never to part with. There is no thought of death or separation about it."

That was satisfactory; yet even in her euphoric state Helen Faucit was a trifle dashed at night when she could not find a carriage to take her to the theatre through the torrential rain. "I will not mind how I am put out," she had written. But she was put out indeed until Lord Leigh, who could not wait for the play, said that he would leave his carriage for her to use and find his own way home to Stoneleigh Abbey.

We do not know how Barry Sullivan reached the theatre. A strong character, he probably walked. By seven all were waiting for the rise of the drop-curtain, a scene by W. R. Beverley showing Elizabeth going in state to the opening of the Globe. Backstage there were nearly 100 persons, actors, supers, band, dressers and stage-hands. The house had been sold out at prices of 20s, 10s and 5s, a tariff that after the first two nights would go down to 10s, 5s and 2s6d.

No audience could have been more punctual. Kate Field, an American living in Stratford who had worked earnestly for the cause, came before the curtain with Chatterton of Drury Lane, and spoke Westland Marston's brief dedicatory address. Within a minute the curtain had risen and the vigorous John Ryder, whose delivery in the old days had sounded like a hunting-horn, uttered the first Shakespearian lines on the Stratford stage. It was a capable company, with Edward Compton, great-grandfather of the present Royal Shakespeare actor, Alan Howard, as Claudio, Luigi Lablache as Don Pedro and William Henry Stephens as Dogberry; local people played the Watch and attendants.

Apparently it was Helen Faucit's evening: she had been born under Beatrice's dancing star. Remembering the night six years afterwards, she wrote: "Every turn of playful humour, every flash of wit, every burst of strong feeling told." Certainly Birmingham newspapers praised her, though the heavyweight Sullivan was unluckier. One critic said of his Benedick: "He

Shakespeare

MEMORIAL THEATRE,

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

INAUGURAL FESTIVAL

ON
SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23, 1879,
AND FOLLOWING DAYS.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, APRIL 23rd,

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

On this occasion, the Council have the honour to announce that Mrs. THEODORE MARTIN (HELEN FAUCIT) has most kindly consented to appear.

Benedick	Mr. BARRY SULLIVAN
Don Pedro	Mr. LUIGI LABLACHE
Don John	Mr. HERBERT JENNER
Claudio	Mr. EDWARD COMPTON
Leonato	Mr. RYDER
Balthazar	Mr. W. H. CUMMINGS
Who will sing, "High no more, Ladies."	
Dogberry	Mr. W. H. STEPHENS
Verges	Mr. FRANK BARSBY
Beatrice	Mrs. THEODORE MARTIN (HELEN FAUCIT)
Hero	Miss WALLIS
Ursula	Miss HUDSPETH
Margaret	Miss GOLIEH

Previous to the Performance, A DEDICATORY ADDRESS, written by Dr. WESTLAND MARSTON, will be recited by Miss KATE FIELD.

THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 24th,

HAMLET

Hamlet	Mr. BARRY SULLIVAN
Claudius	Mr. HERBERT JENNER
Polonius	Mr. W. H. STEPHENS
Laertes	Mr. EDWARD COMPTON
Horatio	Mr. LUIGI LABLACHE
Ghost	Mr. RYDER
First Gravedigger	Mr. FRANK BARSBY
Gertrude	Mrs. CHARLES CALVERT
Ophelia	Miss WALLIS
Actress	Miss EMMERSON

FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 25th,

A CONCERT

The Music of which is associated with the Works of Shakespeare.

Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, Mrs. OSGOOD, Miss KATE FIELD, Madame ANTOINETTE STERLING, Mr. W. SHAKESPEARE, Mr. W. H. CUMMINGS, and Mr. SANTLEY. The LONDON CONCERT GLEE UNION, under the direction of Mr. FRED WALKER. Conductor, SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 26th,

HAMLET

Will be repeated.

Hamlet	Mr. BARRY SULLIVAN
Claudius	Mr. HERBERT JENNER
Polonius	Mr. W. H. STEPHENS
Laertes	Mr. EDWARD COMPTON
Horatio	Mr. LUIGI LABLACHE
Ghost	Mr. RYDER
First Gravedigger	Mr. FRANK BARSBY
Gertrude	Mrs. CHARLES CALVERT
Ophelia	Miss WALLIS
Actress	Miss EMMERSON

MONDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 28th,

Mr. SAMUEL BRANDRAM will Recite

"THE TEMPEST."

The Songs incidental to the Play will be sung by Miss de FONBLANQUE.

On MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 28th, and THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 1st,

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Benedick	Mr. BARRY SULLIVAN
Don Pedro	Mr. LUIGI LABLACHE
Don John	Mr. HERBERT JENNER
Claudio	Mr. EDWARD COMPTON
Leonato	Mr. RYDER
Balthazar	Mr. W. H. CUMMINGS
Who will sing, "High no more, Ladies."	
Dogberry	Mr. W. H. STEPHENS
Verges	Mr. FRANK BARSBY
Beatrice	Miss WALLIS
Hero	Miss EMMERSON
Ursula	Miss HUDSPETH
Margaret	Miss GOLIEH

On TUESDAY EVENING, APRIL 29th, and FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 2nd,

HAMLET

Hamlet	Mr. BARRY SULLIVAN
Claudius	Mr. HERBERT JENNER
Polonius	Mr. W. H. STEPHENS
Laertes	Mr. EDWARD COMPTON
Horatio	Mr. LUIGI LABLACHE
Ghost	Mr. RYDER
First Gravedigger	Mr. FRANK BARSBY
Gertrude	Mrs. CHARLES CALVERT
Ophelia	Miss WALLIS
Actress	Miss EMMERSON

On WEDNESDAY EVENING APRIL 30th, and SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 3rd,

AS YOU LIKE IT

Jacques	Mr. BARRY SULLIVAN
Duke	Mr. ALLERTON
Banished Duke	Mr. LUIGI LABLACHE
Orlando	Mr. EDWARD COMPTON
Adam	Mr. RYDER
Touchstone	Mr. FRANK BARSBY
Amiens	Mr. W. H. CUMMINGS
Who will sing, "Blow, Blow, thou Wint'ry Wind."	
Rosalind	Miss WALLIS
Audrey	Miss HUDSPETH
Celia	Miss EMMERSON
Phoebe	Miss GOLIEH

Return Tickets at Reduced Fares.—SPECIAL TRAINS after the Performances to Leamington Every Evening; to Birmingham on 23rd and 24th; and to Worcester on 25th and 28th, stopping at intermediate stations.

For further particulars see Official Programme, to be had Price 6d. on application to the Festival Ticket Office, New Place, Stratford-on-Avon.

All the Evening Performances will begin at 7 o'clock; doors open at 6-15 p.m. Those in the Afternoon begin at 3 o'clock; doors open at 2-15 p.m.

PRICES OF ADMISSION (for Seats Numbered and Reserved):—

WEDNESDAY, April 23rd, 20s., 10s., & 5s. THURSDAY, April 24th, 10s., 10s., 5s., & 2s. 6d. REMAINDER OF FESTIVAL, 10s., 5s., & 2s. 6d.

Reservations for Tickets can be sent by Post, addressed to Mr. H. DOWNING, New Place, Stratford-on-Avon, and the best available places will be selected by the Managers' Committee.

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played the part in a manner that no doubt would have been highly acceptable to an East End London audience." Against this we have to see Shaw's view in old age—and the young man was not at Stratford—that Sullivan was "in the British dynasty of supreme masters of their art". Some four months after the festival a Birmingham admirer

of Sullivan named his newest child Barry; more than six decades later Sir Barry Jackson was directing a reborn Stratford theatre. He is to be remembered this year both at his centenary and at the 50th anniversary of the Malvern Festival which he created in 1929 as a tribute to Shaw.

All of this was in the distant future.

On the second night of the 1879 season *Hamlet* was staged with Sullivan in an already celebrated performance that a *Daily Telegraph* correspondent resented—"a fashion accepted by such as disbelieve entirely in the address to the players". Readings could be odd, especially the resolute "I know a hawk from a heron—pshaw!" Gertrude

The first Memorial

was Mrs Charles Calvert, who never forgot her surprise on arriving at Stratford and hearing the stationmaster shout to a porter: "Here, Shakespeare, take charge of this lady's luggage." *Hamlet* had four Festival performances, *Much Ado* three, with Ellen Wallis as Beatrice in the last two, and *As You Like It* two, with a stuffed stag from Charlecote carried across the Arden set as it would be for many years. An elocutionist, Samuel Brandram, had an astonished welcome when he recited the whole of *The Tempest*, with aid in the songs.

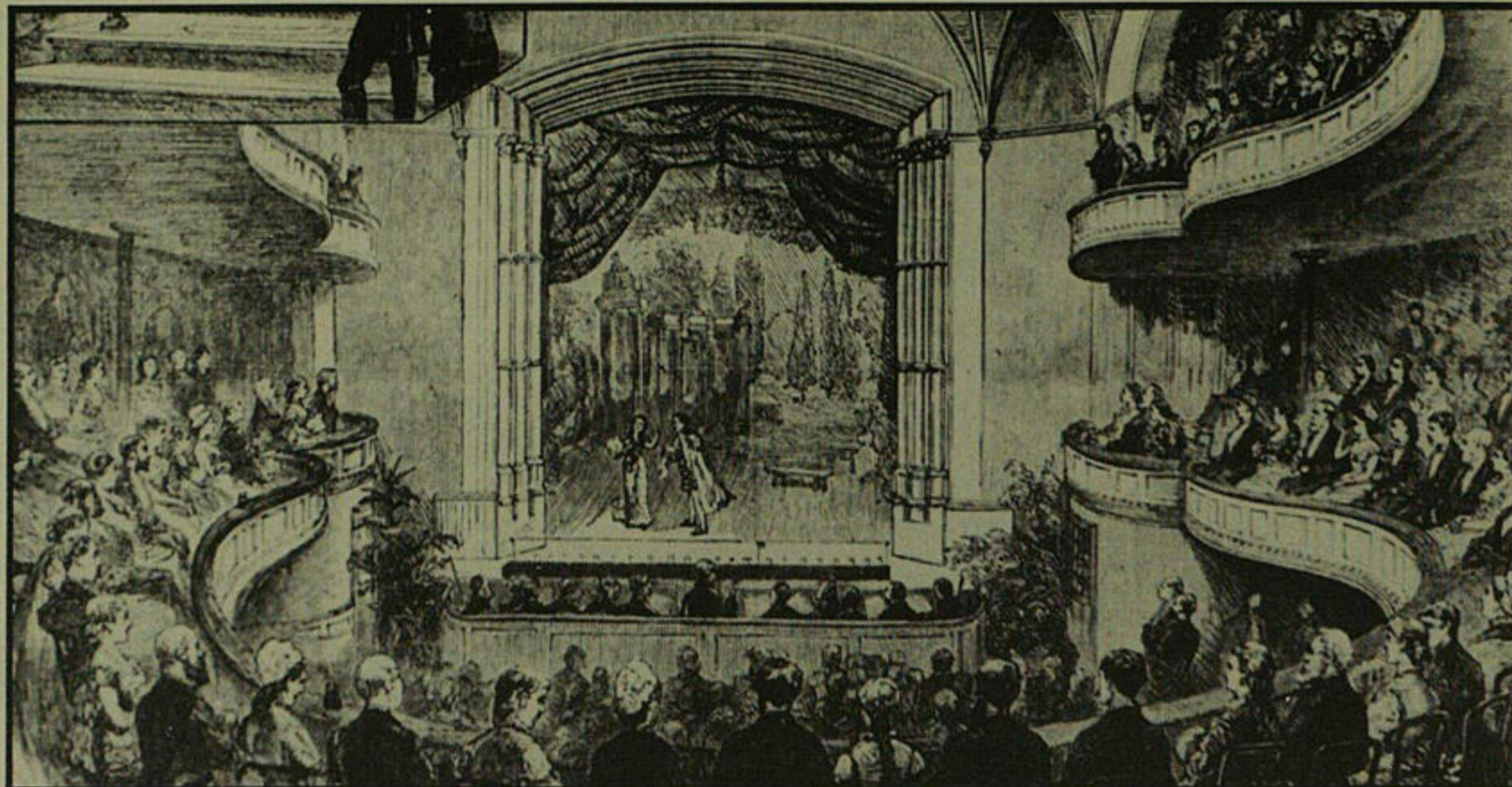
It had been a local success. The organizers allowed criticism, in Stopford Brooke's phrase, to "drift down the wind". Sullivan came again in the following year, for three weeks—Mr Brandram this time recited the whole of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—and later festivals, under various managers including the young Edward Compton, became as familiar in the local calendar as the motley block would be in the riverside scene. "One of the loveliest buildings erected in England for many years," said the friendly Oscar Wilde. Frank Benson arrived in 1886; thenceforward, with few exceptions, Stratford Shakespeare would chime annually with the name of the gentle, vague, long-striding man with the classical profile and the sunrise spirit, a leader born, a man who could behave like Quixote and speak with the voice of the Shakespearian kings.

Six years after W. Bridges-Adams had become director in the summer of 1919, the first Memorial Theatre went up in flames. During a gusty spring afternoon, March 6, 1926, a fire, whose origin no one ever knew, destroyed the building, turning its "striped sugar-stick" tower into a blazing pillar. If the wind had not veered from the library and picture gallery, nothing would have saved the entire block.

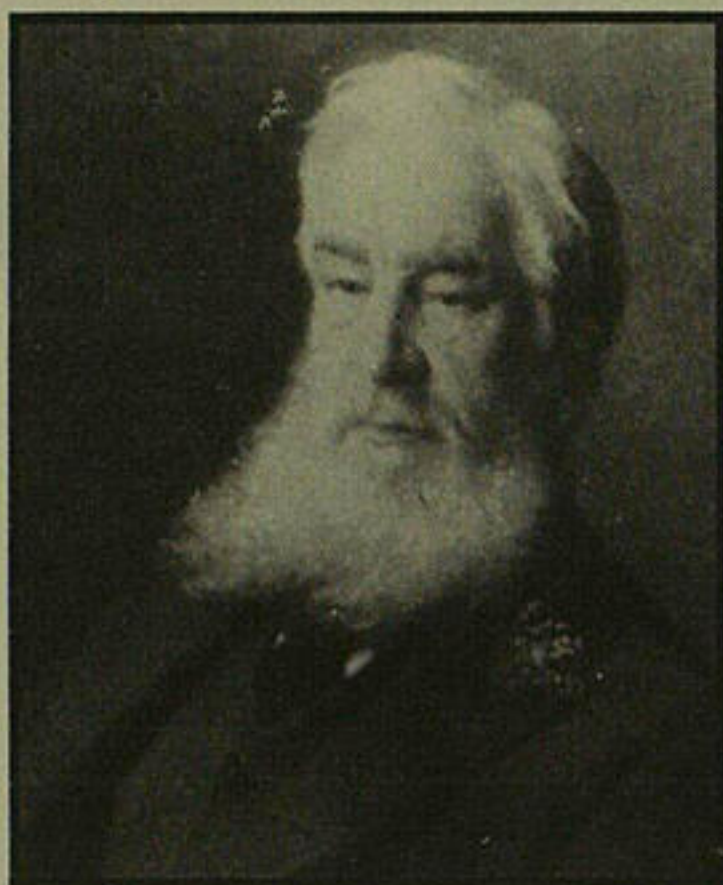
The rest is history: the Festival interregnum in a cinema, the great new theatre (1932), years of growing pains, post-war rebirth in 1946 and later expansion when what is now the Royal Shakespeare has become one of the great theatres of the world.

This year the remains of the first Memorial which have served various purposes, as conference hall, rehearsal room and so on, will be restored at last to full life. They are being reconstructed as a new auditorium where about 350 people will be seated on three sides of a thrust stage. With luck, and the appropriate choice of *All's Well That Ends Well*, it may open in late autumn with Dame Peggy Ashcroft as the Countess of Rousillon, Judi Dench as Helena.

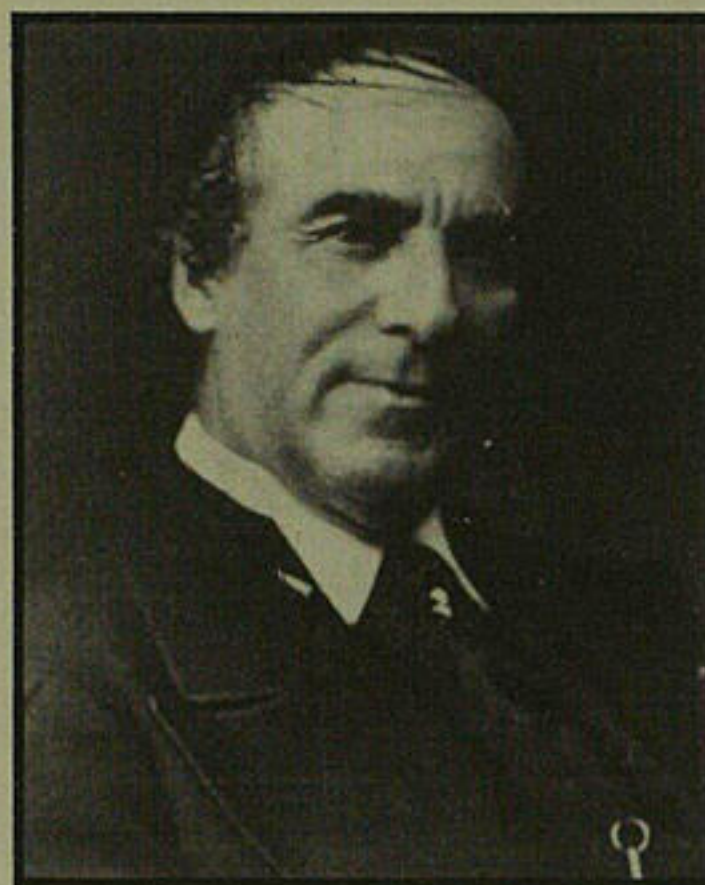
So Shakespeare returns to the first Memorial in his own town: a long way from that drench of 1879, the clapping carriages, the first expectant hush, and John Ryder glancing up from Leonato's letter: "Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina." ●



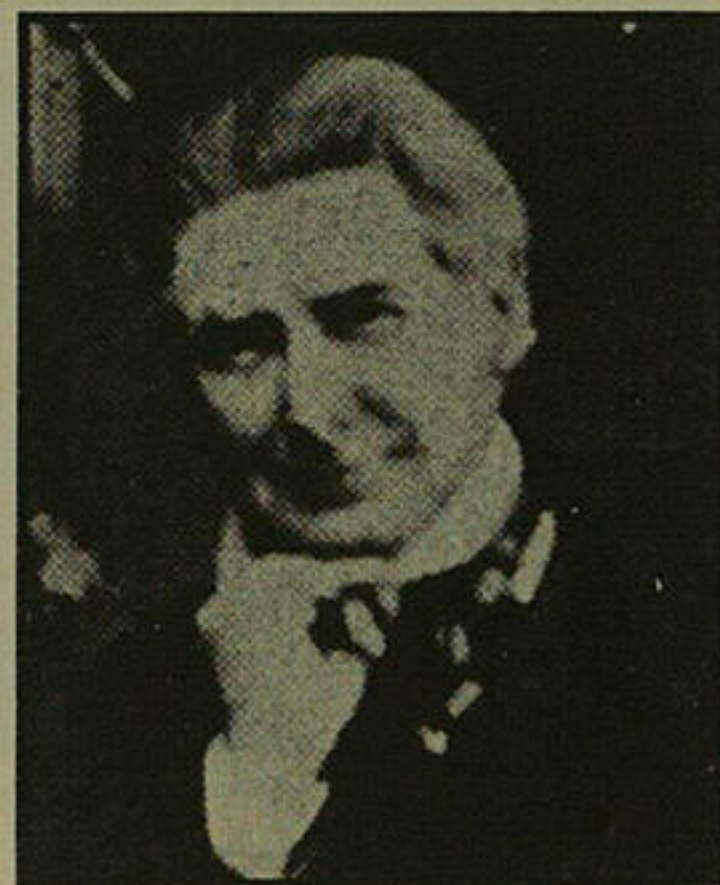
Barry Sullivan and Helen Faucit, Benedick and Beatrice in the Memorial's inaugural *Much Ado About Nothing*.



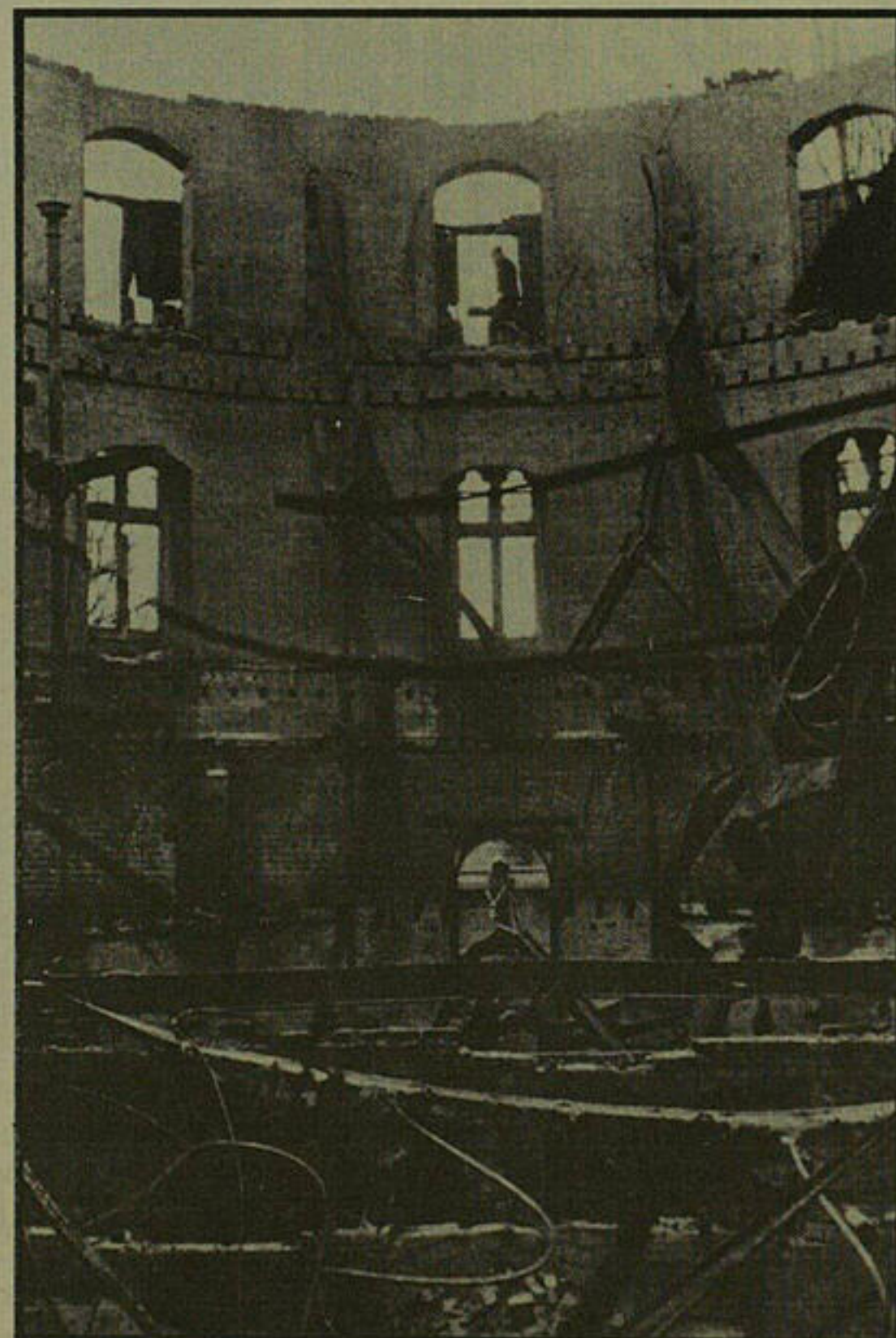
Charles Flower, the theatre's ardent supporter and benefactor.



John Ryder played Leonato on the opening night, April 23, 1879.



William Henry Stephens gave strong support in the part of Dogberry.



The tower and theatre were destroyed by fire on March 6, 1926. The interior of the theatre was gutted, but the museum and library, connected to it by a bridge, escaped. Both pictures appeared in the *ILN* a week after the event.



Cloth for Men ...

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AIR CANADA



The Queen in Arabia



Arrival in Kuwait after the journey in Concorde on February 12, the first day of the tour.

The Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, carried out a three-week tour of the Middle East, leaving London on February 12 to visit Kuwait, Bahrain, Saudi Arabia, Qatar, the United Arab Emirates and Oman. This was her first visit to the Middle East and she was the first woman to be accorded equal rights in a male-dominated society. The royal yacht *Britannia* was used for the Queen's entertaining on the tour.

Photographs by Tim Graham.



The royal yacht *Britannia* at Shuwaikh port, Kuwait—and cleaning up operations in progress.



Arriving at a banquet given by Shaikh Jaber Al Ahmad Al Sabah at the Salaam Palace, Kuwait.



Kuwait Towers, which contain reservoirs for desalinated water, were visited on the royal tour.



A colourful march past by the Kuwait Police Band playing the pipes to welcome the Queen.



Watching a display of folk dancing after touring the Kuwait Towers on February 13. Dr David Owen, the Foreign Secretary, was among the guests. ➤➤➤

The Queen in Arabia



The visit to Bahrain began with a presentation of flowers at the dockside.



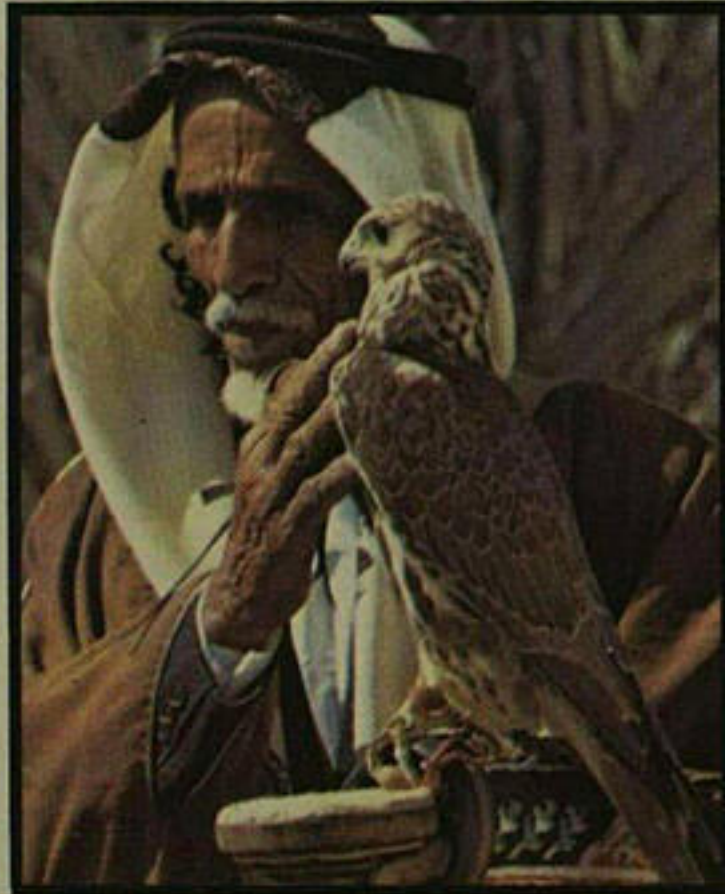
The Queen toured the Muharraq Museum in Bahrain on February 15. With her is the lady director of the Museum, Shaikha Hiya Ali Al-Khalifa.



Arriving for a dinner given by Shaikh Isa bin Sulman Al Khalifah.



One of the girls who took part in a dance and song display in Bahrain.



A falcon and its handler at Bahrain falcon centre, visited by Prince Philip.



With the Amir of Bahrain, who owned all the runners, after watching the races. The Arabs are great horse lovers but their religion forbids betting.



A reception on board *Britannia*; the Prime Minister of Bahrain, the Amir, the Queen, the Heir Apparent and the Duke of Edinburgh.

The Queen in Arabia



King Khalid of Saudi Arabia meeting the Queen at Riyadh airport.



A visit to a bedouin tent was on the royal itinerary in Saudi Arabia.



King Khalid's mounted royal guards on duty at Riyadh racecourse.



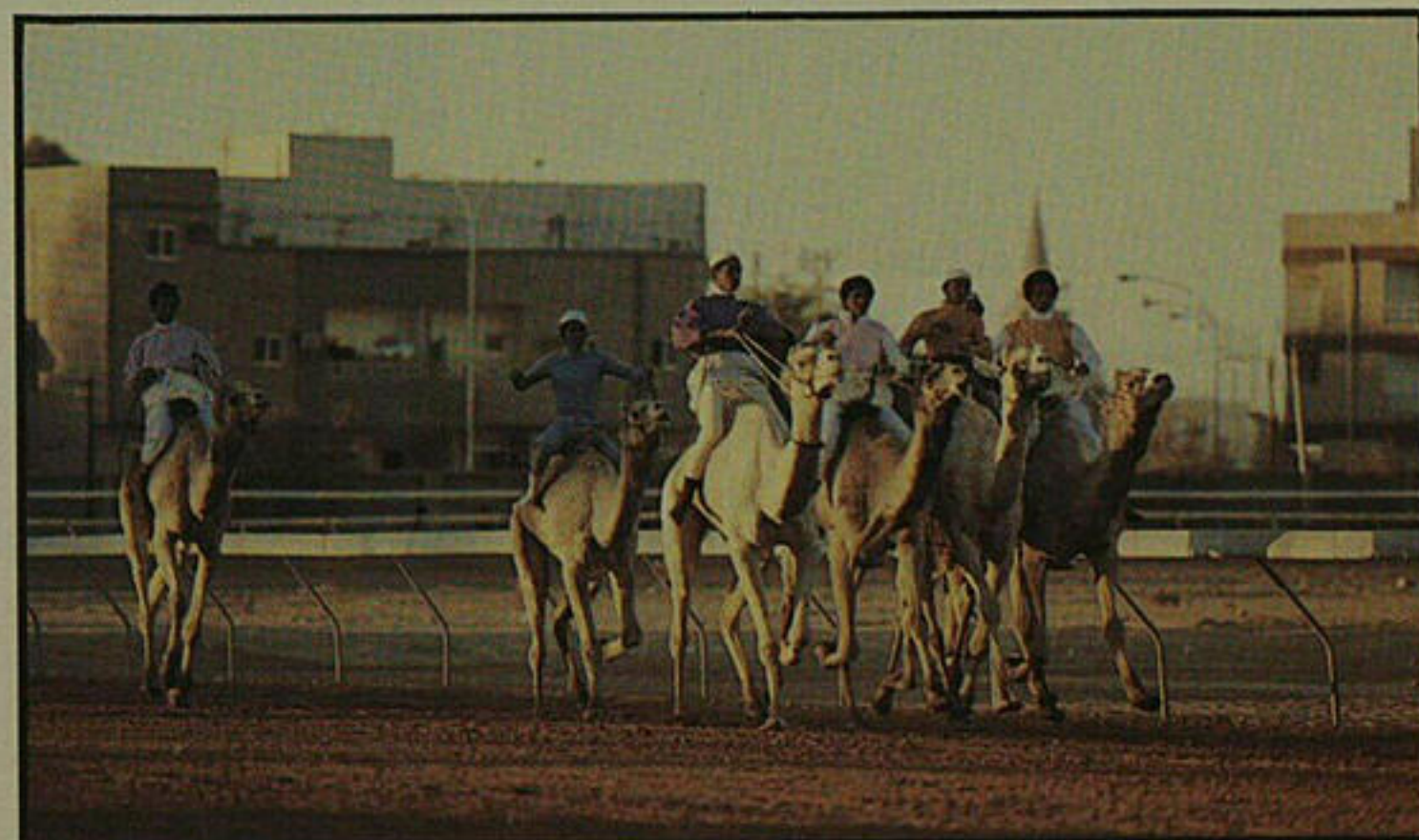
The Queen visited Moda Hospital in Riyadh on February 18.



Arriving at Riyadh racecourse where she watched horse races and a camel race. The Queen wore a long dress whenever King Khalid was present.



The Queen, King Khalid and the Duke of Edinburgh at Riyadh racecourse.



The camel race at Riyadh; 17 dromedaries competed for the £400 prize.



King Khalid on board *Britannia* for a dinner party given in his honour. ➡➡

The Queen in Arabia



Waiting to greet the Queen as *Britannia* sails into Doha harbour, Qatar, on February 21.



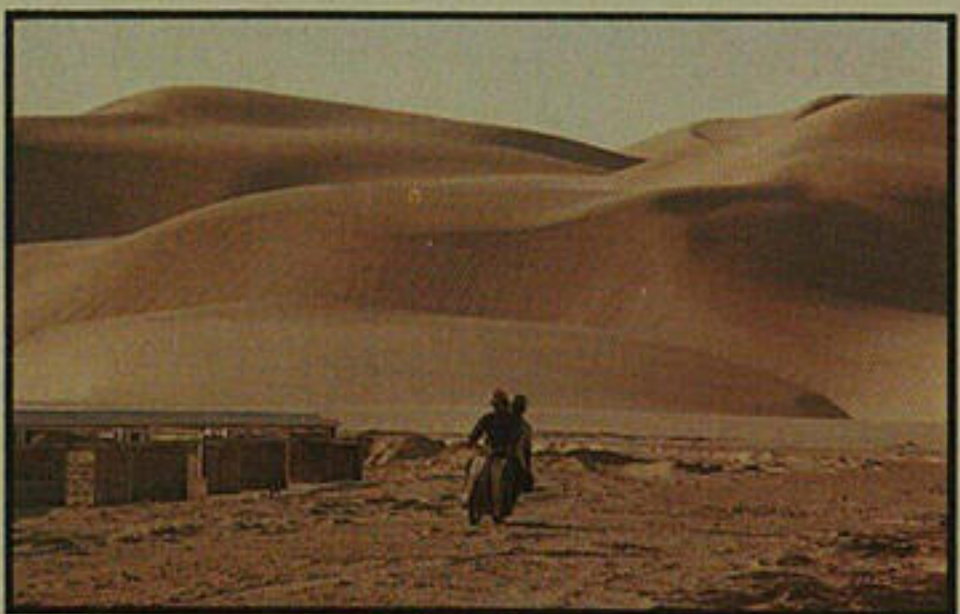
The Queen with the Amir Shaikh Khalifa Bin Hamad Al-Thani after landing at Doha.



Only a small minority of the people of Qatar still pursue the life of nomadic tribesmen.



An excursion into the desert was followed by a picnic lunch in a tent given by the Amir (right).



A desert landscape in the state of Qatar.

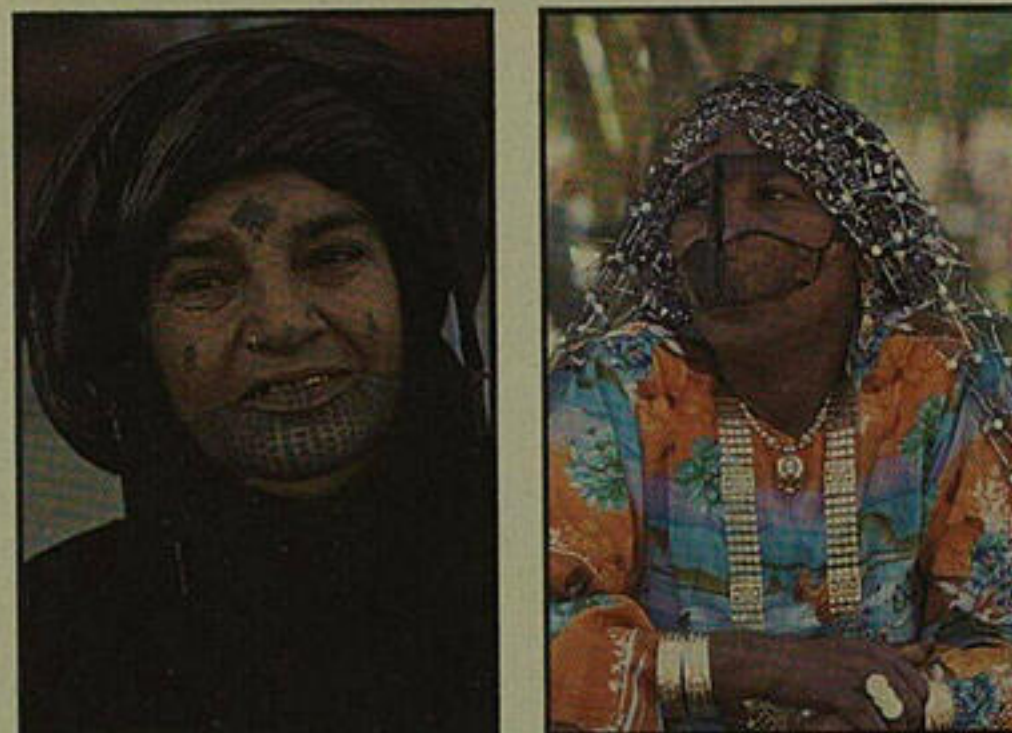
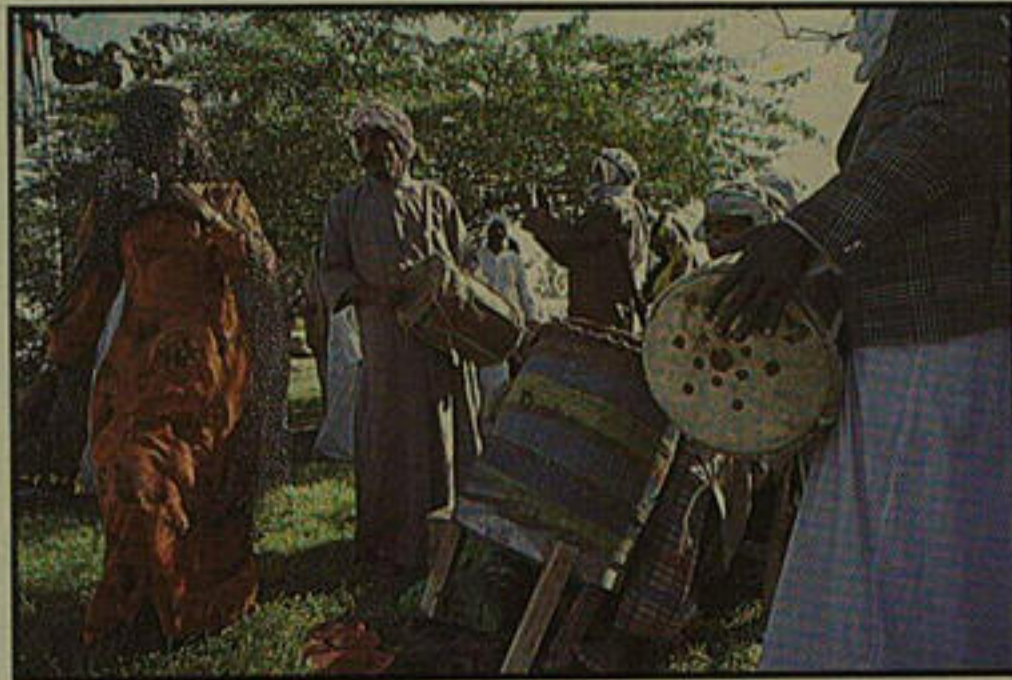


The Queen arriving at the palace of Rayyan for a dinner given in her honour by the Amir of Qatar.

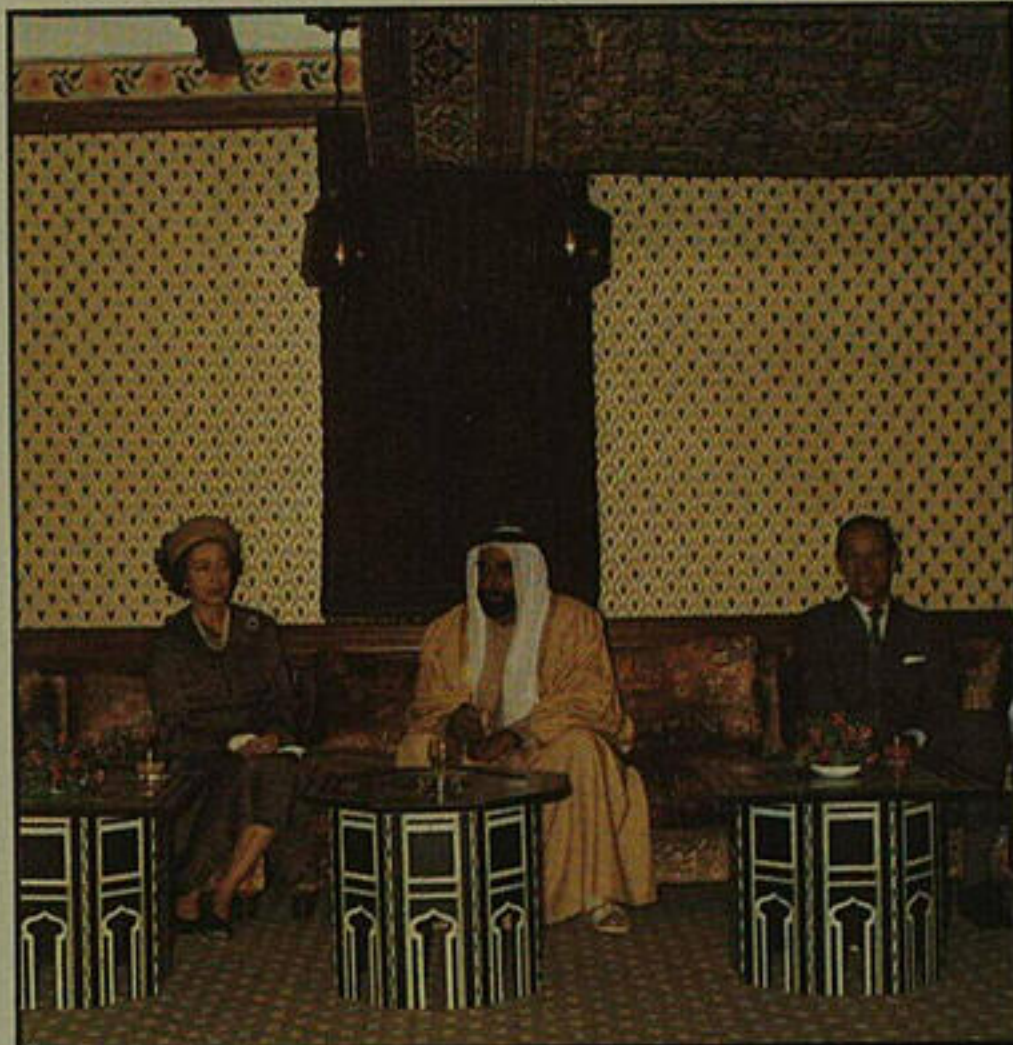
The Queen in Arabia



The Queen arrives on February 24 at the Mushrif guest palace in Abu Dhabi to meet Shaikha Fatima.



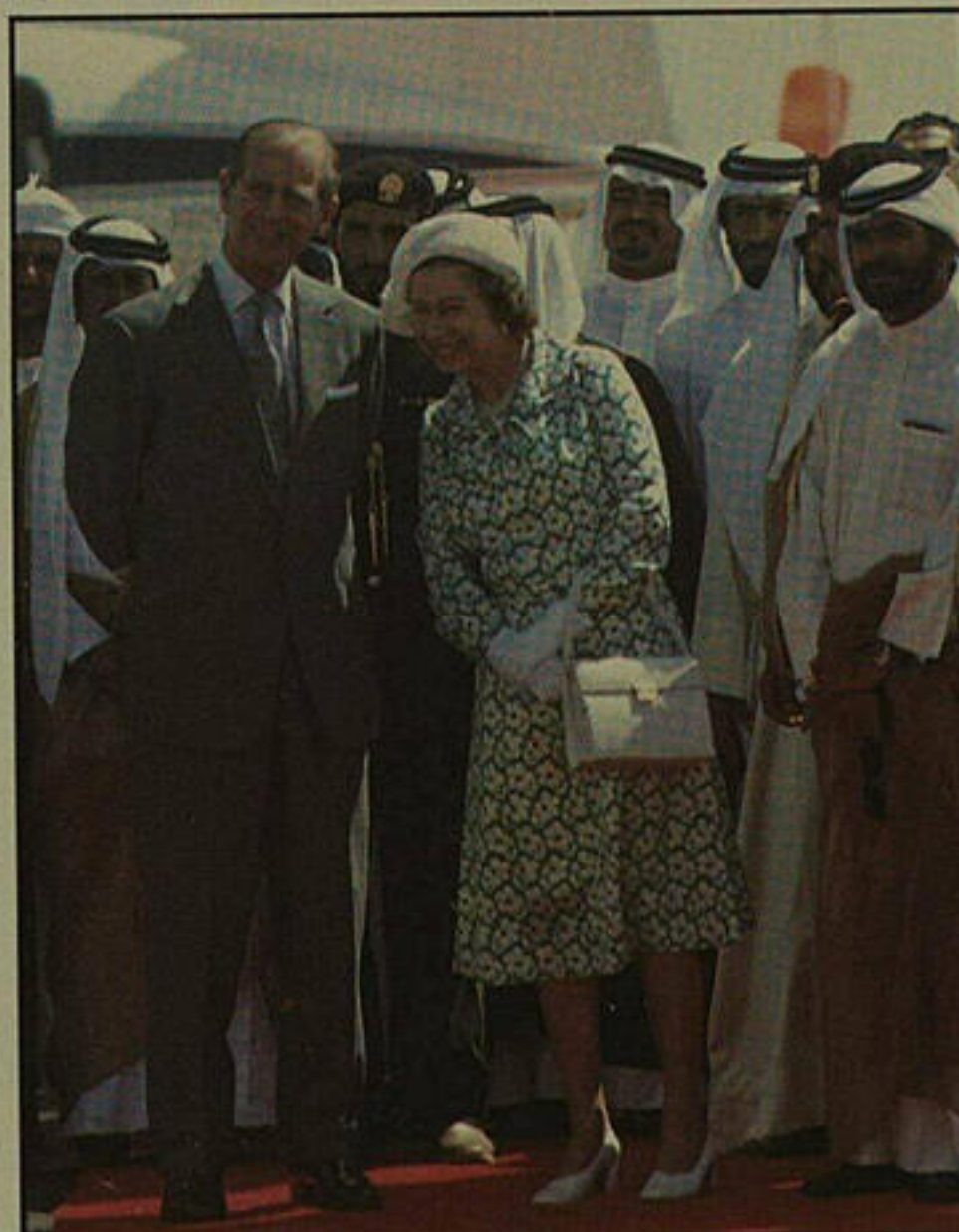
Bedouin at the Mushrif palace welcome the Queen with extempore drumming, dancing and singing.



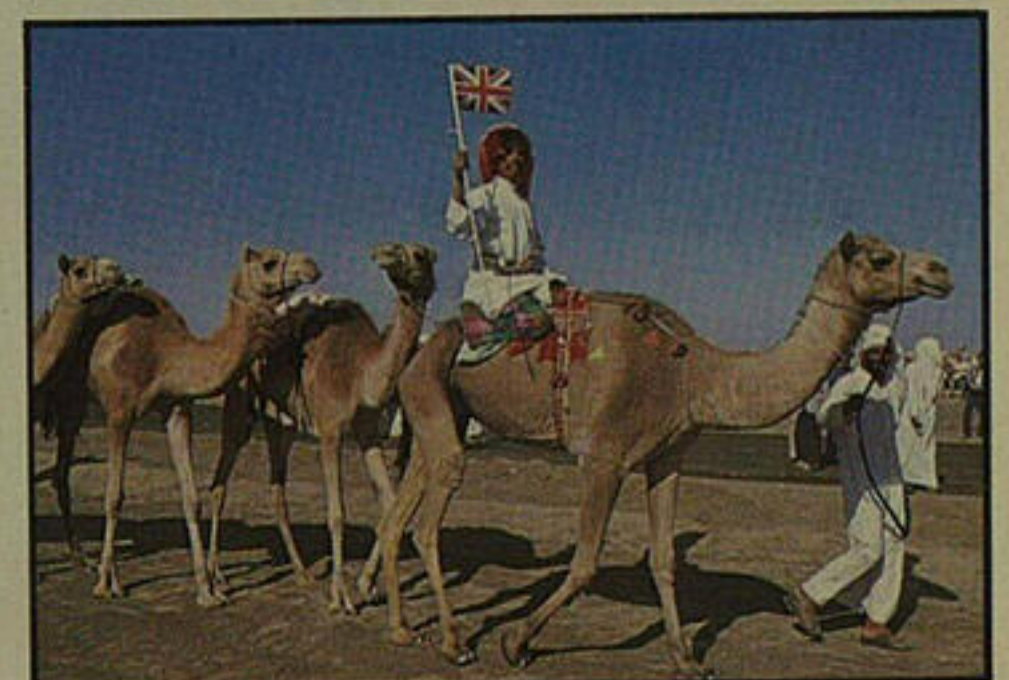
With Shaikh Zaid and other UAE rulers at a lunch at the Meridien Hotel in Abu Dhabi.



A dazzling welcome for Shaikh Zaid, president of the United Arab Emirates, on board *Britannia*.



Arrival at the desert airstrip of Al Ain, where the royal couple watched a display of dancing. Camels and more modern means of transport brought many bedouin practitioners and spectators.



The Queen in Arabia



A trip in a royal barge hosted by Shaikh Rashid bin Said al Maktum in Dubai, UAE, February 26.



The Queen honoured her Dubai host with the GCMG and presented him with an engraved silver salver. She was given a model of camels standing under palm trees, sculptured in gold, and a necklace, earrings and ring of sapphires and diamonds.



At a dinner at the Jumeirah Palace, Dubai.



The royal palace, Muscat, Oman, from the air.



The Royal Mounted Band played for the Queen at the stables of Sultan Qaboos bin Said, Oman.



With the Sultan at his stables in Oman.



Dinner guests being presented before a banquet given by the Sultan (in red dinner jacket) at the royal palace, Muscat, on February 28. The next day the Queen toured Nizwa, the former capital of Oman.

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A Persian masterpiece

by Clive Irving

Over the centuries, the thriving city of Soltaniyeh in Iran and its magnificent dome-shaped mausoleum fell into decay. In 1970 an Italian architect, commissioned by the Ministry of Culture and Arts, began restoring the 14th-century mausoleum of Oljeitu to its former splendour, using traditional methods.

Photographs by Peter Carapetian.

The past and the future have collided in Iran, and in reaching for the future, as many Iranians now realize, they have neglected their own culture in favour of Western ideas which simply do not transplant; yet historically one of the great Persian gifts was to take skills and ideas from many sources and synthesize them into a distinctive form of their own which shaped much of the eastern Islamic world.

Nothing more elegantly expresses this gift than a building which art-historians are now beginning to recognize as a neglected masterpiece of the traditional Persian skills in architecture and decoration. Today it stands marooned off the beaten track between the cities of Qazvin and Tabriz, a massive brick octagon topped by an egg-shaped dome of perfect proportions. It was built early in the 14th century by the Mongol king of Persia, Oljeitu, as a mausoleum.

It is hard to think of the Mongols as creators. In Persia they gave up their Shamanism for Islam only a generation before this building appeared. Like many converts, they became zealous patrons of sacred art, possibly in atonement for the way the Mongol invaders levelled much of Persia.

In the shadow of Oljeitu's mausoleum is a small, poor village called Soltaniyeh. When the mausoleum was built Soltaniyeh was a city with a population of hundreds of thousands, established by royal decree and designed to become a great trading centre. But it was inconveniently placed and gradually it declined leaving only the mausoleum; and even that fell into decay.

On first sight there is something vaguely familiar in the form of the mausoleum: if its eight minarets, now truncated, had survived, the clue to this feeling would be clearer. Here was a prototype, in structure and style, of that poem of Orientalism, the Taj Mahal.

The mausoleum proves one of the enduring truths of Persian building: that no colour exists independently of light. Persian light, the interplay of sky, land and shadow, becomes an organic part of the builders' art. Inside and out, Soltaniyeh presents to all the shades of Persian light a delicate and constrained arrangement of tiled surfaces, of which the dome is in every sense the crown. Dark blue at its base, becoming progressively lighter in a deliberate and subtle shift to model its shape, the dome distils Persian light to its essence. And its shape is also a structural achievement far ahead of its time.

I saw Soltaniyeh with Dr Robert Hillenbrand, an art-historian from



Top, Soltaniyeh in the 17th century, drawn by Jean Chardin. The decline of Soltaniyeh from sacred city and commercial centre to a village overshadowed by the mausoleum took several centuries: in the mid 14th century a visitor had noted that the city had "everything that a man may need", and Chardin commented, "We saw fine streets and squares where much merchandise was for sale", but by the 19th century the British writer and traveller James Morier found little but the mausoleum remaining, and even that was being robbed to decorate a Shah's hunting lodge. Now, having survived earthquakes and vandalism, the Mausoleum of Oljeitu regains its original splendour, above, under the restorers' scaffolding.

Edinburgh University who, in the course of extensive studies of Muslim art and architecture, has become an enthusiast for this building. He says: "In a real sense, the whole of later Islamic architecture in Persia stands in the shadow of this building. It is a unique achievement of creative structural engineering. One of its great strengths is the way that structure and decoration are in perfect equilibrium."

We came to the site for the first time early one evening. The mausoleum was

back-lit, the sun already behind the hills, and in the brief twilight the dome seemed to have a matt bloom like a plum. Much of it was covered in scaffolding, for the building was being extensively restored. More scaffolding almost filled the interior; this enabled us to climb up to see details of the huge dome chamber, 51 metres from ground to tip of dome. The dome rests on a brick base spanning 24.5 metres.

The structural integrity of the dome lies in its shape: because of the perfect

curves, all the stresses are directed into the base itself without need of buttresses, pinnacles or shoulders. The dome has two skins. An inner one, taking the stresses, is 1 metre thick at the base and then gradually, in a series of steps, becomes much thinner at the crown. The outer skin, much thinner, is simply a canopy to carry the tiles. A modern structural engineer would boggle at this fineness of calculation by 14th-century architects. Yet the dome, which stands on an earthquake belt, has survived numerous earth tremors.

By 1970 the mausoleum was in a sorry state. The Ministry of Culture and Arts in Tehran asked an Italian architect, Enrique d'Erico, to save it. When he first came to Soltaniyeh d'Erico was repelled by its isolation. "I was going to leave in 24 hours," he said, "then I decided to give it a month. Now I have been here five years."

His severest problem was to get new tiles that could match, in colour and quality, those made in Persia 670 years ago. He tried the workshops of Isfahan and Mashad, but nothing there met his standards. Then he turned to the villagers of Soltaniyeh. After converting the village bakery into a kiln and experimenting for months with mixtures for the glaze d'Erico and men who until then had worked in the fields eventually achieved the exact shades of blue, varying within a narrow spectrum, used in the 14th century.

Each step was carried out by hand, including laborious stone-grinding of the minerals. No short-cuts were allowed, and yet at their peak production the little factory was able to make 500 tiles a day. The pride gained from this work was the pride in a tradition regained when, in the headlong rush to modern times, many craft skills have been lost, together with old technologies: in a temperature near 100° the tomb chamber has built-in air conditioning, using convection currents to cool the air.

Inside the mausoleum the characteristic of its decoration is not flagrant display but simplicity and economy: "One or two colours are made to do the work of a dozen," says Hillenbrand. "The name of God, Allah, leaps to your eye wherever you go, perhaps on a tiny scale, in the joint between two bricks, or on calligraphy 2 feet high."

Behind this piety is a theological muddle. Oljeitu had a Christian mother (Christian women were favourites with the Mongol princes) but was raised as a Sunni Muslim. Later he converted to the Shi'a wing of Islam, and to elevate his new convictions he sought

MILD. BUT NOT MEEK.

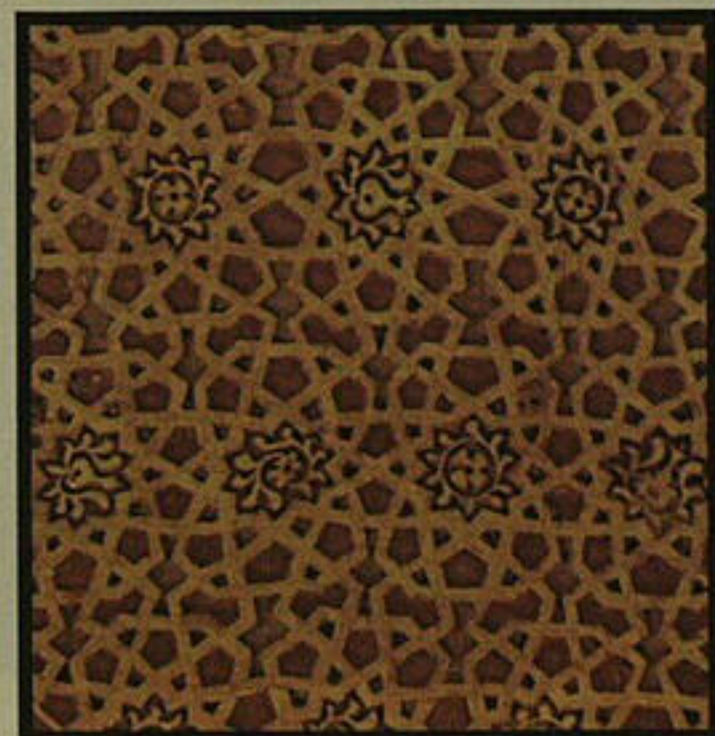
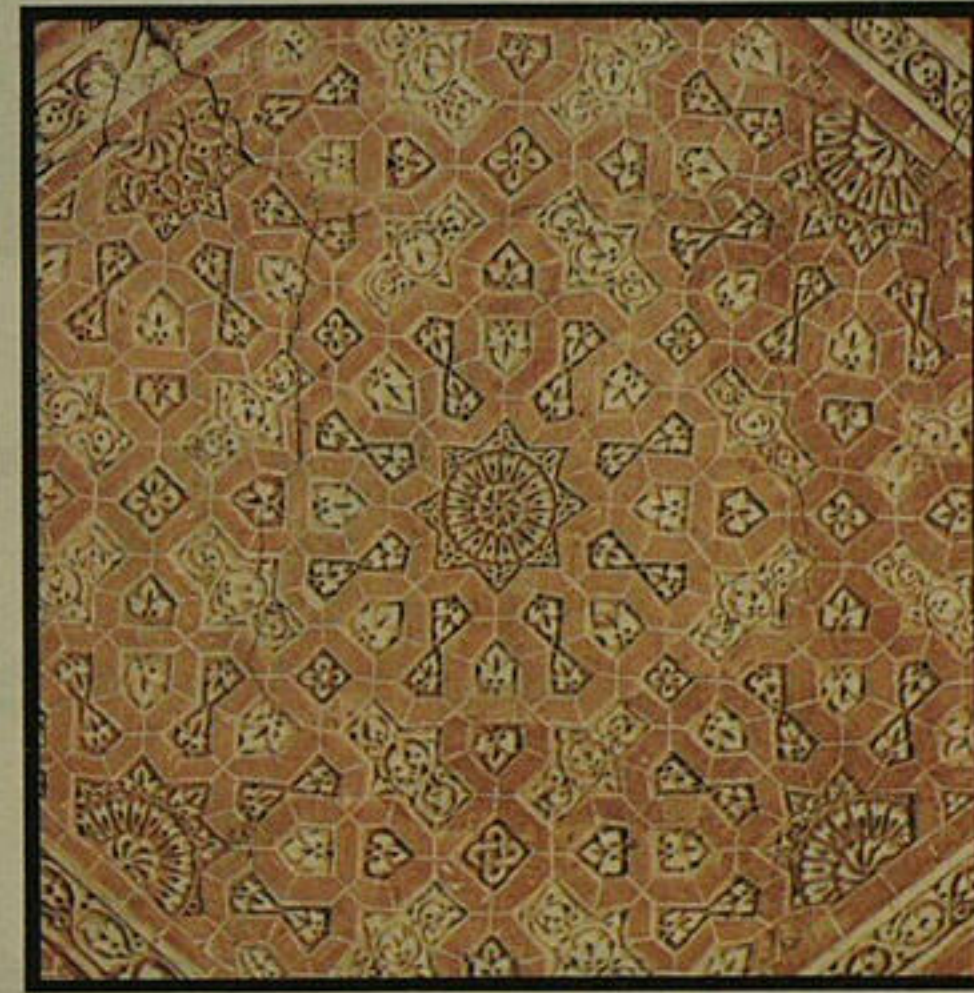
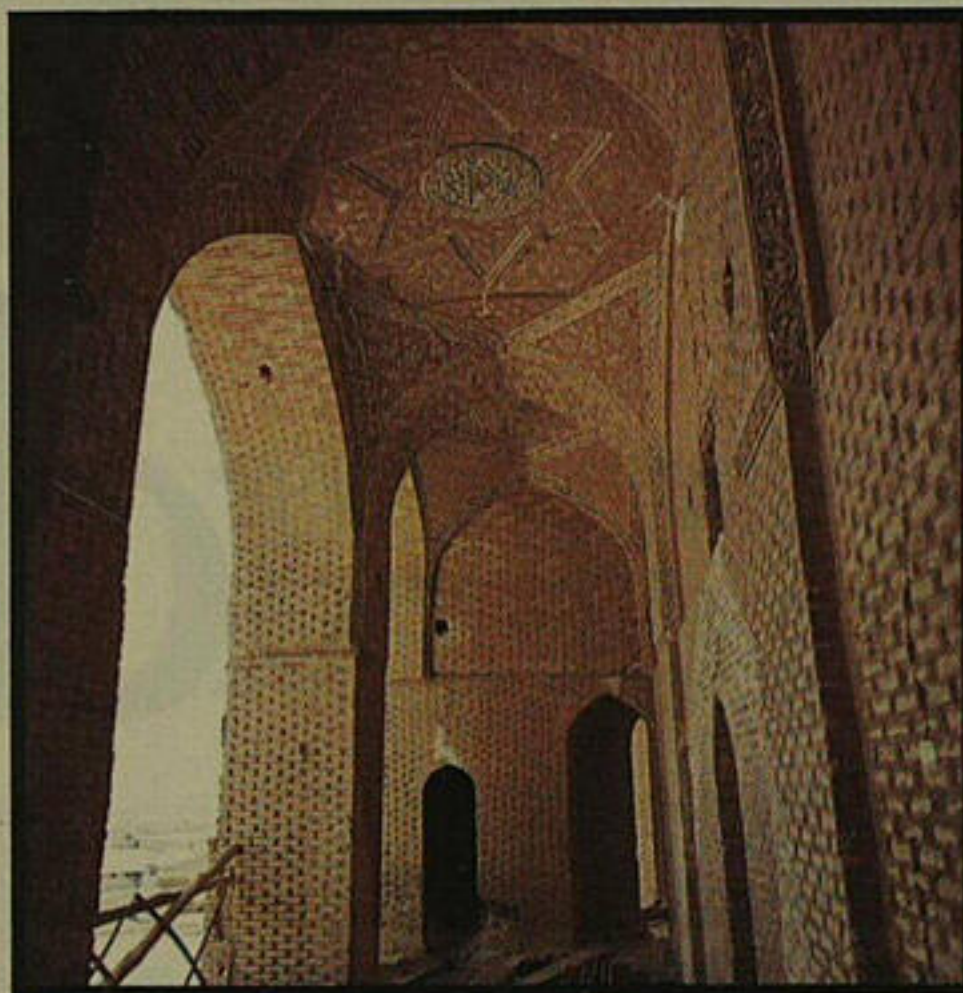
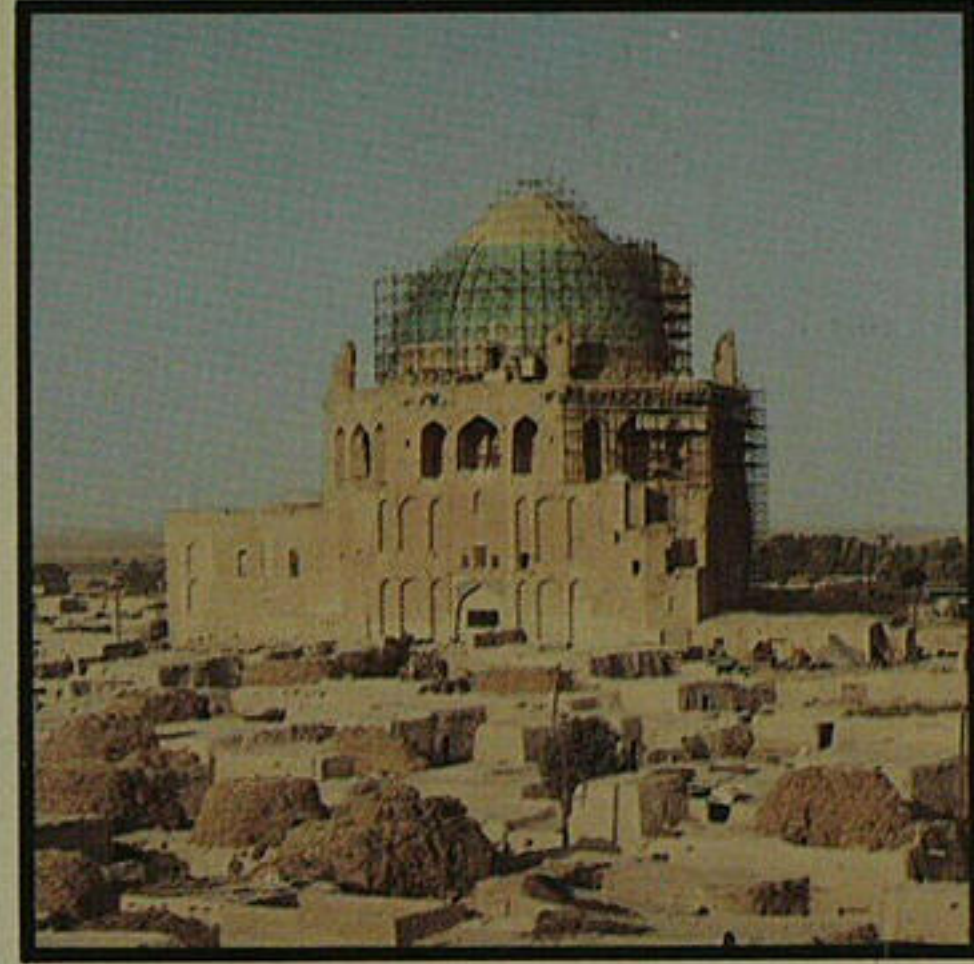
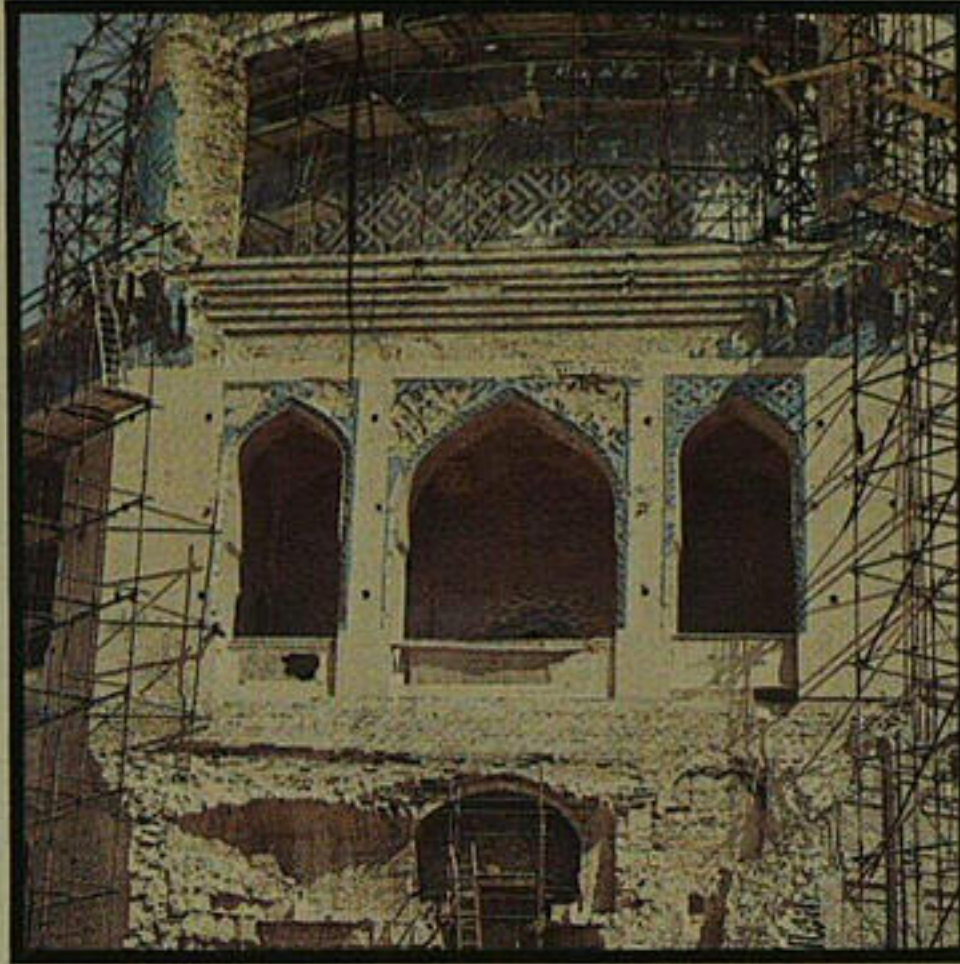
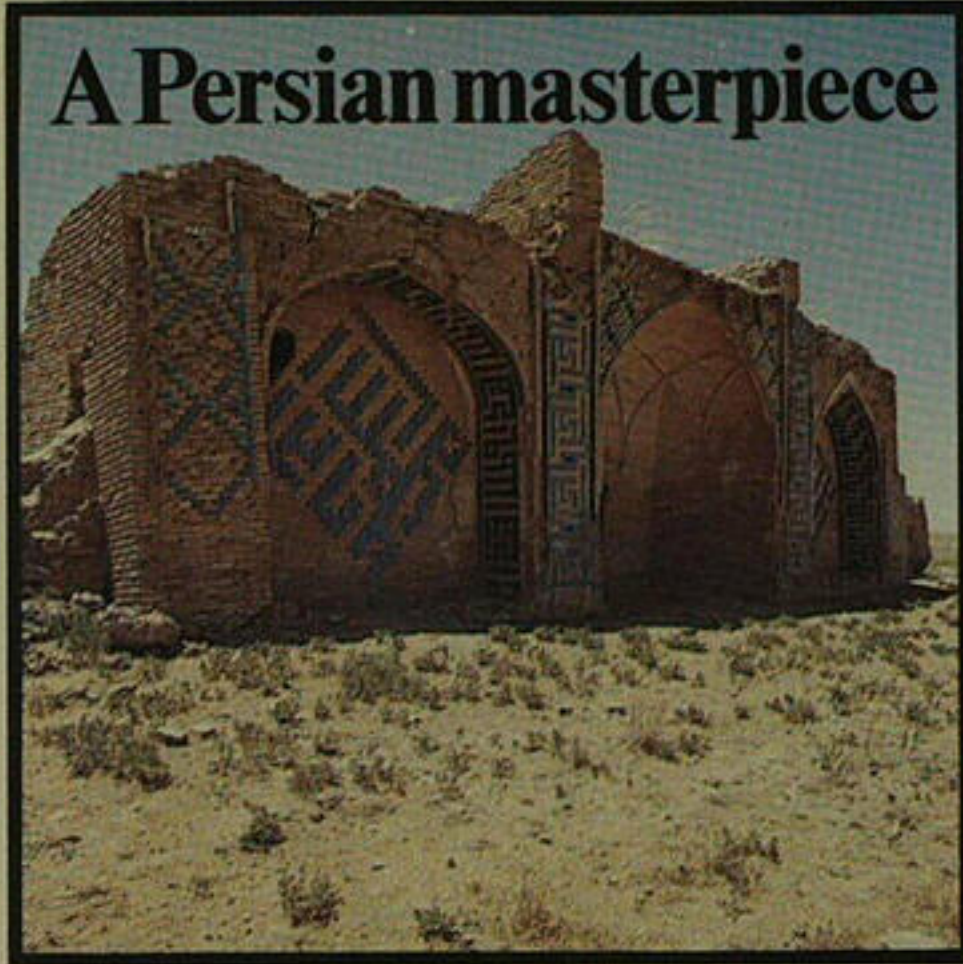


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A Persian masterpiece



The mausoleum's decoration is invested with scores of individual artistic events, some—like the calligraphy—on a bold scale and others—like plaster motifs between bricks—in miniature. This was a period when colour was being introduced more ambitiously into Persian tilework, though at Soltaniyeh it is constrained to make the most of basic contrasts, geometric designs and patterned terracotta. Fragments of sacred calligraphy take on the appeal of abstract, flowing symbols. Perhaps the finest work is in the 24 vaulted galleries which encompass the base of the dome, relating the interior to the exterior with clever use of light and shade.

plaster and fluid patterns in terracotta and tile. Unfortunately the custodians of the holy corpses refused to part with them. In a mood of anticlimax, Oljeitu made Soltaniyeh his own resting place instead. The decoration was too sublime for this purpose, so he covered it with a more modest layer of new work. As he restored the mausoleum, Enrique d'Erico sought a balance between uncovering the first layer and refurbish-

ing the second. The result is a unique "double exposure".

Some of the finest decoration is in 24 galleries which ring the base of the dome. Hillenbrand says: "With geometric vault patterns in carved and painted plaster they really have no equal anywhere else in Persia or, for that matter, in the world. With galleries like that alone this mausoleum makes its claim to rank among the great



buildings of the world."

Standing, as no urban building can, in luminous isolation, the mausoleum is like a beacon reminding us of the classic Persian gifts and (perhaps currently of great significance) how they can be revived ●

to transfer from Iraq the bodies of 'Ali and Husain, the Shi'a martyrs, and place them in the mausoleum at Soltaniyeh, hoping the city would prosper eternally as a place of pilgrimage.

The interior of the tomb was decorated with superb calligraphy carved in



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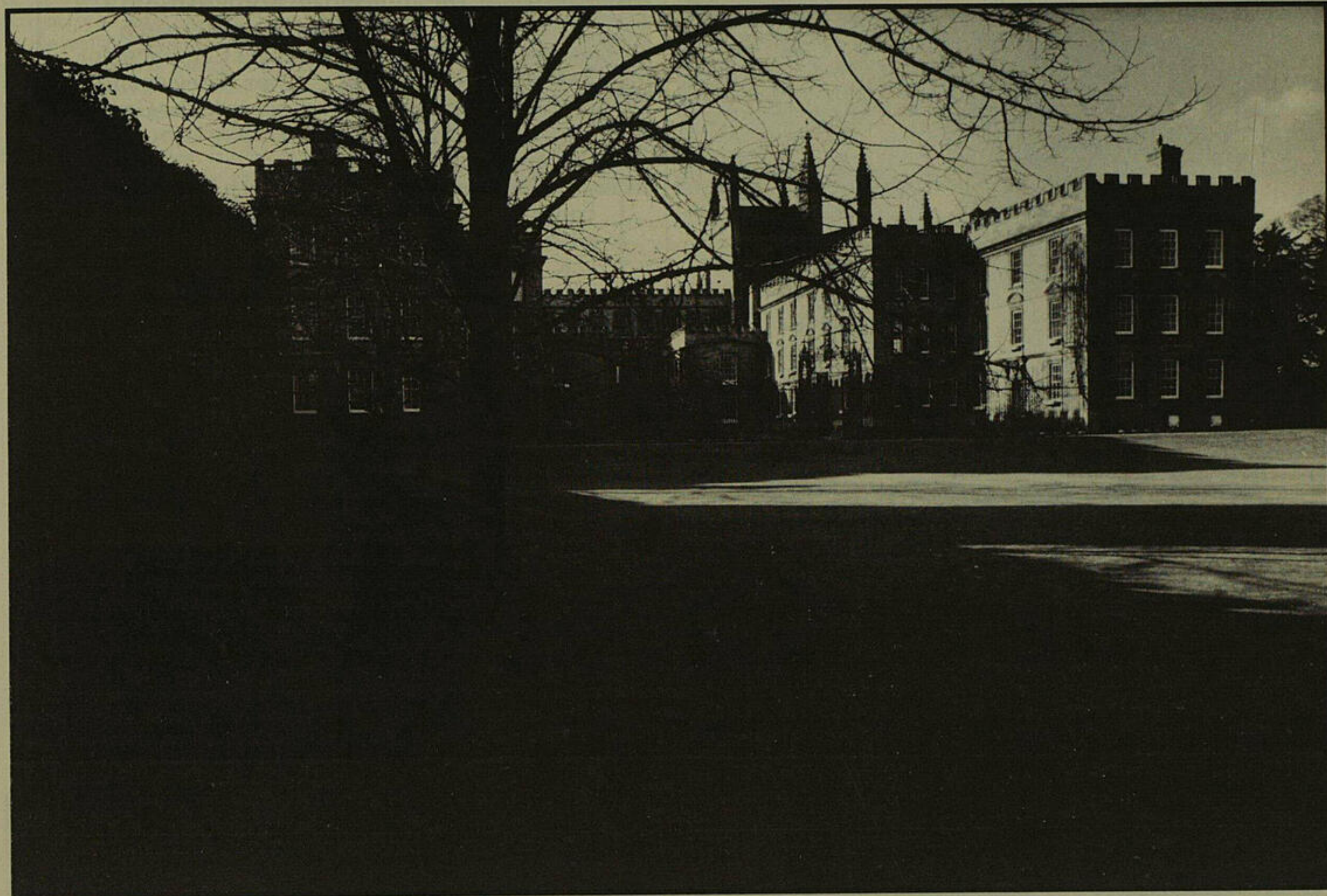


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New College is 600 years old

by Tom Miller

New College, Oxford, was founded by William of Wykeham during the reign of King Richard II; this year it celebrates its 600th anniversary. The author, himself a graduate of the college, recalls some of the notable characters associated with it through the centuries.



ANNE CARDALE

At New College, Oxford, there is a tablet that bears the following inscription: "In memory of the men of this college who coming from a foreign land entered into the inheritance of this place and returning fought and died for their country in the war 1914-19."

The tablet was put up in 1930 and refers to German graduates of the college; even in 1915 the college had commemorated fallen German members, an act of piety for which it was severely criticized, to the disgust of Warden Spooner who denounced "... the temper which could carry enmity beyond the grave".

Spooner's feelings at the time were representative of the attitude of New College over the centuries: life and learning have to go on, and bitterness is out of place in a major colony in the Republic of Letters.

William of Wykeham, the college's founder, would, I believe, have applauded Spooner's broadmindedness. The European universities had come into existence in the 12th century, and Oxford had evolved as an international



Garden view of New College, Oxford; the medieval muniment tower, built to safeguard the college seal and important records, is in the background. Above left, Richard II, who granted a licence for the building of New College in 1379. Above right, William of Wykeham, the founder.

institution in emulation of the great universities of Paris and Bologna. By the 14th century Oxford was well established, but the progress of European civilization had been set back by wars and by the Black Death. Wykeham, who had been born in 1324 and served as Lord Chancellor and Bishop of Winchester, wished to promote scholarship and to set up what modern sociologists might call an "integrated educational pattern" by founding a school at Winchester to provide tuition in sequence with a new college at Oxford, both establishments to be built according to a simple, practical plan.

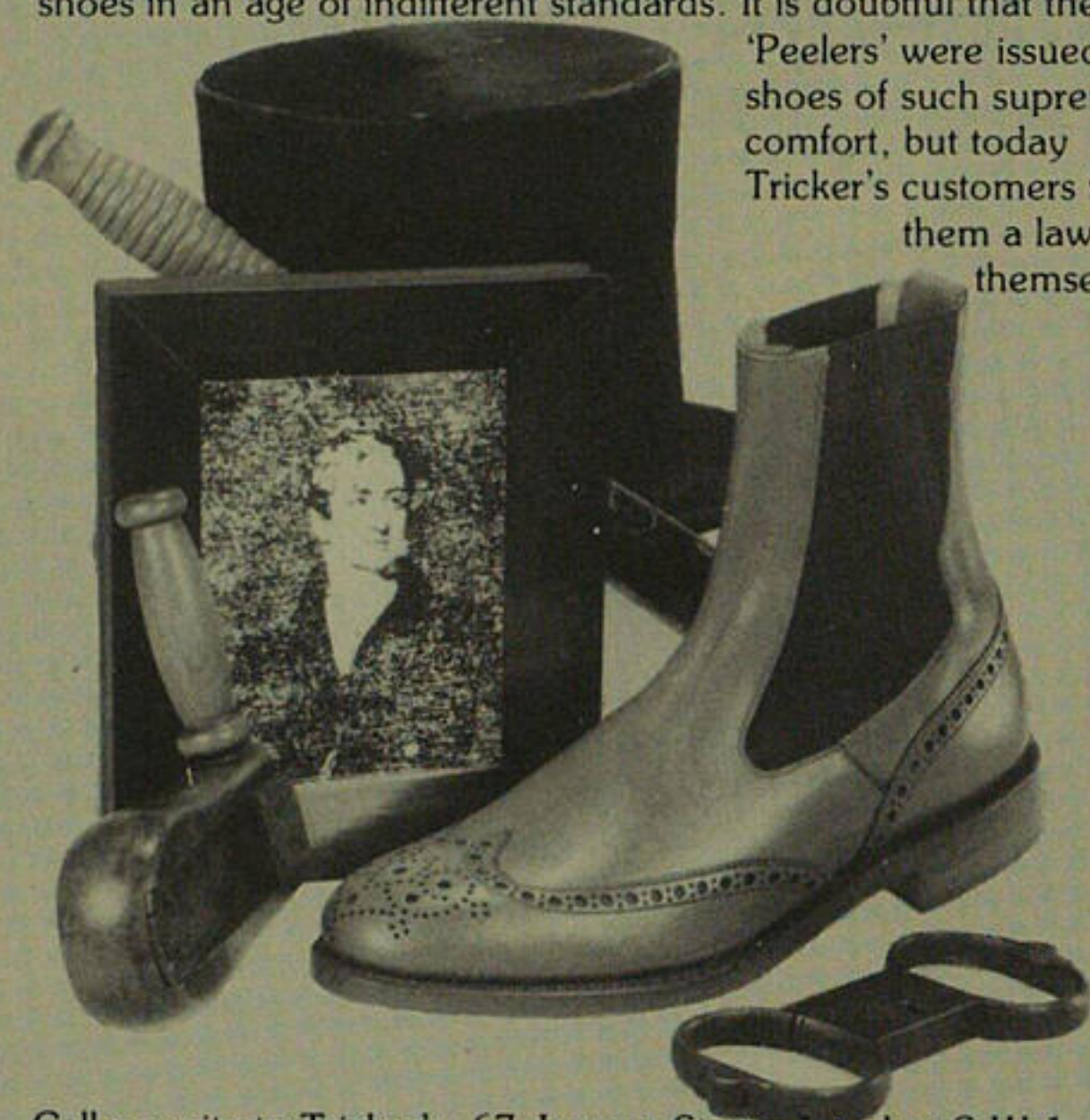
By 1379, when Wykeham obtained a licence from King Richard II (on June 30; a charter followed on November 26), several Oxford halls and colleges were in existence but none possessed buildings designed for the purpose, and Wykeham probably thought that they did not provide adequate supervision for their junior members. By 1379 the halls, originally simple boarding houses, were overseeing the studies and conduct of their

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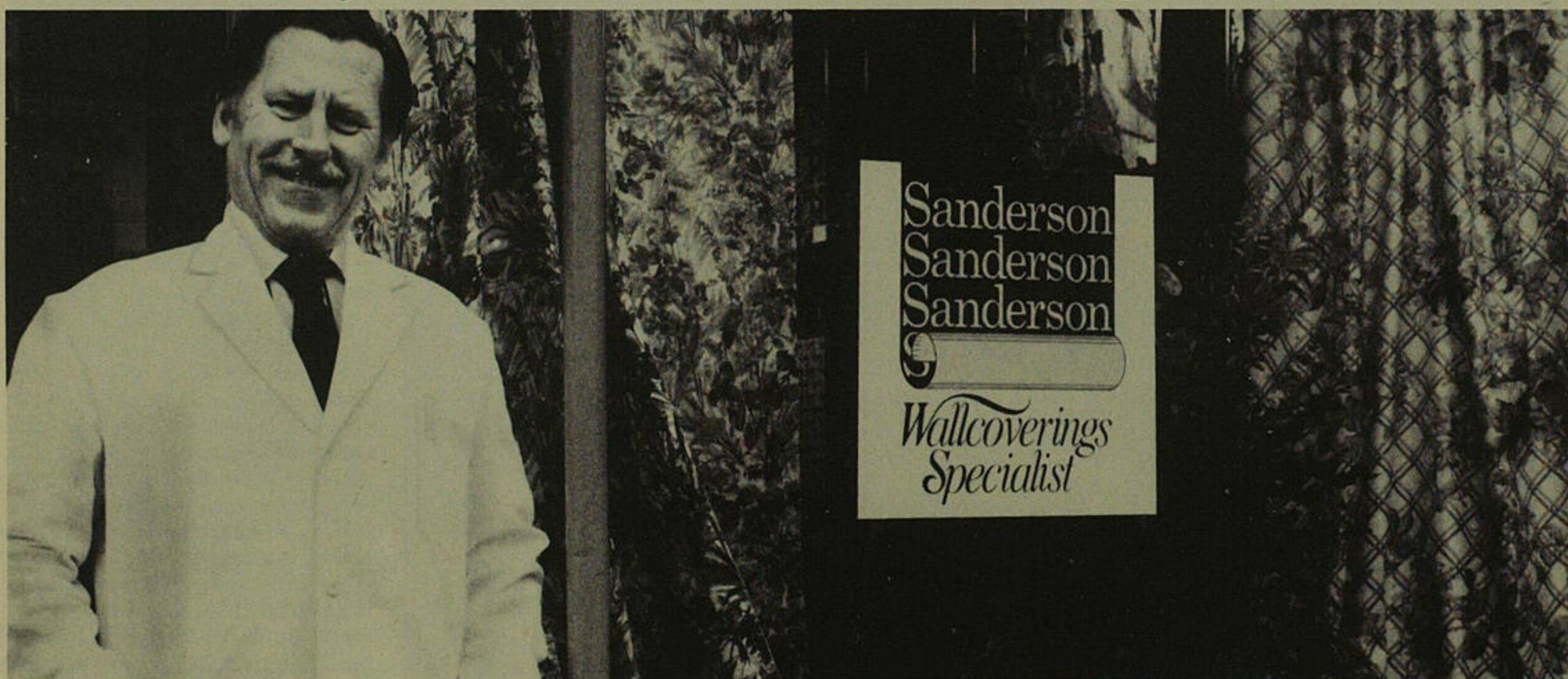
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New College is 600 years old

undergraduates. The colleges comprised only senior members. Wykeham's great contribution was the invention of the quadrangle, with living quarters, chapel and dining-hall grouped in a coherent manner, partly to exclude intruders and partly to enable the warden to keep an eye on junior members.

The land that Wykeham selected for his new college was a haunt of thieves before the building was started, Wykeham himself laying the first stone on March 5, 1380. It was finished in 1386 "... in the same manner in effect as it now stands", recorded the chronicler, "built very strong in every particular, and for the most part encompassed with an embattled wall; out of design, as some have thought, to hold out a siege if need required it; which in the year 1651, when K. Charles II came out of Scotland to Worcester, had like to have come to pass, to the great damage," he adds sagely, "of this place and the Students thereof."

Wykeham's buildings include a magnificent hall; a chapel which, although not comparable with that of King's College, Cambridge, is a fine one despite the fact that there is no east window, its place being taken by a group of sculptures; cloisters which have been seriously described as the finest things in Oxford; and an amazing tower, built to safeguard the records.

The college also possesses an impressive, large garden containing a mound, or artificial hill. Over the centuries undergraduates have used the garden for walks before dinner; three or four circumambulations constitute a reasonable stroll, enough to give one an appetite after a day at one's books. The cloisters, however, are too small to be used satisfactorily for a walk. Their attraction is of a different order—there is hardly ever anybody there, so that if you are in the mood you can go there to be quiet and by yourself.

The cloisters contain tablets to the memory of famous New College men of the past. One of the most recent is dedicated to Hugh Gaitskell, Chancellor of the Exchequer 1950-51 and Leader of the Labour Party from December, 1955, until his death in 1963. He was in some ways a typical product of New College: a man capable of feeling strongly but always a fair fighter, respected by his opponents for his intelligence and self-control, a man, in fact, who kept in mind the college's motto: "Manners Makyth Man".

By 1651 Wykeham's joint foundation of Winchester and New College had been imitated by King Henry VI's establishment of Eton and King's College, Cambridge (to this day the four colleges enjoy particularly close relationships), and colleges on the Winchester and New College model had been founded all over England, to be copied in later years throughout the world. As the centuries progressed, however, New College had bad times



Left, detail from an 1898 Spy cartoon of Warden Spooner, originator of the spoonerism; right, Sir Julian Huxley, who taught at New College in the 1920s.

as well as good.

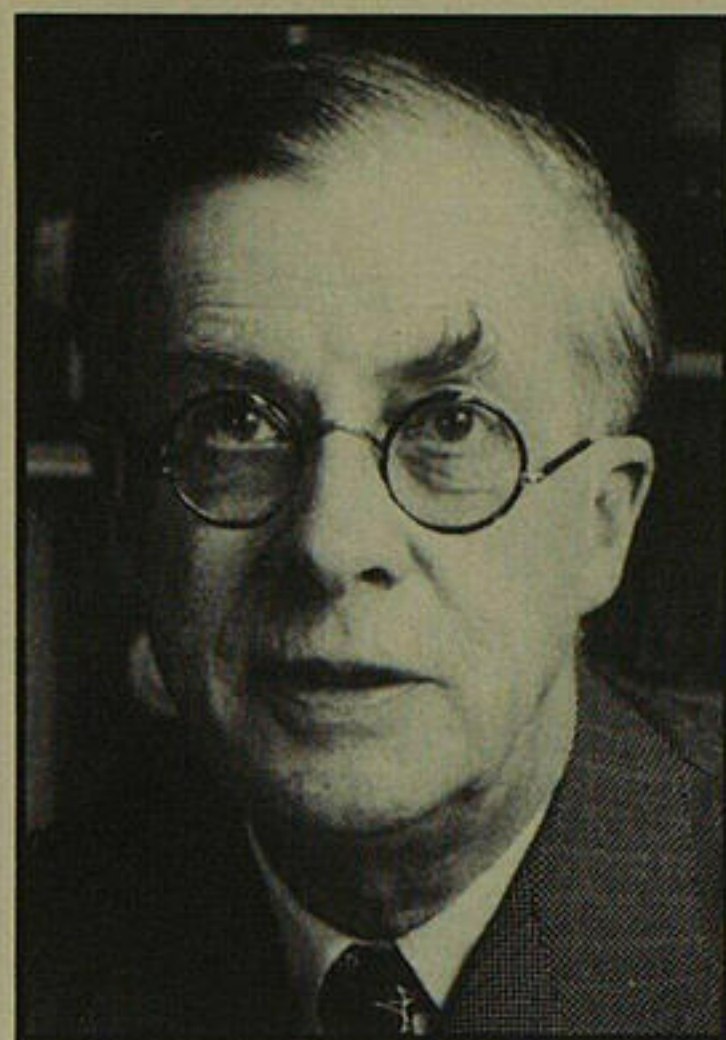
Although the college was not used as a fort in the Civil War, Warden Stringer was expelled by Parliament in 1648 and replaced by Warden Marshall. Both men died in 1658, so at the Restoration there was no undignified attempt to dispossess Marshall. From the 18th century, as a result of a misreading of the ancient texts, New College men obtained their degrees without examination, an anomaly that depressed academic standards. Only former scholars of Winchester were admitted to New College, therefore no one who wished to obtain a good degree would apply to the college which was accordingly constrained to admit the least ambitious Wykehamists.

However, in due course reform swept through the university and New College was thrown open to men from schools other than Winchester. The college's undergraduates were also obliged to face the examiners, generally with good results.

At the beginning of this century the college was presided over by Warden Spooner, an albino and the celebrated "wunderer of his mords", whose biography has recently been written by his remote successor, Sir William Hayter.

The late Sir Julian Huxley, who taught at New College in the 1920s and knew Spooner well, thought that the Warden uttered spoonerisms in the strict sense very rarely, although he probably did announce a hymn in chapel as "Kinkering Congs their titles take". Huxley believed that Spooner suffered from what neurologists call "paraphasia", or problems with association. These did not stop him from being an efficient warden and a considerable, although not outstanding, scholar. He set some kind of record by spending 63 continuous years in residence at New College, as undergraduate, fellow, dean and warden.

Spooner was succeeded by the distinguished historian and Liberal politician, H. A. L. Fisher. After his death in 1940 a wartime interregnum was followed by the election of Warden Smith, who guided the college with what seems to have been an odd mix-



ture of charm, ruthlessness and eccentricity until 1958.

Warden Smith was a senior civil servant who returned to the college as a fellow in 1919. Although he had been trained as a philosopher, his career as warden was characterized by some unphilosophical conflicts with those who held opposing views. His methods in controversy often gave offence, and he was described by a don as a "high-minded crook". He was a strong supporter of the plan to drive a bypass through Christ Church Meadow. Nevertheless, his devotion to the college went beyond the normal call of duty and he could be extremely kind. When Dean of Divinity, he refused to enforce compulsory attendance at chapel, and he was quick to help an undergraduate in any sort of trouble. Perhaps the best thing ever said about Warden Smith came from John Sparrow who, a few days before Smith's death, said, "The Warden possesses a very valuable quality for one who occupies a position such as his; you won't misunderstand me, I hope, if I call it the inhuman touch. We all know about the human touch, and how clammy it can be. There has never been anything clammy about Warden Smith; bracing, I think, would be a more appropriate word".

Warden Smith's inhuman touch came in useful when he was confronted with opposition to the installation in the ante-chapel of Epstein's statue, *Lazarus*. The criticism was led by no less a spokesman than Khrushchev, who denounced the sculpture during a visit to Oxford in 1956. Complaints from this quarter no doubt convinced the warden of the rightness of his views—21 years after Warden Smith's death *Lazarus* remains in place, a great ornament to the college.

Warden Smith possessed an extremely disobedient dog whose behaviour delighted those who would themselves have liked to stand up to the warden. Smith was unmarried, unlike his successor, Warden Hayter, Lady Hayter and he gave the warden's lodgings an air of sophistication that it had lacked in Warden Smith's day. Sir William was a diplomat by profession,

achieving eminence as Ambassador in Moscow; perhaps the Foreign Office touch was felt to be called for in an expanding college containing many exceptional scholars.

A change of style was needed anyway after the eccentricities and austerities of Warden Smith. I never felt that Warden Hayter could have found it at all easy to preside over a college whose fellows were in many cases more renowned scholars than he. However, he seems to have been unworried by his responsibilities and to have carried out the difficult role of Tutor of Admissions with consummate fairness. He is a very friendly man, and, since he had never been a don, undergraduates tended to think of him as their representative on the governing body.

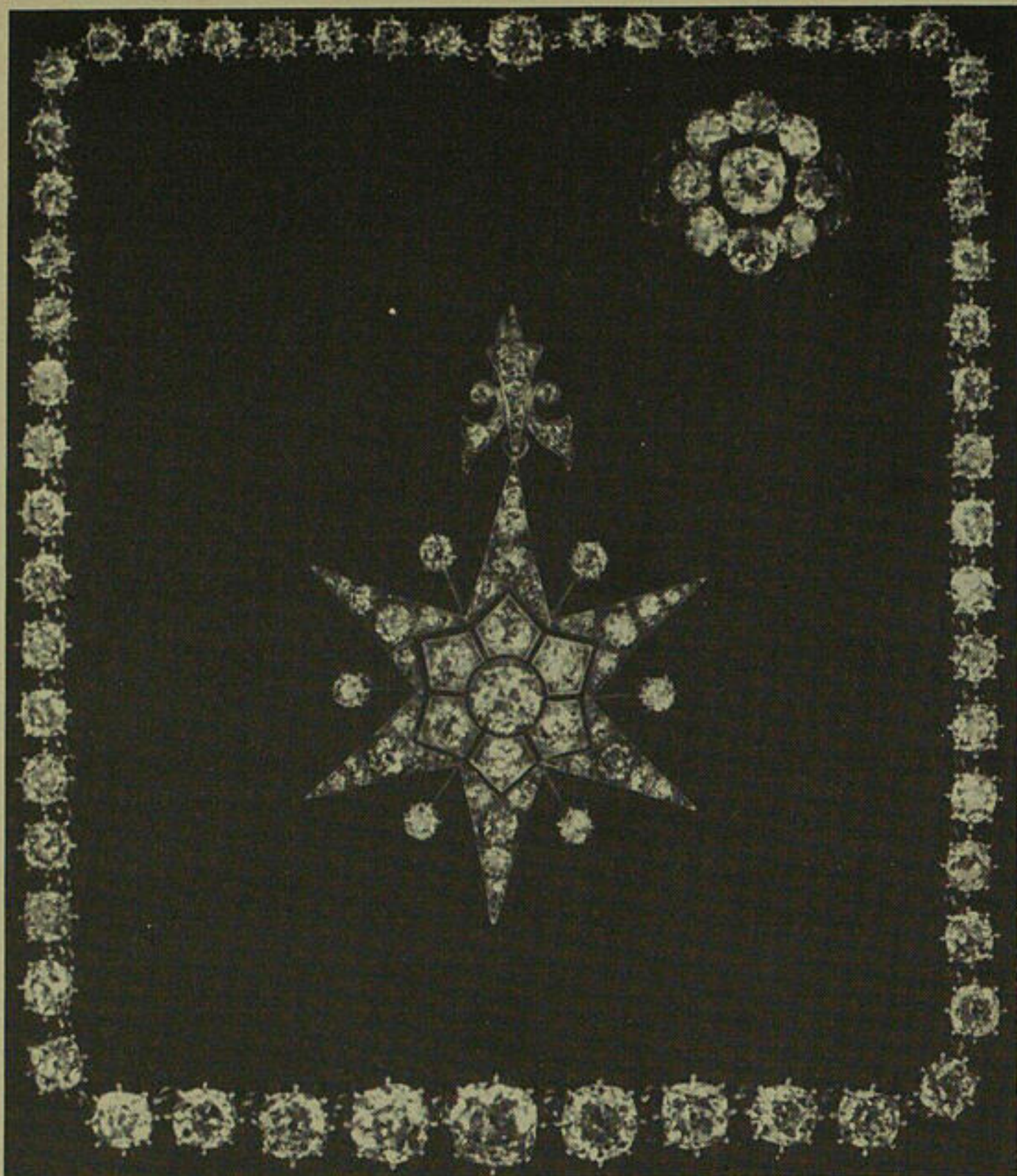
Warden Hayter has now been succeeded by a physicist, Dr A. H. Cooke, the first scientist to be elected warden this century. The great dons of my own time—Sir Alfred Ayer, Anthony Quinton, Lord David Cecil—have left, but their successors are no doubt as able, and equally determined to preserve the college's reputation for scholarship.

I was lucky enough to be asked to a gaudy (or old boy dinner) in 1978. Although the college's most famous living graduate is Mr Anthony Wedgwood Benn, I derived the impression from talking to my contemporaries that a majority of the graduates are of soundly Conservative disposition. The college is, in practice, a fairly typical English upper-middle-class institution, with one difference: Wykeham's legacy of a tradition of serious attention to scholarship and the dispassionate examination of problems.

The college's sixth centenary this year is to be celebrated by a cycle of gaudies, a garden party, a special dance and an appeal for £2 million which is urgently required for the establishment of new fellowships and the building of accommodation for undergraduates.

New College's sixth centenary will mark the end of its career with a single-sex undergraduate body; women are to be admitted in the autumn of 1979. In Warden Hayter's day his daughter, later the authoress of *Hayter of the Bourgeoisie*, lived for some time in the warden's lodgings when she was an undergraduate elsewhere, but her presence hardly mitigated the monastic character of the college. Probably a more abundant feminine element will be a good thing for everybody.

Still, one is entitled to wonder what William of Wykeham would have made of it all. I think we can gauge the answer from what we know of his intentions when founding New College. We are told that this was "... not so much for the eternizing of his own name, but chiefly for the public good ... that the holy writ, and all other sciences, might the freer be dilated; that Christ might be preached, and the true worship of him augmented and sustained; that the number of Clerks might be increased, which were before swept away by pestilences, and other miseries of the world ..."



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Bath looks to the future

by Alex Faulkner

Bath's reputation as a spa has been clouded in recent months following a death from amoebic meningitis and the consequent shutting off of the subterranean water. The author describes here the way Bath is tackling the problem and discusses plans to make the city an international spa.

In recent months Bath has been stirring, labouring to turn itself once more into one of the greatest European spas and at the same time trying to solve a nasty medical problem which, if not overcome, will make a mockery of its name, Bath Spa. So serious is the problem at the time of writing that all the water from its springs (250,000 gallons a day, spurting from subterranean depths at a temperature of 120° F) has been turned off from the seven baths still in use.

Serious though this situation is, no one really believes that the amoeba which brought it about cannot be exorcized by the high priests of 20th-century science. "We devoutly hope so," said Eric Levine, the London solicitor who for more than a year has been acting on behalf of financial backers of a plan for the spa's rehabilitation.

The trouble started in July, 1978, when a girl who had been swimming regularly with her school in the Beau Street Baths died from a rare complaint, amoebic meningitis. As a result, early in August the Environmental Health Department and the Medical Officer of Environmental Health carried out an examination of the filters at the Royal and Beau Street Baths, but failed to find any trace of the amoeba which caused the disease. As a precaution, however, the level of chlorination both at the Beau Street Baths and at the sports centre was increased to a level lethal to that particular organism.

Then the Department and the Medical Officer decided in the latter part of August to examine the reservoir under the King's Bath, which adjoins the famous Pump Room, and the Great Roman Bath, the two baths which most visitors see. Officers of the Bath Council were told by the Medical Officer at a meeting on October 12 that samples from the reservoir contained the type of amoeba that caused the girl's death, and it was decided immediately to shut off all supplies of spa water. In November the City Engineer, David Hughes, reported that the problem must be tackled on two fronts.

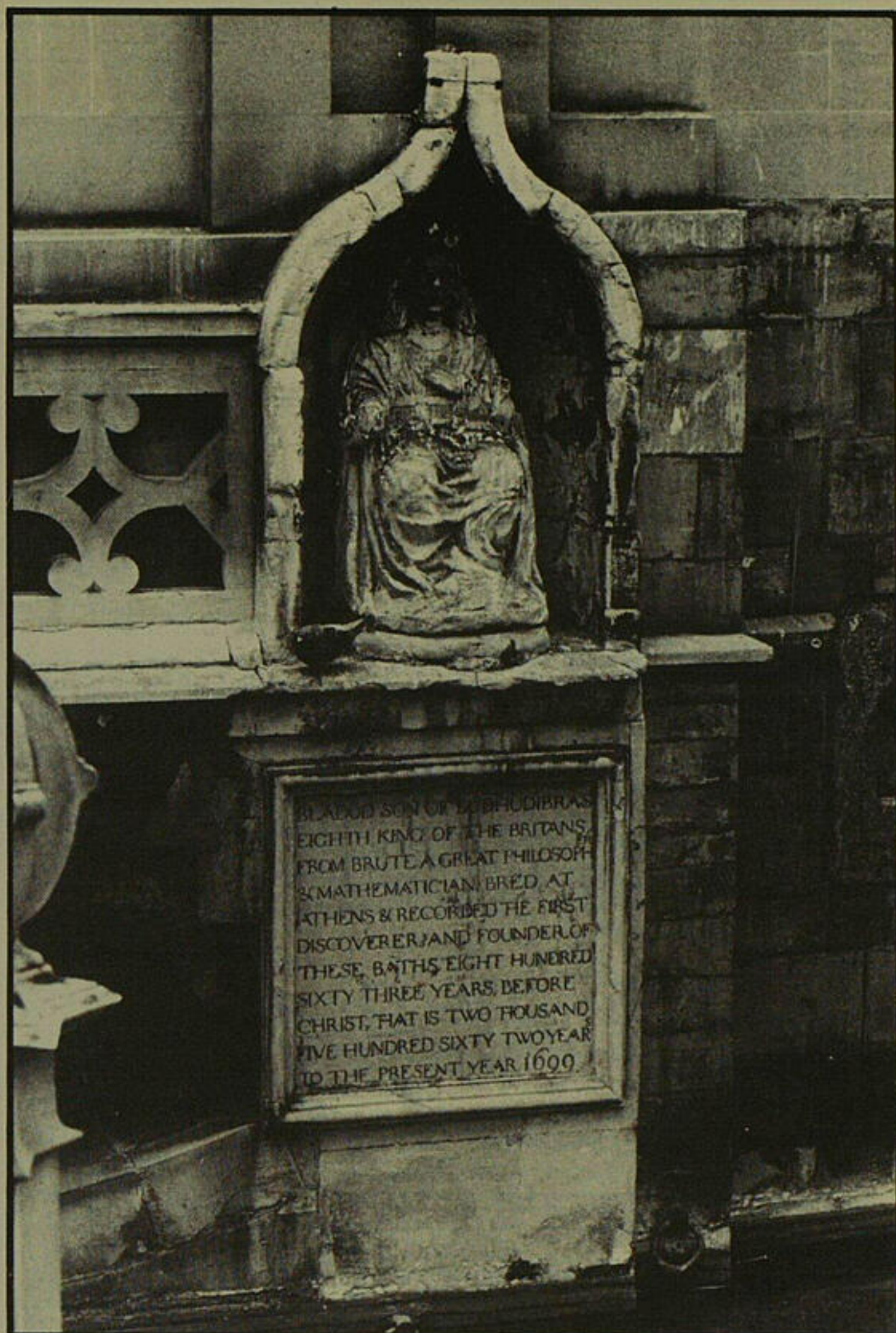
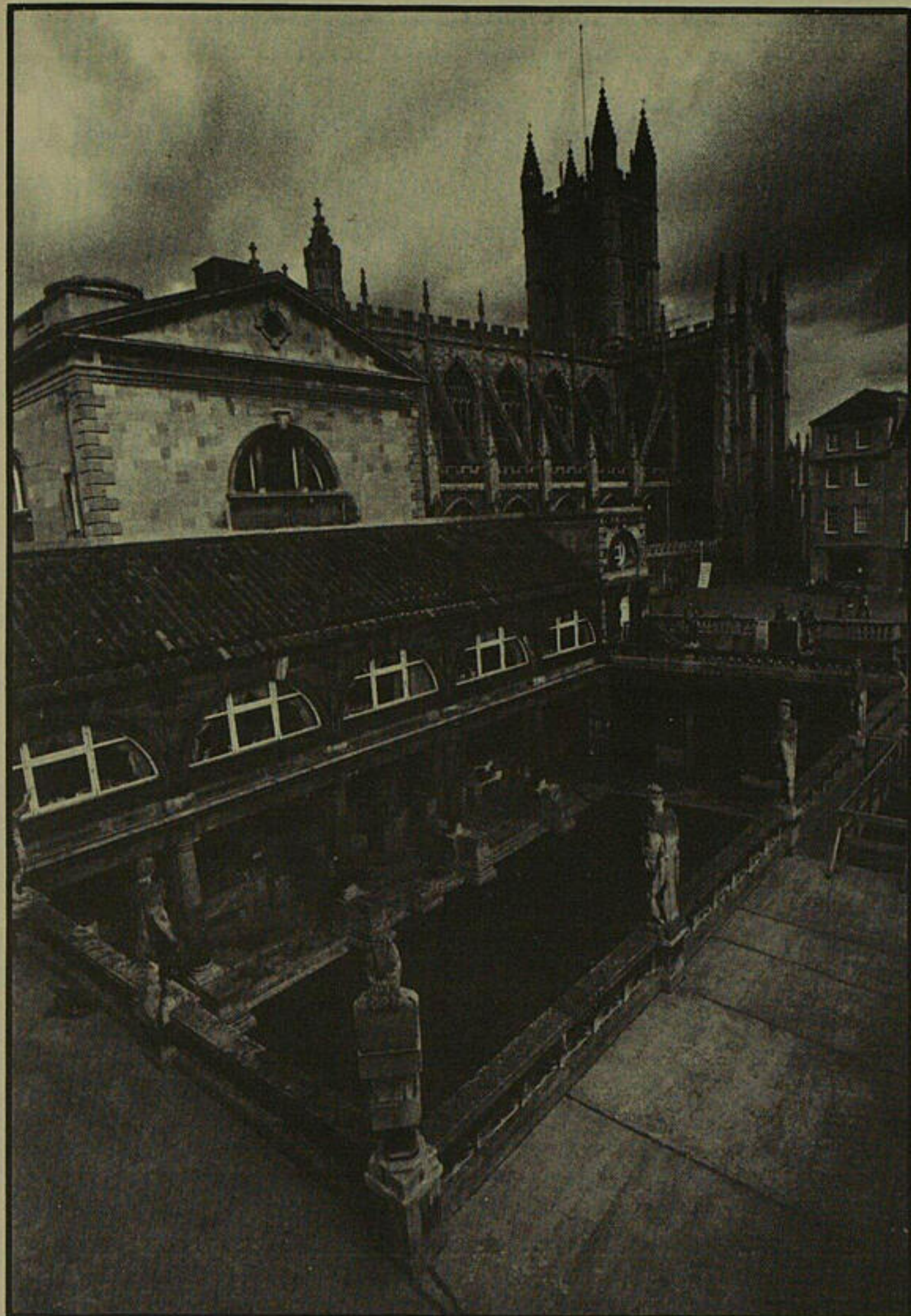
The first was the spring reservoir itself, into which water has been pouring since Roman times. "It is vital," Mr Hughes said, "to undertake works on this spring to make the reservoir as

sterile and antiseptic as possible." Working in the steaming spring chamber would not be easy, since the temperature there is of the order of 100° F, and the powerful lights required would make things hotter still. Silts which have built up from the time when the spring was first enclosed would have to be removed and Barry Cunliffe, Professor of European Archaeology at Oxford, whose excavations over the past 13 years have disclosed many new details of the Roman spa and temple, was anxious to analyse the silts before it was too late.

The roof of the spring chamber has a cement and sand screed on it, with evidence of extensive cracking which could harbour pollution; it also needed to be made water-tight. "A high-pressure hosepoint will be installed in the underground chamber," Mr Hughes explained, "such that when all the works have been undertaken it will be possible, on a sequence to be determined, to empty the underground chamber and wash it down thoroughly so that in the future no silts will be allowed to settle."

The second part of the two-pronged attack on the amoeba would be to decide on a treatment plant with the help of scientists of the Wessex Water Authority. Such a plant would include a new type of fabric filter, the use of ultra-violet light as a sterilizing agent, and the normal sterilizing agent, chlorine. Mr Hughes thought that the budget of £40,000 already authorized for the anti-amoeba campaign was likely to be exceeded.

The other problem is that of restoring Bath's reputation as a thermal station (the old treatment centre was closed in December, 1976, after the National Health Service withdrew its financial support). This implies a fairly massive injection of capital, both for the provision of up-to-date medical facilities and for the development of hotel accommodation, designed to attract the sort of people who would look forward to the cure with greater enthusiasm if they were sure of *tout confort*. Bath already has some excellent hotels, such as the Priory, the Francis and the Lansdown Grove, but for those who wish to take the waters something nearer to them, with the



The Great Roman Bath, adjoining King's Bath whose reservoir housed disease-carrying amoebae; Prince Bladud, legendary founder of the baths.

right degree of luxury, is needed.

The council has been studying since early 1978 a scheme for the re-establishment of Bath as a major European spa. This envisages the creation of a five-star hotel, with 120 to 150 bedrooms on all four floors of the old Bath Street Treatment Centre, linked by a tunnel to premises on the other side of Bath Street. Treatment facilities, available to all comers on payment of fees yet to be disclosed, would be provided in the Old Royal Baths, the Cross and Royal Baths, and on part of the site of the Beau Street Baths. There would be direct access from the hotel bedrooms to the treatment facilities.

The Chief Executive (what we used to call the Town Clerk), David Beeton, said in one of his reports, that "people have come from all over the world to Bath for over 2,000 years to benefit from the healing properties of the hot mineral water. It is nature's unique gift to Bath and has made our city's name a household word throughout the world. The Council has already recognized that it should do all it can to protect and pass on that heritage... The concept offers the opportunity of re-establishing Bath as a European spa and would create a new market in Bath and the United Kingdom. If a satisfactory scheme can be agreed, it could be the

most imaginative and important project that has occurred in Bath for many years and could have a crucial effect on the city's image as a high quality tourist and spa resort."

Mr Levine told me that the scheme he is presenting might involve an expenditure of some £3 million on the medical facility and £5 million on the hotel. Once the details had been negotiated the project could be completed in two and a half to three years. The sort of customer envisaged was indicated by his remark that a helicopter service might be provided between Heathrow Airport and Bath. The plan might even produce some archaeological surprises when the digging started. "We don't even know yet," said Mr Levine, "where all the old conduits carrying the spa water run."

Mr J. C. S. Tham, born in Sweden 34 years ago, is the managing director of the firm which owns the London Sloane Club; this firm has bought and is doing up with loving care two Grade 1 listed houses in the centre of Bath's Royal Crescent, which are to open as the Royal Crescent Hotel this spring. Upwards of £360,000 is being spent on restoring the two buildings to their former Georgian elegance. There will be only 29 rooms, each with a private bath or shower, and Mr Tham

told me that when he visited the United States recently to contact travel agents, their only criticism was that he was not charging enough; the top price for suites, with log fires in the winter, will be £58 a night, for single rooms £18, and for double rooms £24 and £30.

Another hotel scheme has been put forward by Holiday Inns, which would like to build on the site of the old Green Park Station, made redundant some 12 years ago. Some people in Bath are so attached to its rather grim classical façade that there has been some resistance to this. Early last year Peter Shore, the Environment Secretary, ordered the Council to postpone consideration of the hotel application in spite of its expressed willingness to insist that the façade must be retained, and in January of this year a public inquiry got under way.

Bath seems determined to move into the future, yet to avoid the horrors the future sometimes brings. Its care for civic beauty has been convincingly demonstrated by the enthusiasm of officials, business interests, tradespeople and the citizenry for turning it into a city of flowers every summer, with the satisfying result that in 1978 it won both the top award for cities in the Britain in Bloom competition and the top award for large towns and cities in

the Entente Florale contest, beating entries from Belgium and France.

Its care for the past is exemplified by the excavations which are to continue over the next three years, a care which is not without incidental commercial rewards: so fascinating are the results of these digs, on display in the museum under the Pump Room area, that 793,000 tourists made their way there last year, with the Great Roman Bath and the King's Bath as the major attraction.

Professor Cunliffe has high hopes. "Most of the Roman town could be exposed 20 feet beneath its modern counterpart in a most dramatic and unique setting," he wrote in his book about the earlier work (*Roman Bath Discovered*, Routledge & Kegan Paul). "Bath is on the brink of new discoveries which might revolutionize our understanding of the place and time; the next 50 years are likely to see more archaeological activity than perhaps at any other time in the city's past." Some of the things hidden under Bath's streets and buildings, he said, probably would not see the light of day for hundreds of years to come.

As John Haddon, who wrote a good book about the town (*Bath*, B. T. Batsford), said: "Bath has always been, and still is, a city of change." ●

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New light on an ancient face

A colossal head in the British Museum was long thought to represent the Pharaoh Tuthmosis III of the 18th Dynasty. But recent investigations at Karnak have thrown doubt on this attribution. Lewis McNaught of the British Museum here discusses the possibility of a new identification.

In recent years doubt has been cast as to the identity of the Egyptian king represented by the colossal crowned head which dominates the main staircase of the British Museum. Soon after its arrival in the Museum in 1819 it became associated with the remains of a structure erected by Tuthmosis III of the 18th Dynasty, and has since been identified as a portrait of that king. But closer investigation into the source of its acquisition and a fresh appraisal of its stylistic features has thrown doubt on the credibility of this attribution.

An antiquity removed from its archaeological context poses major problems to the historian, since he is denied the crucial evidence on which to base its identity and date. However, a recent discovery made in Upper Egypt provides the opportunity to establish the origin of the head in the British Museum and to discover its true identity.

The head is of monumental proportions—it weighs over 4 tons and stands nearly 10 feet high—and was discovered in 1817 by Giovanni Belzoni, an Italian adventurer engaged to recover Egyptian antiquities on behalf of Henry Salt, the British Consul-General in Egypt. Belzoni records that the head was found somewhere in Karnak, site of a large temple-complex in Ancient Thebes, “on a spot of ground at the foot of a heap of earth, where part of a large colossus projected out”.

Together with the left arm, the head lay detached from a fallen body representing the standing figure of a king. Both head and arm were removed by Belzoni and were subsequently sold by Salt to the British Museum.

Neither Belzoni nor Salt provided any further clue to its exact location in this massive concentration of temples, an area of over 200 acres. However, the statue's original location was significant as it would surely yield the whereabouts of the remaining section of the body. Furthermore, it was likely that the torso still bore some inscription which might identify the king who erected the statue, thereby establishing the identity of the London head.

But a further account of the discovery of the colossus, published some 20 years later, appears to have set Egypt-



The British Museum's colossal 4 ton red granite head which stands 10 feet high; an arm from the same statue; a huge torso discovered at Karnak which was found to match the Museum's head. When it is turned over inscriptions on the rear pillar could reveal the statue's true identity.

ologists off on a false trail. Ever since, the head became mistakenly associated with another monument at Karnak built by Tuthmosis III, the powerful king of Egypt who died in about 1450 BC. But new research suggests the head could belong to one of the successors of Tuthmosis III, perhaps erected more than 150 years later than traditionally accepted. Who, then, was the subject of this proud image and where did the torso survive whose inscription might confirm its identity? The answer lay somewhere in Karnak.

Recent investigations indicate that the torso has now come to light. Since it had apparently never completely disappeared from sight, it is curious that its location remained unknown. However, as no attempt had ever been made to distinguish the correct torso from all the other fragments of sculpture lying around the temple-complex, the connexion between a colossal torso lying within the precincts of the Temple of Mut, south of the Great Temple of Amun, and the head in the British Museum had never been suspected. Excavators at the beginning of this century had again cleared the torso from enveloping dirt and recorded its position, but had failed to notice that this same colossal red granite torso, without head or left arm, could be associated with the colossal head and arm in the British Museum.

In June, 1978, the first serious attempt was made to discover the body to match the severed London head. This entailed the detailed measuring of the torso lying in the precincts of the Mut temple, in front of the gateway to the Temple of Khonspekhrod. Fortunately, relatively clean breaks permitted a comparison of the neck measurements, the results confirming a perfect match. Further observations of detail confirmed that the fragments did indeed come from the same statue. The exact origin of the London head had finally been established; now all that remained was to check for its identity.

The evidence from a study of the facial details of the head had suggested a number of possible candidates, the most likely being Ramesses II, the celebrated and omnipotent ruler of Egypt between 1304 and 1237 BC. However, weathering to the uppermost surface of the torso had effectively removed any clue to its identity, the name written in a cartouche on the belt of the king having been obliterated. If the torso could be turned over, though, there was still the promise of finding an inscription on the rear pillar of the statue.

Turning the 20-foot-long statue was beyond the limited manpower available at the time of discovery, but plans are now being made to lift the body and expose any inscription on the reverse. Only then may the identity of the statue be revealed and the subject of the head in the British Museum be confirmed ●

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Exploded star

On the night of July 4, 1054, a brilliant new star was seen in the sky. It was observed by Chinese astronomers, who left a description of it. It was also recorded by the Japanese; an account of it has recently come from the Middle East; and cave drawings in Arizona may also refer to it (though admittedly the evidence is not conclusive). For 23 days the star was brilliant enough to be seen even when the Sun was above the horizon. The magnitude was at least minus 4, so that it was brighter than Venus. It faded slowly but was kept in view for a grand total of 21 months, after which it dropped below naked-eye visibility and was lost.

The position of the star was given as being in the constellation of Taurus, not far from the third-magnitude star Zeta Tauri. Centuries later—in 1731—John Bevis, using one of the low-power telescopes of the period, discovered a faint, misty patch in the same position. The patch was re-discovered in 1758 by the French astronomer, Charles Messier, and since then it has been under constant watch. We call it the Crab Nebula, and there is no doubt that it represents the wreck of the exploding star seen in 1054.

The Crab was given its name by the third Earl of Rosse, who made a sketch of it in 1850 with the aid of his great, home-made 72 inch reflecting telescope at Birr Castle in Ireland. (Officially it is referred to as M1, since it was the first object listed in Messier's catalogue of star-clusters and nebulae.) This was before the photographic era, but Lord Rosse's sketch was reasonably accurate. However, he was wrong in suggesting that the Crab could be made up of faint stars, too close together to be seen separately. It looks like a patch of gas—and that is what it is.

The Crab is too dim to be seen with the naked eye, and it is by no means an easy object to see with a small telescope. But an instrument of about 6 inches aperture will show it clearly, although photographs taken with giant telescopes are needed to bring out its intricate structure.

Any doubts about the association of the Crab with the star of 1054 were dispelled with Duncan's discovery of the expansion in 1921. The gas in the Crab is spreading outward from the old explosion-centre, and photographs taken over periods of years enable the rate to be determined. Yet when we calculate back, on the basis of the present expansion-rate, we arrive not at 1054, but at 1140. The obvious inference is that instead of slowing down, the expansion has been speeded up. There must be an inner "power-house" which is pushing the gas outward. Actually, the identity of the Crab with the exploded star was not established until 1928, by Edwin Hubble, but it could have been shown considerably earlier.

The next important discovery came



The Crab Nebula, wreck of a supernova explosion observed in 1054, when for a few weeks it shone as the most brilliant star in the sky.

in 1948, when the Crab was found to emit radio-waves as well as ordinary light-waves. Since then it has also been shown to be a source of X-rays, gamma-rays, and in fact radiations over almost all parts of the so-called electromagnetic spectrum. In many ways the Crab seems to be unique in our experience. But what exactly is it?

We now know that the 1054 explosion was a supernova outburst. Broadly speaking, a supernova represents the death of a massive star which has used up its nuclear "fuel" and has developed a dense, helium-rich core. When the core collapses vast amounts of energy are released and produce a shock-wave which blows the outer part of the star away into space. At its peak, a supernova may shine as furiously as 15 million suns, but its glory is short-lived. Incidentally, the Crab is 6,000 light-years away from us, so that the catastrophe really happened 6,000 years before the Chinese and other stargazers saw it.

In November, 1967, at Cambridge, Dr Jocelyn Bell-Burnell discovered the first of the strange, rapidly-varying radio sources which are now called pulsars. Others followed, and in November, 1968, a pulsar was located in the midst of the Crab Nebula. Before long it became clear that a pulsar is a very small, super-dense star made up of neutrons. The density may reach 100 billion times that of water, and the diameter of the object is only a few miles. A pulsar emits "beams" of radio radiation, which explains the apparent, rapid variations—much as a man standing within range of a rotating searchlight will be periodically illuminated.

The next step was to identify the Crab pulsar optically, and this was attempted in January, 1969, by a team of astronomers at the Steward Obser-

vatory in the United States. For four nights their results were negative and they were about to give up when they were granted two extra nights' observation because their successor at the telescope had been delayed. On checking their equipment they found that part of it had been connected up the wrong way. They put matters right, and tried again. On the following night, in a brief ten-minute cloud-break, they made the vital discovery: an excessively faint object, flashing at the same rate as the Crab pulsar, that is 30 times per second. The identification was complete: the pulsar was the power-house that had been so eagerly sought.

With its period of $\frac{1}{30}$ second, the Crab is the fastest pulsar known; others have periods of up to 4 seconds. But the Crab, like many others, is slowing down. The period lengthens, on average, by 36.5 nanoseconds per day, but since one nanosecond is equal to a thousand millionth of a second the increase is not very marked. All the same, the period will double in 1,200 years if the present rate is maintained. In fact, the Crab pulsar is losing its energy, though pulses from it will probably remain detectable for a million years at least. Since its period is the shortest known, it is presumably the youngest pulsar so far discovered.

Only one other pulsar has been optically identified. It lies in the southern constellation of Vela, and was tracked down by astronomers in Australia in 1977. It is fainter than the Crab pulsar, and is the faintest optical object ever recorded. But we can at least see other supernova remnants, for instance the celebrated Cygnus Loop which is made up of a partially-complete circle of gaseous material. The question is, are all pulsars the results of supernova outbursts?

Until recently almost all astronomers would have said so, but today uneasy doubts have started to creep in. A survey carried out at the Molonglo Radio Astronomy Observatory in Australia netted 155 new pulsars, bringing the known total to over 300. From this, it appears that there must be from one to two million galactic pulsars altogether. But supernovae are by no means common. Since 1054 the only two to have been observed were the stars of 1572 (Tycho's) and 1604 (Kepler's), both of which are associated with radio sources. We may be overdue for another, but we can gain some guidance from supernovae in other galaxies, of which over 500 have been found. It is hardly likely that a typical galaxy can be the scene of more than a couple of supernovae per century, which is not enough to account for the large numbers of pulsars now known to exist.

What is the answer? It may be that pulsars can be produced without supernova outbursts; it has also been suggested that one supernova can give rise to several pulsars, hurling them outwards in different directions. But neither explanation is satisfactory, and the problem remains unsolved.

Neutron stars are amazing objects. If our Earth were compressed to neutron-star density, its diameter would be only a few hundred yards. But for the Crab Nebula we could remain uncertain as to their precise nature; it is fortunate that the Crab is comparatively close. To theorists it is often regarded as the most important object known.

No galactic supernova has been seen since the invention of the telescope, and we have had to make do with supernovae seen in other systems, so remote that their light takes millions of years to reach us. The most celebrated of them, S Andromedae, was seen in the Andromeda Spiral (Messier 31) in 1885; one independent discoverer was a Hungarian baroness who was casually looking at the Spiral through a small telescope! The star reached the fringe of naked-eye visibility, but at the time its nature was not appreciated. It has been said that amateur observers can play a useful role by making regular checks on external galaxies to see whether any new stars have appeared in them. Indeed, one amateur, Jack Bennett of Pretoria, has made a visual discovery of a supernova in this way.

We cannot tell when another supernova will burst forth in our own Galaxy. It may be tomorrow, in a century or not for 1,000 years, but certainly astronomers would be fascinated to witness the birth of a new pulsar. Meanwhile, we must be grateful for the existence of the Crab Nebula. Unspectacular though it may be to the amateur observer with a small telescope, it has told us much. And for a few weeks in 1054 it shone as the most brilliant star in the entire sky ●

Four-wheel-drive cars

Four-wheel-drive cross-country cars are now big business. Last year about half a million were produced; this year the figure will be between 5 per cent and 10 per cent higher, and this growth will continue.

Worldwide, the most popular 4x4 car is still the Jeep, closely followed by the Toyota Land Cruiser from Japan and the American Chevrolet Blazer. Next are the Land-Rover and Range Rover, then the Russian UAZ and Lada Niva. The latest manufacturer to compete in this expanding and profitable market is Daimler-Benz. Their Geländewagen made its debut last month, and very good it is, too.

Choosing a cross-country car used to be easy in Britain: it was a Land-Rover, a government surplus Jeep, or nothing. Delivery dates for the Land-Rover and, later, the Range Rover, became longer and longer. Inevitably, the importers filled the gap.

Who buys four-wheel-drive cars? Obvious customers are farmers and contractors, who find a go-almost-anywhere vehicle essential. Wild-fowlers, fox-hunters, rock climbers and pot-holers also need a vehicle that will keep on going when the road stops and will carry or tow a heavy load across rough ground. But there is another, growing class of buyer; the man who likes the idea of sitting high up behind the wheel of a chunky four-wheel-drive even though he will rarely, if ever, need its cross-country capabilities.

In Britain the Land-Rover has become a part of the country scene. With its 2.3 litre, four-cylinder engine, eight forward gears and a choice of two-wheel or four-wheel drive, it is extremely rugged and durable. One reason why it lasts so long is its aluminium alloy body which is so corrosion-resistant that plenty of Land-Rovers 20 years old or more are still at work.

There is a considerable art to getting the best out of a Land-Rover on very rough terrain. Probably only a fraction of the people who own them have any real idea of what they can do. The secret of getting in and out of impossible places in a Land-Rover or any other four-wheel-drive vehicle is to use minimum power in the right gear. Also, it pays to get out and have a look at the terrain if you are in doubt—a blind rise could lead into a quarry. The technique is different from road driving. For instance, on a steep descent you never touch the brakes. You engage the lowest gear and the engine compression alone holds you in check, distributing the retarding effect equally to all four wheels. Using the footbrake is to court disaster. One locked wheel could cause loss of control.

All of which makes nonsense of the cross-country vehicle tests sometimes conducted by TV motoring programmes, enthusiast magazines and others who should really know better.



Top, the Lada Niva from Russia. Above, the Daimler-Benz Geländewagen.

High speeds and rough terrain simply do not go together. What counts is journeying safely, with vehicle undamaged, month after month.

Because four-wheel-drive vehicles should not be driven fast across country, simple suspension suffices. There are cross-country cars with independent suspension but most have old-fashioned beam axles front and back, with coil or leaf springs. In that way the clearance underneath remains constant. With independent suspension, clearance between the transmission and the ground alters as the wheels rise and fall on their springs. Smashing a final drive on a rock in an English quarry is inconvenient and costly; in the Kalahari Desert it could be fatal.

Land-Rovers cost from about £4,500 upwards. An alternative for people who cannot wait 18 months or so to take delivery is the Jeep CJ. A strong and practical machine, it has little in common with the immortal wartime Jeep. It has a much bigger engine than the Land-Rover but lacks its load-carrying capacity. There are, however, Jeep pick-ups and station wagons which rival small lorries and minibuses in size.

A new name in the light 4x4 market in Britain is Daihatsu. Though it has only a 1.6 litre petrol engine, or a larger but more economical diesel, the Daihatsu has two comfortable seats in the

front and four little tip-up perches in the back. It will sustain 60-65 mph on the road and is as good as a Land-Rover across country. But it lacks the muscle to pull, say, a two-horse trailer.

The same can be said of an interesting newcomer from the Soviet Union, the Lada Niva. Based on components from the Lada 1600 saloon car, it has a three-door hatchback body with a high rear sill that makes loading rather awkward. Engine and back axle are from the Lada car; an auxiliary gearbox has been grafted on to the normal Lada four-speeder to give eight forward gears—four in low range, four in high. It has permanent four-wheel drive and a most impressive cross-country performance. Independent front suspension gives a comfortable ride on hard roads and across country. It really needs a bigger engine because it lacks the power required of a tow car.

The best cross-country car is still the Range Rover, introduced nearly nine years ago, hardly changed since and in such demand that a flourishing black market has sprung up, selling "as new" ones at inflated prices. The old Rover company conceived the Range Rover as a dual-purpose vehicle that a farmer could use on the land all day then take his wife to the theatre in that evening. In the event, farmers preferred to get Land-Rovers filthy in the fields and take their wives out in saloon cars. A

high proportion of Range Rovers seem rarely to venture off highways other than at point-to-point meetings and gymkhanas. Yet they will do everything a Land-Rover can do across country, though in far greater comfort. On the road their V8, 3.5 litre engine and permanent four-wheel drive gives them a powerful performance and they can safely be thrown around, sports-car style. Recently the Range Rover's engine and transmission has been fitted to a new, super Land-Rover long wheel-base pick-up and estate car, at present for export sale only.

The Daimler-Benz Geländewagen will not arrive in Britain until next year but is already on sale in certain European markets. It is as well engineered as one expects of any vehicle with the famous three-pointed star on its front. Many of its components come from Mercedes cars or light vans. It is offered with a choice of four- or six-cylinder petrol engines, four- or five-cylinder diesels and it combines the ruggedness of the Land-Rover with the comfort and sophistication of the Range Rover. Most cross-country cars have to be stopped before low or high range gears are engaged, but not the Geländewagen. Without pausing, the driver can select two- or four-wheel drive, high or low range, and even lock the differential gears in front and rear axles.

Not quite in the same class as the cross-country cars referred to is the Subaru 4x4 station wagon from Japan. This is essentially a front-wheel-drive, four-door estate car with an auxiliary gearbox that allows the drive also to be taken to the rear wheels. All-wheel-drive can be engaged or disengaged at the flick of a lever at any speed up to 50 mph. Despite its fairly small wheels and limited ground clearance, the Subaru shows an astonishing ability to keep going on terrain that would appear to be impassable for such an ordinary-looking car.

It is fairly cheap—about £4,000—and would be an ideal car for anyone living in hilly country, especially in winter ●

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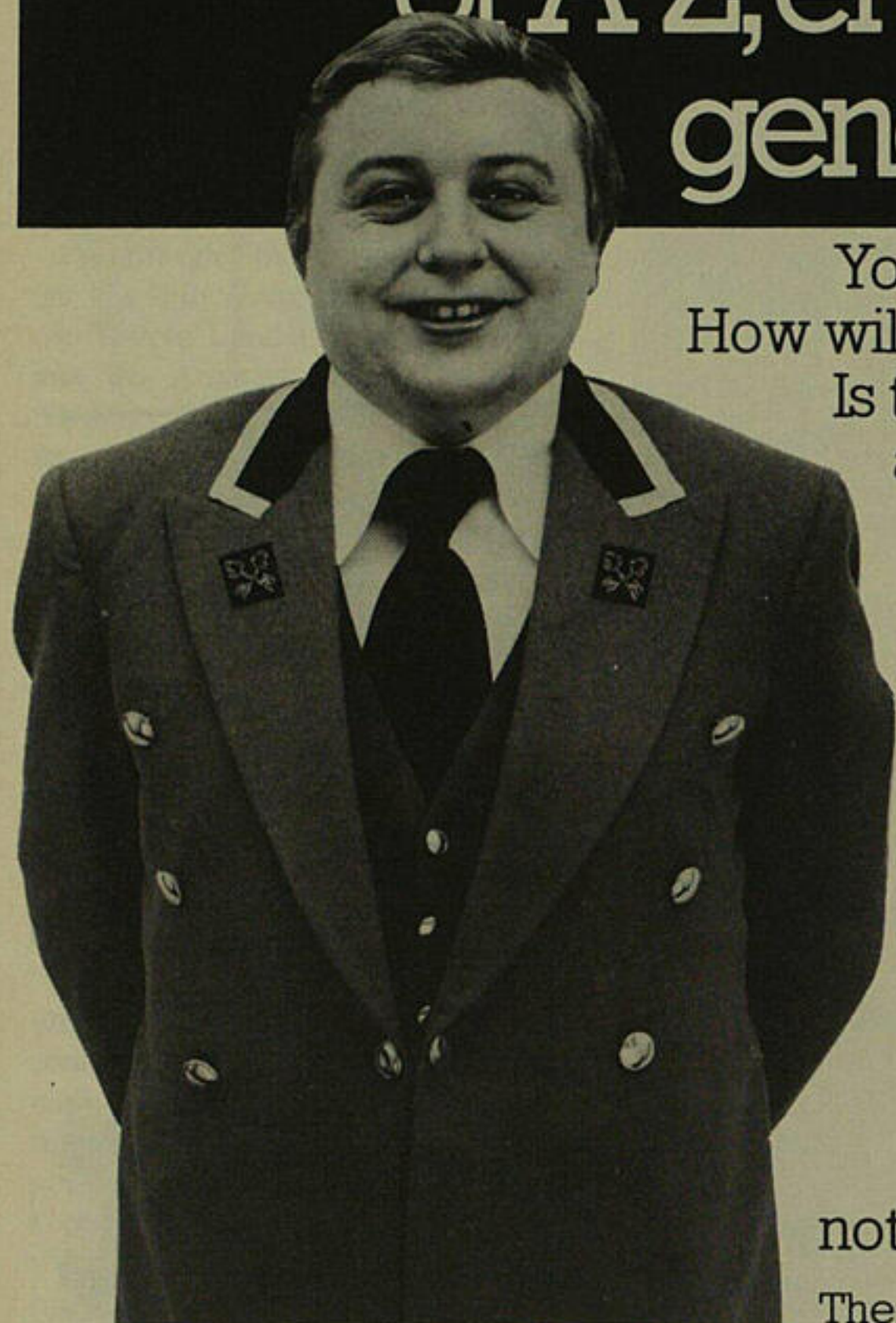
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Return journeys

About half a century ago—not, I suppose, that it matters much now—Arnold Bennett's last play, a modernization of the Faust legend, was staged by Du Maurier at the St James's. Remarkably, Bennett had not troubled about a title, but one morning at rehearsal he wrote 11 suggestions; the one chosen was *The Return Journey*.

I have been thinking of the phrase lately, for though most of the month's plays were new to me in performance, I kept wondering what might happen if they should turn up again. Could they stand a second viewing? Candidly, would I want to see them again? This has always been among the tests for a play. If it is anything more than routine, it will bear meeting twice; if it will support any number of revivals it may be that rarity, a modern classic.

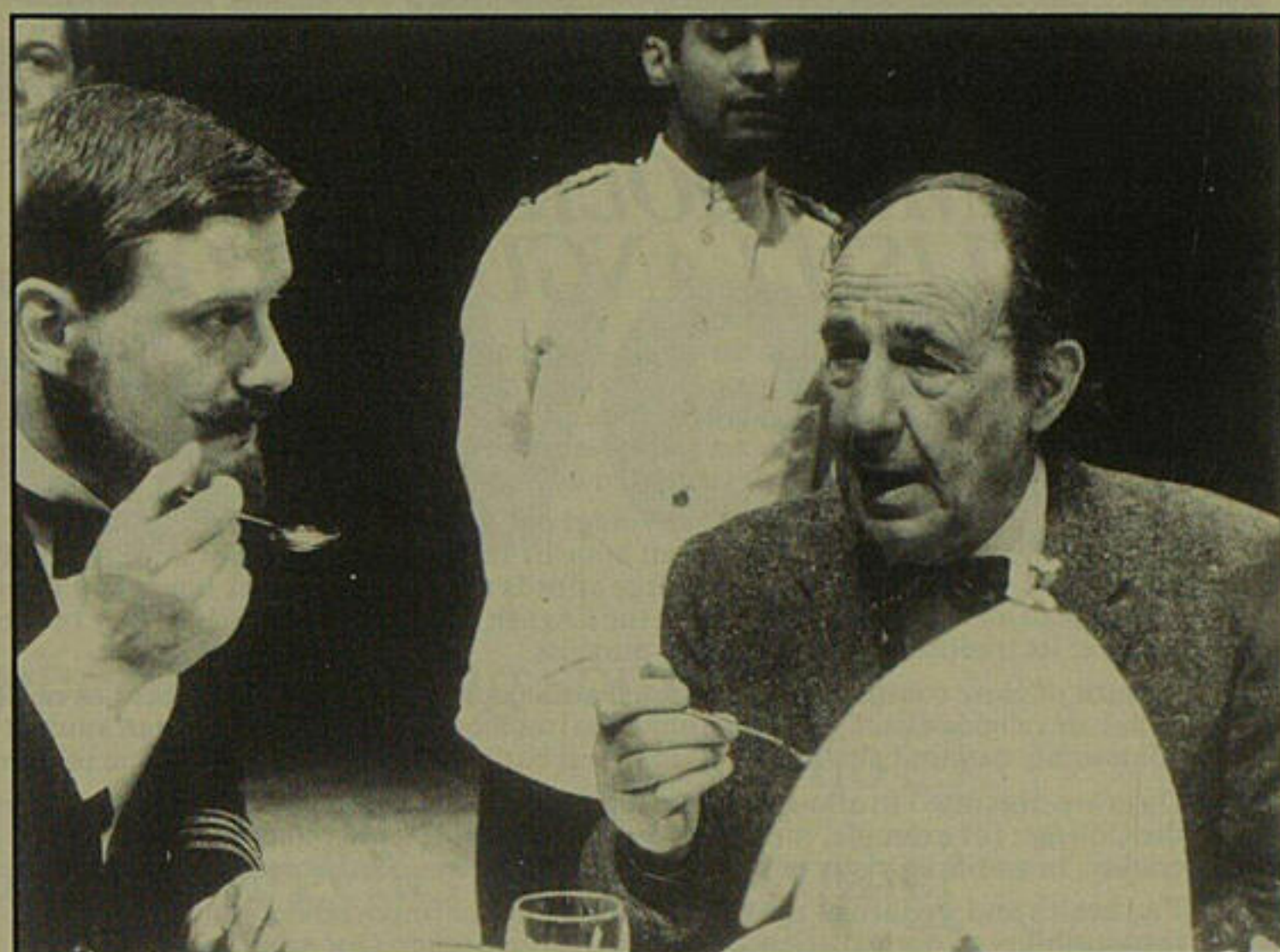
Whether an older classic, *A Fair Quarrel* (National; Olivier) will have many return journeys is something for argument; I would like one day to meet it again, and with another cast. Though it is done serviceably in a theatre-in-the-round production by William Gaskill on a stage of rough, bare boards, I did miss the flash of inspiration that could have turned a curiosity to a prize. As it is, there is enough in Middleton and Rowley's Jacobean text, with its strange convoluted plots and its insistence on the code of honour of their time, to get us to remember it. What we might have thought the least durable scenes survived best in performance, the education of those would-be "roaring boys", the Cornishman, Chough, and his attendant, who must be instructed in a modish jargon that would have delighted a Jacobean Ivor Brown. Thanks largely, I agree, to the unstrained judgment of Mark Wing-Davey's Chough—was it just chauvinism that made me find him endearing as well as egregious?—these scenes did bubble freshly, however dead they are on the page.

The serious scenes were the trouble in this production. Textually, the more satisfying of them have what Bridges-Adams, who at his prime would have been the ideal director, called humanity and commonsense, but the verse eluded us again and again at the Olivier; only Nicky Henson, as the resolute young captain, could indicate its quality. Splendid actor though he is, he, too, seemed now and then to be battling, keeping the stiffest of upper lips. Still, I am glad that the piece was restored, possibly for the first time since its original production. If, as I hope they will, the National's advisers continue their search for neglected works, they might have a look at a later play than *A Fair Quarrel*, James Shirley's *Hyde Park*.

I had already known three of Eugene O'Neill's four short plays, now in a bill at the National's Cottesloe Theatre. These used to be done under the title *SS Glencairn*; here they are named for



Marjorie Yates as Meg in *A Fair Quarrel* by Middleton and Rowley. Michael Hordern, right, as the ill-tempered eccentric on a voyage to Ceylon in *The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold*, adapted from the novel by Evelyn Waugh.



the fourth piece, new to me in performance, *The Long Voyage Home*. I did find my original view of the first three radically altered. Certainly in 1947 I would not have been excited about seeing them again; but both *The Moon of the Caribbees* and *Bound East to Cardiff* have lasted well, and only *In the Zone*, which used to be called a paragon of one-acters, has dimmed: this is the First World War narrative, set in an ammunition ship in the submarine zone, about a sailor's black box opened by his angry mates. What they had suspected to contain a bomb has only a packet of tragic love-letters. The anecdote has frayed a little, though at the Cottesloe Jack Shepherd's tortured emotion kept the house listening quietly. *The Moon of the Caribbees*, sailors' nocturne under a West Indian sky, is more persuasive than it was; and *Bound East for Cardiff*, that concentrated matter of life and death which was O'Neill's first performed play, develops a power that years ago I missed entirely: Dave King and Niall Toibin have affectingly re-created it.

All of these plays speak for the young O'Neill, his own sea-going memories still potent. His first ambition was to be "a two-fisted Jack London hemman sailor", and the tough crew of the *Glencairn*, men of "all the ports from Mississipp to Clyde"—Kipling, in another context—are reflections of the he-men of other ships and other years. The Cottesloe night ends with the grimest of the plays, *The Long Voyage Home*, that brutal treatment of a shanghaied Swedish sailor (Mark McManus) in a London dockside dive: melodramatic, yes, but of its period truthful; it burns in the imagination. Bill Bryden directed the programme with the proper parade of atmospherics.

We were also on board ship in *The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold* (New Round House), but nothing could have been

less like the *Glencairn*. The *Caliban* is a cruising liner in which an ill-tempered eccentric, plagued by sleeplessness and rheumatism and on a voyage to Ceylon, is further plagued by a tempest of hallucinations: "The reason remains strenuously active but the information on which it acts is delusory." Those words are Evelyn Waugh's; and Pinfold is, in fact, Waugh himself who adapted his own experiences, bred of bromide and chloral in crème de menthe, as the subject of his last wry and honest novel. It can both amuse and frighten, for Pinfold's mind is perilously unbalanced. Subtly and faithfully, Ronald Harwood has brought the book to the stage in partnership with Michael Elliott's complex production—for the Manchester Royal Exchange company—within the circular arena of what is now the New Round House at Chalk Farm. Pinfold, overwhelmed by so many conflicting gusts of the mind and spirit, has an exact impersonator in Michael Hordern. In the cast that environs him, among the voices and shadows, Pauline Jameson and Lockwood West are splendidly identifiable. Pinfold may not wish for a return journey; undoubtedly we do.

There is unlikely to be one for *Forty Love* (Comedy), an example of the unpretentious play that slips into the West End for a space and vanishes into the dark. The farce, which struggled through only four nights, had seemed better than some transients because its director, Val May, hurtled it along so fast that we had little time to think; at the première the company, including Leslie Randall, the author, taking over the part at short notice, appeared to be on a perpetual 100 yards' sprint. The people are two middle-aged Jewish couples, one pair from America; the wives are difficult, though the woman played by Joyce Blair is more tolerable than Stella Tanner's virago. There is

talk of a change of partners, but the plot is just an excuse for a good deal of crash-bang dialogue, often better than one had expected. I may remember a moment when Norman Rossington, a desperate little man with a gun and a whole smoked salmon, is likened to an "armed trawler".

One need not be a prophet new-inspired to foretell many return journeys for Margaret Rawlings and Max Wall, each taking the stage alone in programmes startlingly different. Miss Rawlings, who has been at the May Fair and Vaudeville and will clearly go to other theatres, is the 93-year-old former Empress of the French—the title is simply *Empress Eugénie*—recalling her past in a text by Jason Lindsey, during an anonymous visit to her old château at Compiègne. Mr Wall, whose programme is labelled, superfluously, *Aspects of Max Wall*, leased the Vaudeville stage for a couple of hours, talking confidentially, seeking to play the piano, singing a little and doing a few ballet steps.

Each evening, on its own terms, is precisely right. Miss Rawlings, upright and gracious and with one of the richest speaking voices on the contemporary stage, restores the Second Empire for us while Eugénie, on a return journey, re-lives her brief splendours, as well as the alarums of her flight from the Tuileries that ended in England at Camden Place. Max Wall, an intimate, protean, puckered and apparently inconsequential gnome, had never particularly excited me—a sad confession—but he suddenly took the entire Vaudeville Theatre into his care. We seemed to be having a good talk together—though I had not uttered a word—when he decided to leave the stage. "Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so; / And being done, thus Wall away doth go." But he will return—and we shall be there ●



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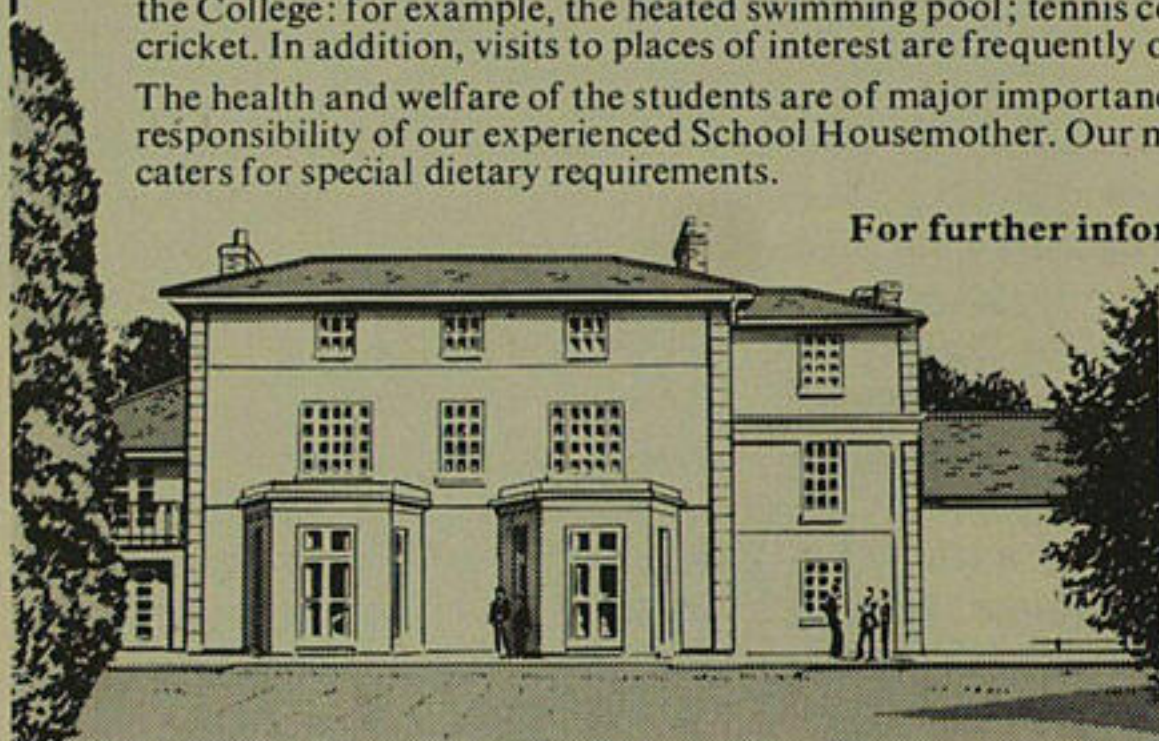
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Blood relations

"She has untied the serpent's knot of blood relations." So wrote the poet Paul Eluard. Others saw her more prosaically as a thief and a poisoner. But one of the many virtues of Claude Chabrol's *Violette Nozière* is that it does not attempt to take sides. It preserves the enigmatic quality of this Parisian schoolgirl who in 1934 was found guilty of patricide, who escaped the guillotine, served her sentence and on her release (pardoned by de Gaulle) bore five children to her husband, the son of a prison clerk.

This is a fascinating film that brings together many of the themes Chabrol explored less successfully in his last picture, *Blood Relatives*: specifically, family life as a breeding-ground for murder and adolescent sexuality. As played by Isabelle Huppert, Violette is a surly schoolgirl at home and a precocious *cocotte* in the Latin Quarter. Family life in a cramped tenement where everything can be overheard gives no outlet for her post-pubescent drives and so she dons black silk stockings and a Garboesque hat pulled down over one eye and dreams of flight to the coast with her lover in a Bugatti. In order to escape from the grid-iron repression of family life, she quite coolly and dispassionately poisons her hated father but gives her mother only half the dose. She is tried, condemned but survives.

Without seeing Violette as a martyr, Chabrol does nonetheless make some of her actions totally explicable. The furtive lechery of her father, the squalor of the family flat where people go through her letters, the compulsive voyeurism of close-quarter living—all build up a picture of a mean and petty world in which her father's friends stop to tell sordid stories in dark alleys next to garbage cans. But while Chabrol makes the point that environmental conditions breed an obsessive desire to murder, he also shows a marvellous understanding of small details of human behaviour. I love the moment when Violette, having poisoned her family, cannot resist nibbling the pot-roast they had prepared for supper, and there is a chilling second or two when Violette, sentenced to death, clutches convulsively at her throat for the simple reason that her pendant has slipped off. Watching this smooth and accomplished film you have the feeling of being in safe hands—the hands of a director who knows what he wants to achieve and how to bring it off.

Isabelle Huppert, who shared with Jill Clayburgh the Best Actress Award at Cannes last year, is also first-rate as Violette. Without her make-up she has the sweetly pretty look of a demure schoolgirl still wrestling with her conjugations: dolled up in cloche hat and black stockings she has an insolent and enigmatic sexuality. Stéphane Audran, who looked rather out of place as a



Isabelle Huppert as *Violette Nozière*, the Parisian girl who committed patricide in the 1930s; Tommy Lewis in *The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith*.

Montreal suburbanite in *Blood Relatives*, is here much happier as a lower-middle-class mother with a sculpted profile and an air of damped down lust. I also like the fact that, though the film is set in the 1930s, Chabrol does not advertise the period details but simply lets them emerge through the narrative and character. It may not be a film for those who want factitious excitement but I found that one man's poison is another man's meat.

Adolescent sexuality is also the subject of Paul Schrader's *Hardcore* starring George C. Scott which I caught recently in New York and which is due in London soon. Despite the come-on of the title, this is an extremely puritanical and moralistic film, but for me it works infinitely less well than Chabrol's. A teenage girl, brought up severely by a Grand Rapids furniture manufacturer and a stoic member of the Dutch Reformation Church, disappears only to resurface in the West Coast world of sex-movies and porno parlours. Her father, like John Wayne in *The Searchers*, goes in quest of her and plunges into the blue and bilious world of porn where sex is simply another consumer product. Finally he rescues

his daughter and takes her back to Grand Rapids.

The problem with *Hardcore* is that it has nothing much up its sleeve except a rigorous disgust. Chabrol, handling such a subject, would doubtless have explored the family background and shown how the father's inflexible morality and conviction that entry into heaven is pre-ordained had driven the daughter into a life of vice. But because we never see father and daughter together in everyday life, we cannot quite share the horror of her defection. Moreover Mr Schrader, who wrote and directed *Blue Collar*, combines scenes of some power with others of true awfulness. When George C. Scott as the Midwestern moralist breaks down on first seeing his daughter in a skin-flick one is deeply moved: the sight of Mr Scott's Mount Rushmore face splintering and cracking as the film grinds on is something one carries away from the cinema. But when Mr Scott is obliged to don a black wig and a garish T-shirt in order to pose as a porn movie producer one is struck only by the absurdity of the situation. Mr Schrader has had a good idea for a movie: a trip into a modern Inferno by

a stiff-necked moralist. But a good idea is all it remains.

I got much more pleasure out of a much less pretentious film, *Magic*, directed by Richard Attenborough and based by William Goldman on his own successful novel. It tells a story we have heard before (most notably in the Cavalcanti episode in *Dead of Night*) which is that of the taut and nervy ventriloquist who gets taken over by his own dummy. But although the story is not wildly original it is handled here with a nice claustrophobic power and a feeling for the odder aspects of showbiz. Corky, the shy ventriloquist who flees to the Catskills when asked to take a medical examination before a TV special, is a particularly plausible figure as played by Anthony Hopkins. With his odd circling walk and his hint of some mad demon struggling to get out of his roll-neck sweater, Hopkins has just the right short-fuse energy as the weird dummy-handler.

But Goldman also gets the details right. I was very struck by the way Corky and his agent treat an appearance on the Johnny Carson *Tonight* show as the equivalent of installation in the Hall of Fame: in New York last month time and again I realized that the American dream is recognition by Carson. The agent (superbly played by Burgess Meredith) is also a recognizable figure: a man who has failed upwards, a guy for whom *Variety* is the spice of life, a Manhattan villager full of wise saws and modern instances. When Hopkins as Corky threatens his agent with some form of violence, Meredith simply looks him squarely in the eyes and says, "I lived through Tallulah Bankhead and the death of vaudeville—I don't scare easily." Riffing through George Jean Nathan's dramatic criticism recently, I notice that he wrote in 1938 that Meredith was much the best actor on Broadway. Forty or so years later he is one of the most talented character actors on the silver screen.

Finally, another film from the highly productive Australian industry: Fred Schepisi's *The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith*. It deals with a genuinely horrific story (the murder of a white family by an enraged aborigine boy) and it shows how systematic racial repression breeds murder and violence. It also makes stunning use of the soaring Australian landscape, suggesting that the native film industry may have found in Schepisi a rural poet with something of the stamp of John Ford. But although the film is good it lurches into melodrama and contains one or two heavy-handed performances. Still, along with pictures like *Newsfront* and *The Last Wave*, it does confirm that the Australian film industry is very much alive and, from the vantage point of Britain, (where the best films are generally those made for television) one can only look on with undisguised envy ●



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Palmer's recaptured vision



Geoffrey Grigson's book on Samuel Palmer, published some years ago, established what has since become the conventional view of the best-known of William Blake's followers. Briefly, it is that the young Palmer of the so-called "visionary years", when he lived in or often visited the village of Shoreham in Kent, was an artist of genius; and that from 1836 to his death in 1881 the same artist was a man of, at best, mediocre talent.

It is part of the interest of the current exhibition of Palmer's work, organized at the Victoria and Albert Museum with the help of the William Blake Trust, that it challenges this established opinion. More significant is the fact that the exhibition contains a great deal of beautiful and unfamiliar work by this most attractive of artists.

The theme of the show is provided by Palmer's illustrations to the poetry of Milton and Virgil. The great bulk of these date from the later part of his career, though some are



Illustrating Milton's poems: top, *The Brothers Under the Vine*, preliminary drawing for *Comus*; right, *The Lonely Tower*, for *Il Penseroso*.





at least adumbrated in work of the Shoreham period.

Palmer approached his chosen poets from two different directions. He made prints, which were intended as actual illustrations in books, and he made large, technically elaborate, highly finished watercolours. In both cases he was more or less following in the footsteps of his revered master.

Yet the resemblance must not be pushed too far. Blake and Palmer were in many respects very different artists. The most obvious difference is that Palmer was essentially a landscapist, not a figure painter. The Virgil which interested him was the Virgil of the Eclogues; the Milton he chose to illustrate was not the Milton of *Paradise Lost*, but the author of *Comus*, *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*. Prints and paintings alike are "versions of pastoral". They contain figures, but these play a subsidiary role.

One of the difficulties presented by Palmer's late work is that it is neither a diagram of ideas and feelings, like so much of Blake, nor is it a naturalistic reflection of something familiar. What upsets commentators is that the landscapes are not representations of particular places; rather, they are embodiments of states of mind. They differ from the Shoreham period land-

scapes, not only because they are less particular in all their details and less tied to what the artist had actually seen, but also because they deliberately envelop what is there in a kind of symbolic haze.

It is fascinating in this connexion to remember that Palmer painted his watercolours illustrating *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* from 1864 onwards. That is, they were done at a time when Pre-Raphaelitism, created by artists of a generation much younger than Palmer's, was also changing its character. While Millais reverted to conventional academicism, Rossetti and Burne-Jones developed a kind of symbolic art dreamier and riper than anything that had been envisaged by the original Pre-Raphaelite doctrine.

Palmer's watercolours of the 1860s and 1870s belong to their own time. They, too, are ripe and dreamy. Despite the continuity of subject-matter, they are emphatically not a reversion to what the artist had done in his youth, and which, when his circumstances had eased, he was at liberty to pursue again.

Blake and his followers have long been seen by art-historians as ancestors of the European Symbolist movement. On the evidence of this show, however, there was nothing ancestral about the middle-aged and elderly Palmer. He



Preliminary drawings in sepia wash for illustrations to Milton's poem, *L'Allegro*. Top, *The Eastern Gate*; above, detail from *A Towered City*.

developed into a fully-fledged Symbolist painter, with most of the faults and virtues this description implies. One can even detect a resemblance between his generalizing treatment of landscape and the generalizing portraits and figure studies of an artist like Eugène Carrière.

Once this is understood, it is possible to approach the big watercolours in particular in quite a different way, and to see how original they are. If they had been oil-paintings, and therefore more generally available, Palmer would not have had to wait so long for this final act of rehabilitation ●



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Scripophily is born

The word scripophily, meaning the love of subscription receipts, or the collecting of bonds and share certificates, was coined recently as a result of a competition run by *The Times Business Diary*, acknowledging the need of a word connoting a new and fast-growing hobby which already has its own society. Stanley Gibbons held their first scripophily auction last November, when £23,600 was realized; their second sale, of over 300 lots, included a rare Chinese Marconi £1,000 bond of 1918, only 200 of which were issued.

Old shares and bonds, "valueless" in terms of investment yield, have in the past been torn up or burned. But now their value as evidence of economic history, and their graphic merits—they were often designed and printed by the same engravers who made bank-notes—are starting to be appreciated. Many include detailed and delicate vignettes of considerable interest.

Bonds and shares for collectors are available from the 16th century to the present day, and prices are still low with many attractive examples between £4 and £15. Prospective scripophiles will find Robin Hendy's *Collecting Old Bonds and Shares* (Stanley Gibbons Guides, 95p) a useful introduction to a fascinating and lucrative hobby.



Top, Kentucky and Great Eastern Railway Co \$1,000 bond, February 15, 1872, bearing a vignette of Daniel Boone's rescue from the Indians. Estimated at £35. Above left, Russian Kokand-Namangan Railway Co 4½ per cent bond, 1910, for £100 sterling. Only 2,400 bonds of this denomination were issued. Estimated at £65. Above right, Chinese Government Reorganisation bond, 1913, for £20, one of the most popular of the cheap Chinese issues, price £7.

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A Flute for all tastes

Mozart's last opera, *Die Zauberflöte*, can be viewed in many different lights, from a charming pantomime with traditional characters, suitable as entertainment for children, to a sublime work treating of man's progress along the path to enlightenment through trials of purification according to the rites of the order of freemasons. Most productions tread warily between these two extremes of interpretation and thereby sometimes fail to fulfil either aspect of this contradictory piece; Covent Garden's new *Flute* offers a marvellous assortment of pantomime effects and visual jokes, centred on a heart-warming portrayal of Papageno, to balance a serious treatment of the work's deeper implications which gives due weight not only to Sarastro but also to the Speaker and the Armed Men—it should appeal to all tastes.

The production was a recreation of the one staged last autumn in Munich at the Bavarian State Opera by August Everding to Jürgen Rose's designs, which were rebuilt for the Royal Opera House and which combined austerity with romantic extravagance. While it lacked the stylistic unity imposed on the Glyndebourne production by David Hockney's backcloths, it showed the same respect for the many scene changes demanded by Schikaneder's libretto and differentiated sharply between the different groups of characters and their respective worlds.

Sarastro and his followers gathered in a lofty, neo-classical temple bathed in light and their severe, black frock coats, which placed them in the 18th century as contemporaries of Mozart, endowed them with a solemn and self-effacing air, in contrast with the flamboyant attractions of the Queen of the Night and her attendants with their darkly opulent shot silk dresses.

The Queen was visible when the curtain rose, suspended high above the stage, dramatically silhouetted against the moon, a reminder of the all-pervading presence of the forces of evil. She watched Tamino's encounter with the serpent and the intervention of her three ladies before descending to earth for her first musical entry. It was here in the mortal world that the designer allowed his imagination free reign to create a series of pleasing exteriors in a cheerful mixture of styles which supported the pantomime element of the production. They included an apparently endless panoramic landscape which unfolded across the back of the stage to accompany Pamina and Papageno on their way to the Temple of Wisdom; and for Tamino and Papageno's trials there was a ruined garden peopled with statues, one of which Papageno discovered to be Papagena, and another, that of a lion, delivered a jet of wine from its mouth to him.

The treatment of the three boys was particularly extravagant: they first

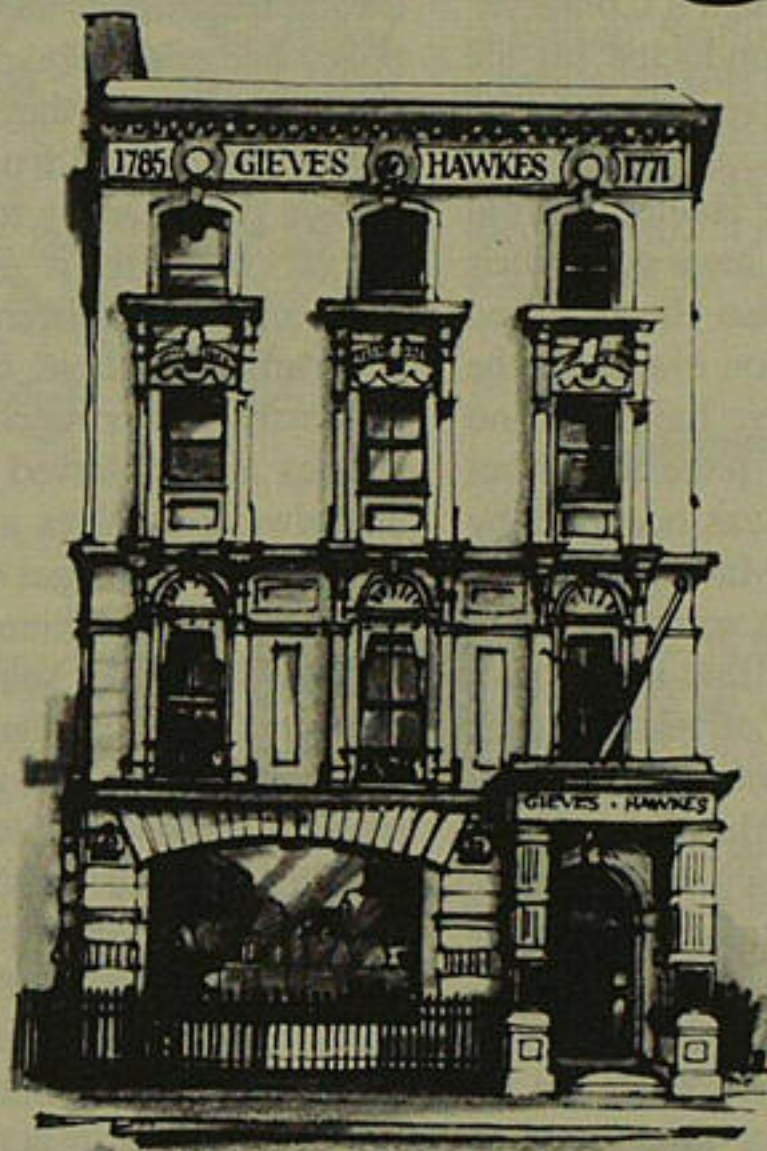
appeared to Tamino dressed as young Mozarts, swinging on overhead in a kind of window-cleaners' cradle; they later returned in white sailor suits to save Pamina from suicide and sailed off with her in a boat; their final appearance was in *lederhosen* when they stopped Papageno from hanging himself and united him with Papagena. Yet in spite of this tendency to overdo the decoration the message of good triumphing over evil and virtue rewarded was not obscured and the characters were simply and clearly defined.

The singing provided moments of special enjoyment. Thomas Allen seized the opportunities offered by the role of Papageno to give a captivating performance of the bird-catcher which was warmly and joyfully sung and roundly drawn. Ileana Cotrubas's radiant Pamina, fragile in manner but vocally secure, was a source of equal delight, most notably the duet with Papageno and her touchingly expressive account of "Ach, ich fühl's". Robin Leggate, in his first major role with the company, was still feeling his way into the character of Tamino, though he sang strongly, displaying a full middle register as well as fluency at the top. Robert Lloyd's severe appearance as Sarastro was tempered by the rich sonority of his singing and his unforbidding manner. There was an admirably sung Speaker from Donald McIntyre and two resonant Armed Men from Alberto Remedios and Michael Burt. The Polish soprano Zdzislawa Donat as the Queen of the Night provided a dazzling display of *coloratura* singing, not strongly powered but impressively accurate. Her quarrelsome trio of ladies, sung by Lorna Haywood, Ann Murray and Elizabeth Bainbridge, erred on the side of excess vocal individuality; the three boys' voices blended harmoniously.

The conductor was Colin Davis, for whom at the first performance the orchestra played soundly though without particular distinction.

To mark the centenary of its Moscow première Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin* was given for the first time in Russian at Covent Garden with principals and a conductor imported from Eastern Europe. The Czech soprano Gabriela Benackova, who looked convincing as the shy 16-year-old heroine, revealed a voice of unforced freshness and touchingly captured the nervous anguish of the Letter Song. The Russian baritone Yuri Masurok sang the title role superbly and his stiff manner conveyed the supercilious detachment with which Onegin treats Tatyana, though less conventional acting would have made his change of heart more convincing. Nicolai Gedda gave a moving account of Lensky's second-act music. The Bulgarian conductor Emil Tchakarov drew lyrical playing from the orchestra ●

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Reflections on the Heath era

by Robert Blake

An end to promises
by Douglas Hurd
Collins £4.95

Mr Douglas Hurd, since 1974 Conservative MP for Mid-Oxfordshire, is an experienced and accomplished writer. One would expect anything from his pen to be highly readable and this book comes fully up to expectation. It has, moreover, a particular interest as the first account from the inside of the way in which a Conservative Prime Minister conducted his life and business. We have had "revelations" from the Labour side. Lady Falkender and Mr Joe Haines, Harold Wilson's press officer, have given their stories, and there is also the distorted but vivid light thrown on events by the Crossman diaries. There have been no comparable sources hitherto about Number Ten while it was occupied by a Tory tenant. The Macmillan years have been described at some length—by Mr Macmillan. But that is not quite the same thing: none of his intimates have written an account of this crucial period. But with Mr Hurd's book we have what will certainly be a major source for future historians studying Mr Heath's premiership.

Mr Hurd was the Prime Minister's political secretary. He occupied a position in that respect analogous to Lady Falkender's—indeed he occupied the same office, strategically placed next to the Cabinet Room. Here he was the fortunate beneficiary of one of Lady Falkender's innumerable, hard-fought and usually victorious struggles. She was well aware of the crucial importance of the geography of the house. Mr Hurd's book is couched in very different tones from those of either his predecessor or Mr Haines, but he fully recognizes the merits of those two underrated memoirs—underrated because the reviewers and columnists concentrated on the "bizarre wrangles among Mr Wilson's staff", as Mr Hurd puts it, but ignored the serious arguments, especially about the role of the Civil Service. Mr Hurd's comments on these and his expression of his own views are of great topical interest now that a change of government is almost certain before the end of October.

Lady Falkender's view was that Civil Servants try to dominate their ministers. This was Richard Crossman's opinion, too, and it is an all-pervasive feature of his diary. Furthermore, she regarded them as conservative by the nature of their social and educational origins. She had, so Mr Hurd claims, a vision of cabals over lunch in grand London clubs from which she, as a woman, was excluded—cabals designed to draw a virtuous Labour reformist government into a

complicated tangle of obstructions and hindrances. It was the duty of the Prime Minister's political secretary to fight against all this. Lady Falkender certainly fought.

Mr Haines made a rather more sophisticated analysis of the problem. He saw the Civil Service as profoundly disillusioned by the confrontational nature of British party politics. First they work out a scheme to nationalize steel, then a Tory government comes in and they work out one to denationalize steel. Eventually Labour comes back and they work out a plan to renationalize steel. The iron—or perhaps one should say steel—enters into their souls and, in reaction against this maddening frustration, they adopt a central policy line of their own for each department. Although they sometimes are obliged to deviate from this line, they always try, often by tortuous methods, to get back to it—especially when there are new ministers or an incoming government without crystal clear and ruthlessly determined policies. Mr Haines also observed that this central line always involves a high regard for the pay and privileges of Civil Servants.

Mr Hurd has himself been a Civil Servant in one sense, though the Foreign Office can hardly be regarded as typical. He does not accept the whole of either of these criticisms. "I do not believe," he writes, "that in any important respect the Civil Service is the natural ally of the Conservative Party." He points out that Civil Servants are by their nature interventionists who believe in action by the state. "A minister who proposes a new form of government activity will find himself promptly served... The minister who wishes to dismantle part of the machinery of the state has a much harder task, as Conservative ministers found in 1970-71." Mr Hurd could have expanded more on this theme, for it raises some major questions about the Heath régime. How far, when it came to the crunch, did the Prime Minister want "to dismantle the machinery of state"? It is by no means clear that he really did. Mr Heath was himself a natural interventionist. Mr Hurd's book is not intended to be a history of the times, rather a personal memoir. So he naturally says nothing about the restructuring of local government by Mr Peter Walker or the reorganization of the Health Service by Sir Keith Joseph—measures which to most of us appeared to increase both the number and cost of the bureaucracy. These measures more than anything else shook confidence in Mr Heath's conservatism.

There are many other fascinating things in Mr Hurd's book, but the key problem that it raises in one reader's mind is just how a new Conservative Prime Minister will manage to dismantle some of the machinery of state. Mrs Thatcher's whole policy depends on doing this, but if she merely gives orders to Civil Servants she will fail.

Recent fiction

by Ian Stewart

Familiar Passions
by Nina Bawden
Macmillan, £4.50

The Praise Singer
by Mary Renault
John Murray, £4.95

An End To Autumn
by Iain Crichton Smith
Gollancz, £4.95

Across the Water
by Stewart Binnie
Alison Press/Secker & Warburg, £4.50

One might be inclined to suspect a novel whose opening sentence reads "Before James told his wife that he was leaving her, he took her out to dinner" of too obvious an attempt to grab the reader's attention, especially when in the next sentence we are told ghoulishly that it was the couple's 13th wedding anniversary. However in *Familiar Passions* Nina Bawden builds on this with a complicated and generously melodramatic plot which, in a novel less than 160 pages long, is a miracle of compression and organization.

James is the commercial manager of a plastics firm who has grown tired of his wife Bridie, a much younger woman in her early 30s. She takes a dismal room in Islington and experiences an acute sense of displacement and emptiness, having no mother or father, husband or lover. Bridie is in fact the adopted daughter of fond and now elderly parents, Martin Mudd, a Harley Street psychiatrist, and his wife Hilary, but in her painful crisis of identity she needs to know who her real parents were. Hilary tells Bridie that her mother was a friend of hers from schooldays, Hermione, and her father an Italian prisoner of war, and that she was conceived in a hayloft on a Shropshire farm. The novel develops as a cautionary tale about the perils of digging up the past. Bridie visits Shropshire and meets a pleasant young solicitor called Philip to whom she is attracted. In a story with theatrical twists and turns one looks for the good scene, and there is certainly one in this novel when Bridie meets in Brighton Hermione, an aging but outspoken woman drinking whisky and smoking cigars who has made a life for herself as a popular novelist, and from whom she learns more about Martin Mudd and of what happened in Shropshire than her stepmother could have told her. It is easy at least to share in Bridie's growing perception of the necessity for deception, of a person's right to be shielded from the truth, if not in the relish with which she contemplates embarking herself on a life of intrigue and evasion.

The Praise Singer is Mary Renault's reconstruction in fictional form of the life of the sixth-century Greek poet

Simonides. The son of a farmer on Keos, Simonides's dream of becoming a poet and singer of praises is fulfilled as a result of his meeting the bard Kleobis, whose pupil he becomes. He accompanies him to Samos, a richly inspiring island for the creative spirit, achieves fame and wealth in Athens and eventually retires to Sicily after the turbulent events involved in the overthrow of the court of the Pisistratids.

Mary Renault provides her readers with appendices listing some historical events during Simonides's lifetime, as well as the principal characters, fictional and historical. I do not find here quite the perfect balance of imaginative flair and documentary authenticity of her earlier books, but the magical quality of vivid contemporaneity still shines through. The use of a first person narration contributes much to this, and the voice of Simonides speaks clearly, appealingly and with disarming frankness when he looks back on the Athens he first knew.

In *An End to Autumn* Tom and Vera Mallow, both teachers in their early 30s, have reached a plateau of detached, mutual observation. There is a sense of vacuum, of a lack of commitment, of apparent self-sufficiency. Enter Tom's mother who has come from Edinburgh to live with them, and Vera's mother Angela, a lively and unpredictable woman who is just visiting. In different ways they both have a disruptive effect on the ominously quiescent relationship of the couple, and even more alarming in its effect on Tom is the appearance as dinner guest of their teacher colleague Ruth Donaldson, a lonely and frustrated woman who fastens a predatory eye on Vera. Explosion precedes catharsis: the mothers depart, Vera is to have a baby and spring is in the air.

Iain Crichton Smith has written a more sensitive study of marriage than the banality of his story may suggest, and a poetic insight illumines such scenes as one in which Tom stands in a wood by a loch with his mother and senses that "their lives like those of the leaves were a growing and a fading".

Stewart Binnie's novel *Across the Water* is a vividly located and grippingly narrated story about violence in Ulster. It tells of a woman, Mary Bruce, who in the autumn of 1971 joins her husband on a visit to Belfast and discovers that he and his family are involved in gun-running and in the thick of extremist Protestant activity against the IRA. After her husband is killed she finds herself trapped in a world of intrigue and revenge, and when she returns to London it is to find that the burden of her dangerous knowledge is inescapable. So, too, is her determination to prevent further violence. The climax is a bit sensational and it does involve yet another London siege, but the Republican dream, the frightening menace of the lone fighter, the insensate brutality and the panic of men on the run are all powerfully communicated.

Other new books

Tutankhamun: The Untold Story

by Thomas Hoving
Hamish Hamilton, £7.95

Tutankhamun, more than 3,000 years after his death, continues to fascinate and surprise us. The discovery of his tomb and its marvellous treasures did not provide much historical information about this mysterious pharaoh and his sudden and still unexplained death, but it provided an exciting archaeological adventure story which ran for several years in the early 1920s as the excavations proceeded and as the various rooms of the tomb were broken open and the layers of the sarcophagus were removed to reveal more priceless coffins, and, finally, the pitiful remains of the young Tutankhamun.

The new surprise is that there is more to the dramatic discovery and the subsequent disputes between Lord Carnarvon, Howard Carter, Egyptian officials and the world's Press than has been revealed in the many accounts that have been written and published about the affair, including Howard Carter's own. Thomas Hoving has written an absorbing book which retells the familiar parts of the story with refreshing vigour and which adds the results of his own diligent research to provide a much more detailed record than we have had before.

What Mr Hoving reveals in his book is that Lord Carnarvon and Howard Carter did not just look into the tomb on the first night and then re-seal it, preparatory to the formal and more public entry, as they maintained, but in fact went in, with two others, and evidently spent some hours gazing at the jumble of treasures in the ante-chamber, and in the annex. Then, having seen the tell-tale signs of tomb-robbers in another plastered partition, they made a further hole and squeezed through into the burial chamber itself.

Carter's own account of the discovery makes no mention of this illicit and unscientific, but understandable, behaviour, but Mr Hoving's evidence is convincing. And so is his evidence for the second revelation of his book, that Carter and Carnarvon took some objects out of the tomb. There were 17 in all, some of them taken apparently for purely scientific analysis, such as a cup of dried-out embalming fluid, others of greater value and significance, including a gilded bronze rosette, some gold and silver nails from the coffin, a solid gold ring and a painted ivory hound. These and other objects eventually found their way from Carnarvon or Carter to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, and a few to the Brooklyn Museum. Others, bequeathed by Carter to a relative, were returned to Egypt when it was realized where they came from, and are now in the Egyptian Museum.

The story of intrigue and deceit that Mr Hoving has to tell inevitably tarnishes the reputation of those involved, but in fairness to them it has to be remembered that the tomb would not have been discovered at all without their persistence and determination, and that under the customs of that time they could have expected a fair share of the treasures they found. The main body of the treasures now reside (when they are not, as now, being exhibited elsewhere) in the Egyptian Museum in conditions which Mr Hoving fairly describes as a "human and institutional disgrace". Perhaps, as he suggests, the money raised by the international exhibitions will be devoted to providing a more suitable final resting place.

Phaidon Encyclopedia of Decorative Arts 1890-1940

edited by Philippe Garner
Phaidon, £12.95

The period embraced by this excellent and beautiful book includes Art Nouveau, Art Deco, Modernism, Surrealism and Neo-Baroque, and Revivalism, some of which are well known and easily defined, some more obscure—at any rate under their given title. A series of introductory essays defines the characteristics of the various styles and describes how one developed from, or grew out of a movement against, its predecessor. In a second section the book illustrates designs and designers from Britain, the United States and the various European and Scandinavian countries; and the final section deals with the background—the great exhibitions which provided a showcase for the decorative arts, photography and the cinema which mirrored them, and painting and literature which inspired and were inspired by them. The book, which is comprehensively illustrated in colour and black and white, should prove a most useful working tool for students of this period.

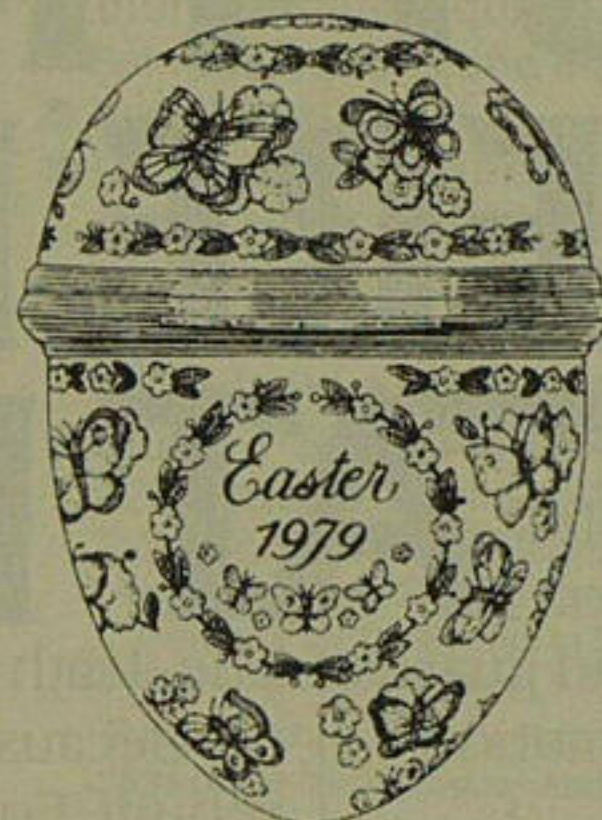
Arthur Bryant: Portrait of a Historian

by Pamela Street
Collins, £6.95

Pamela Street began working as Sir Arthur Bryant's personal assistant in 1971 and, as readers of the short extract from this book published in our February issue will have gathered, it was both a stimulating and exasperating experience. No man who has written nearly 40 books, some of them already recognized as classics, who has contributed a regular column to *The Illustrated London News* for more than 43 years, and written a great number of articles elsewhere as well, could possibly be described as ordinary. Arthur Bryant is in fact quite extraordinary, and Pamela Street has written an affectionate but very honest account of his extraordinariness. Her book is a remarkably warm and memorable portrait of a great English man.



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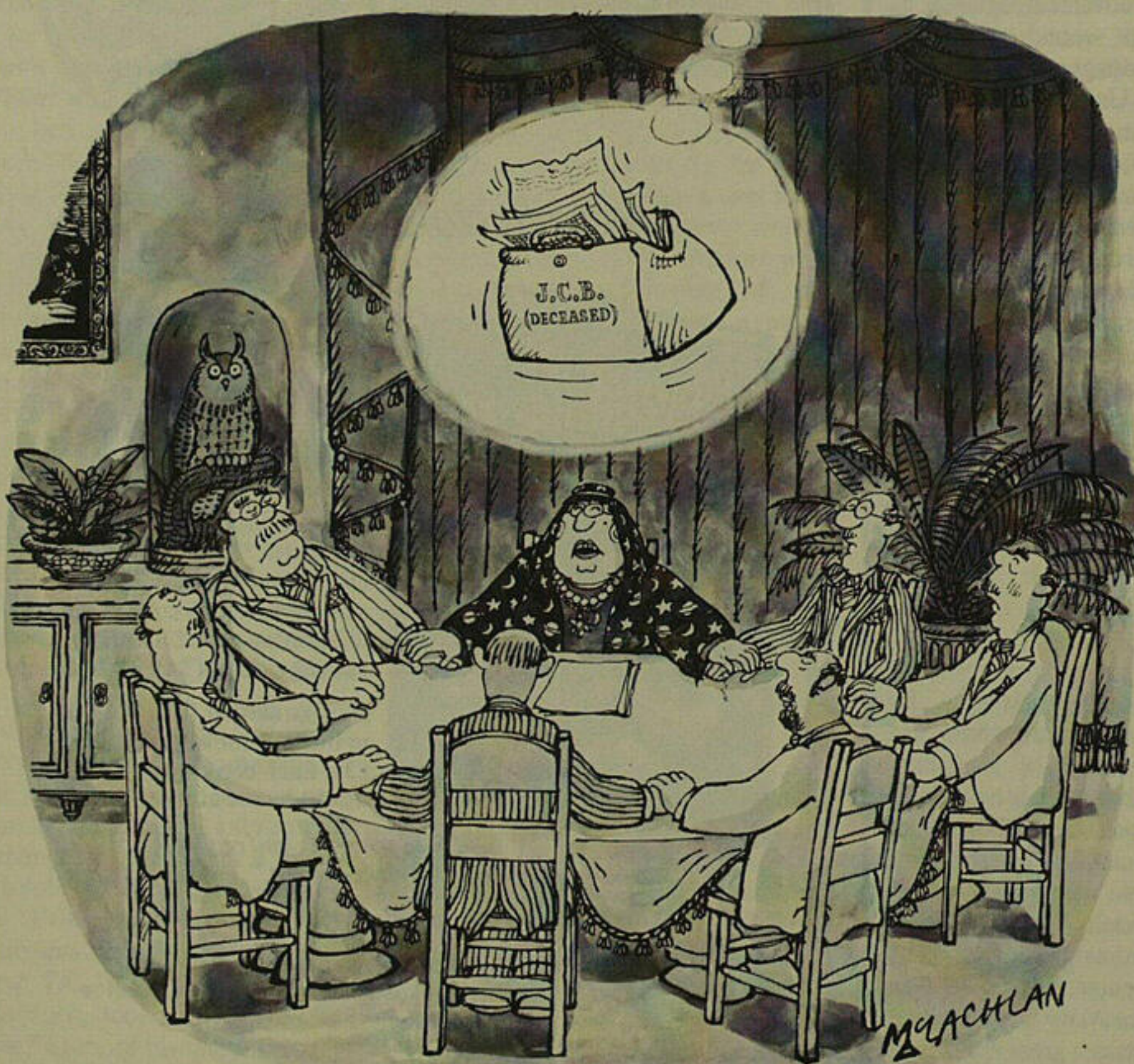
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One way round this difficulty is to covenant to the Charities Aid Foundation. It will recover the appropriate amount of tax each year, and you can then decide how to distribute the enhanced amount available. The Charities Aid Foundation can be given standing instructions to make certain payments, which can be varied; or you can decide how to distribute the available amount each year. Even greater flexibility can be achieved by using what the Foundation refers to as charity credits, whereby you can make payments on impulse. A credit is completed in much the same way as a cheque and is given to the charity, through credit transfer, immediately on presentation of the charity credit to the Foundation.

While covenants are helpful from the tax point of view, they do not go the whole way for higher-rate tax payers, simply because a covenant allows a charity to recover only *basic* rate tax even though the donor may have paid tax at the top rate.

For a high-rate taxpayer, the net income from cash held on deposit at the bank or invested with a building society may be quite modest. Many charities have facilities to enable you to lend capital to them on an interest-free basis. The net cost is simply the net interest that you would have earned; the charity, however, can invest the capital and obtain a good return, completely tax-free. Thus the income secured by the charity will be very significantly higher than the net income foregone by a higher-rate taxpayer.

If you want flexibility you can lend to the Charities Aid Foundation, rather than to an individual charity, and arrange for the gross income that it secures to be distributed in the same way as covenant income.

Even greater benefits can accrue from setting up your own grant-making charitable trust. You do not have to have a large amount of capital to achieve this. The trust deed can be drawn up by a solicitor, and the trust can be registered with the Charity

Commissioners and be approved for exemption by the Inland Revenue. The trust, therefore, becomes a charity in its own right, and can make grants to other registered charities. You can covenant to the trust, but there is the same drawback as mentioned previously in that the trust can recover no more than basic rate tax, irrespective of your own marginal rate of tax. If possible, therefore, it is better to give capital, which will be free from capital transfer tax, or lend it interest-free.

Freedom from capital transfer tax applies to all gifts to charities except those in excess of £100,000 made less than a year before death. It is worth giving, say, shares where there has been a useful capital gain. This will save you having to meet capital gains tax at some future time, as no capital gains tax is payable when the gift is made, or if the trust decides to switch into other investments.

The trustees of such a charitable trust can be simply a husband and wife, who can invest any capital as they see fit (within the terms of the trust deed). If securities are held by the Official Custodian for Charities, interest payments will be made direct to him and he can pass them on to the charity on a gross basis. This is a convenient arrangement and overcomes the administrative chore of recovering tax deducted at source from the Inland Revenue. For high income, gilt-edged securities can be chosen; for relatively high income, with the hope of reasonable capital appreciation, a specialist exempt unit trust can be chosen.

A charitable trust of this type is in effect a tax-free fund under your own control. It is free not only from income tax, but also capital gains tax on any capital appreciation. Furthermore the trust is a separate entity, and there can be no question of capital transfer tax being payable at your death. The trust can continue with other members of the family being responsible for its administration and choosing what charities shall benefit.

Running a small grant-making charitable trust involves keeping the simplest of records, and administrative expenses, once the scheme has been set up, should be virtually nil. A bank will probably run the account free of charges, provided it stays in credit. It is not necessary to have an auditor, and even postage for donations can often be eliminated since many charities give details of their bank accounts and transfers can be made through the bank Giro system.

All in all, while there is a certain amount of work involved in setting up a trust and securing the necessary approval, substantial tax advantages can accrue over the years, resulting in a person being able to give much larger sums to charities than would otherwise have been possible ●

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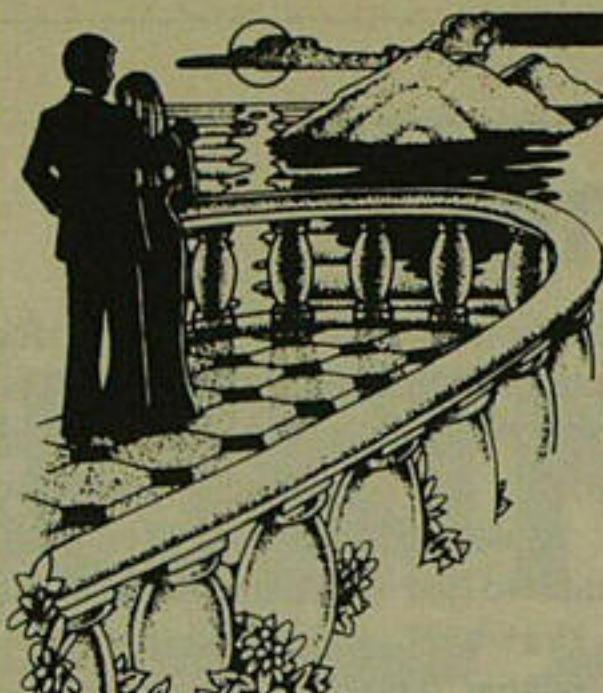
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In the Lake District

It is often assumed, not least by their less mobile colleagues, that travel writers have been to all the nearer, more obvious places. Few believe that someone who has visited the Nile or the Orinoco might never have been up the Seine or the Dart. But it happens.

For me the Lake District was an unknown quantity until last summer, when after decades of international wandering I found myself there for the first time. A fact-finding trip to the north of England was urgently required for a book and I was compelled to go there over the Bank Holiday weekend. I made my reservations through the efficient, helpful London office of the Interchange Hotels group of independently owned establishments, now renamed Best Western Hotels. To my surprise and delight the only accommodation available was at Bowness-on-Windermere, one of the best centres for touring in the Lake District.

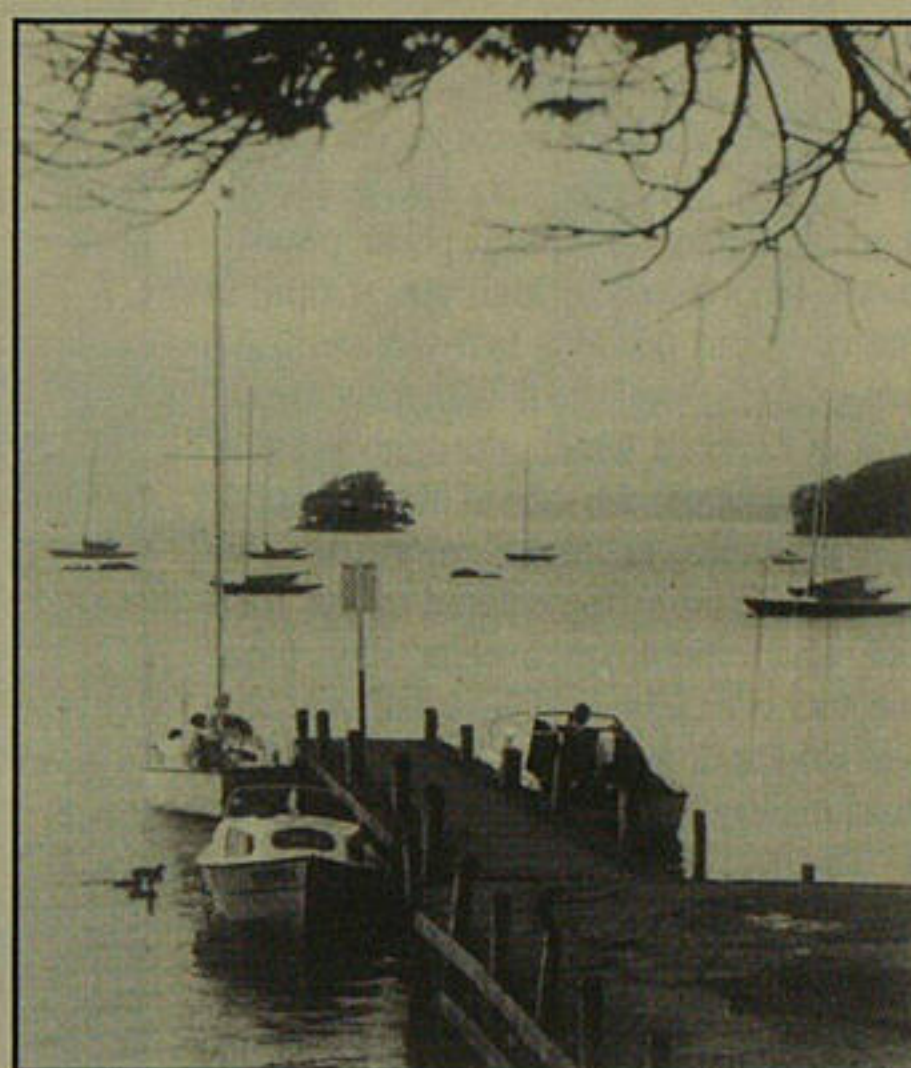
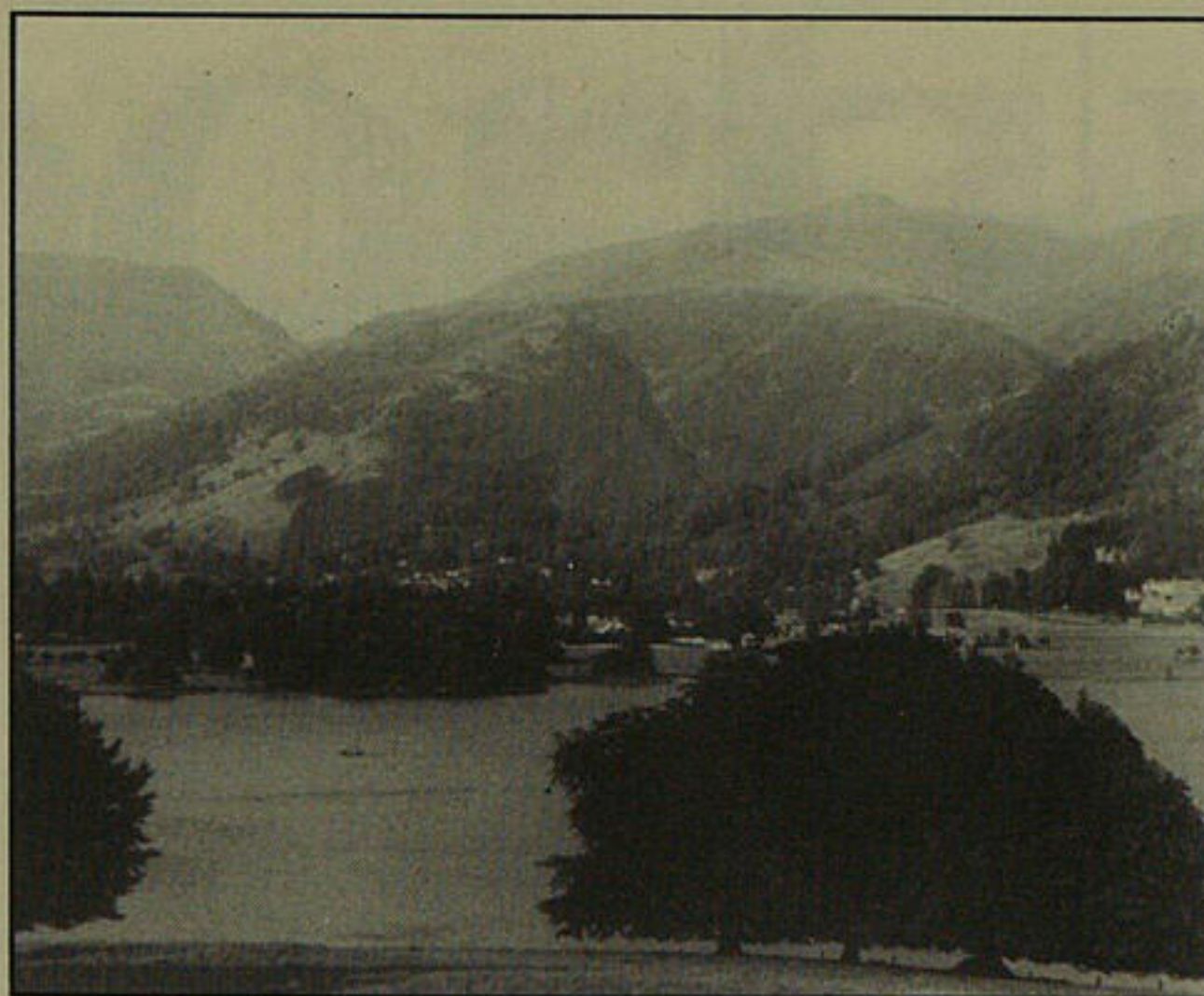
My stay included visits to Kendal, Carnforth, Lancaster and Cartmel; but though these had to be only brief, this is quite a good way of looking at an area one plans to return to later.

Let me advise you to avoid a Bank Holiday for a Lakes visit. The much improved roadway system has brought the whole area within an hour or two's driving of the great conurbations of Birmingham, Manchester and Leeds, filling the region's roads, to say nothing of its car parks, to over-flowing.

In the 18th century the Lake District was considered awe-inspiring. The Lake Poets looked at it rather differently and pronounced it romantic. Under Wordsworth's tutelage the gentry came to understand and appreciate its special beauty, building pretty villas and country mansions. The Lake District long remained an area for the select few.

Somewhat surprisingly much of this is unchanged—the almost Swiss atmosphere, docile cows by the lakesides, triangular sails reflected on still waters against a backdrop of hills and mountains, and fell-walkers striding across the scene. The crowds are in predictable spots and you can get away from them with comparative ease.

The weather in mountainous districts, particularly those exposed to the prevailing winds, is often uncertain, good one day, or indeed one hour, disappointing the next. The Lake District is no exception. The day I drove into Bowness the view was long, clear and yet soft, the outlines lacking in sharpness. Lake Windermere, nearly 10½ miles from south to north, was a deep blue, the fields and woods fresh and green. Later that day I took a stroll to Cockshot Point, a small area owned by the National Trust. This is the narrowest point of the lake where the aptly named Belle Isle, with its early 19th-century round house, all but divides the water into two. From here there is a fine view southwards and that after-



Wordsworth country: Grasmere, left, looking towards Lord Crag from Red Bank. The poet lived here for 51 years. Lake Windermere, right, has public jetties and launching slips; dinghies can also be hired.

noon the sun shone brilliantly. It made me realize just how much beauty there is in this area.

The following morning the splendid view from my bedroom window had vanished, shrouded in thick mist. As I had an appointment in Carlisle that day I headed north through the fine, almost gossamer-like mist, certain that I would soon be in dense cloud as the road climbed steadily. But instead the mist cleared and by the top of the Kirkstone Pass, that somewhat exacting road with its stretches of 1 in 4 inclines, I was in bright sunlight, with vistas across the rolling hills and occasional jagged peaks. I met only two cars and some energetically hiking scouts.

The Lake District is an excellent area for walking, whether it be a gentle stroll or a full day on the fells. The Lake District National Park authorities run guided walks in the summer season, easy-going two-hour strolls during which you can learn a lot about the area. For the more energetic there are commercially operated full-day and half-day tours by minibus to the relatively unexplored areas where you then go on extensive walks. The National Park also publishes a series of leaflets on walks in the area costing 2p each.

A literary pilgrimage will take you to Dove Cottage in Grasmere where Wordsworth lived from 1799 to 1808, and to Rydal Mount, the 16th-century house which was his home for 37 years until he died in 1850. Memories of childhood reading will be revived at Hill Top Farm at Near Sawrey, close to tiny Esthwaite Water, the home of Beatrix Potter. She wrote many of her charming tales there and left the farm to the National Trust when she died in 1944. Although it is not disclosed in their respective diaries Wordsworth and Fletcher Christian, leader of the mutiny featured in C. S. Wilkinson's *The Wake of the Bounty*, were school-fellows at Hawkshead. And just north

of that village is the Court House folk museum depicting traditional life, work and leisure in the Lake District.

There are stately homes in abundance, such as Sizergh Castle dating from the 13th century with fine Elizabethan additions, and nearby Levens Hall, the largest Elizabethan house in Cumbria with its magnificent topiary garden. At Pooley Bridge there is Dalem, a mixture of medieval, Tudor and early Georgian containing the local yeomanry museum and many family portraits; while Muncaster Castle at Ravenglass has a pele tower and fine terraced gardens. On a more modest scale is Brantwood, John Ruskin's house looking out across the northern end of Coniston Water.

For archaeologists there are the remains of the Roman forts along the edge of the Solway Firth and at Hardknott. Cumbrian rocks attract amateur geologists, and the annual Patterdale sheep dog trials (August 25 this year) are considered one of the best in the country. Rose growers will not want to miss the Lakeland Rose Show to be held at Holker Hall near Cartmel on July 7 and 8.

Steam railway enthusiasts and those who enjoy a touch of nostalgia in their transport arrangements will find much of interest in the Lake District. At Carnforth the working sheds house giants of the past, one or two of which will again be hauling the Cumbrian Coast Express, operated by British Rail during the summer, around the coast to Sellafield stopping *en route* at Ravenglass, the western terminus of the charming 15 inch gauge line that runs up to Eskdale. The Lakeside & Haverthwaite Railway, one of the many privately owned steam-operated lines in the UK, runs from the southern end of Lake Windermere for nearly 4 miles along the beautiful Leven Valley, connecting at its lake terminus with the Sealink sailings on Windermere. At

Windermere town the steamboat museum with its collections of Victorian and Edwardian craft is well worth a visit.

I must also mention the exquisite village of Cartmel on the southern fringes of the area, close to the seaside resort of Grange-over-Sands on the edge of the great sweep of Morecambe Bay. Cartmel has one of the finest priory churches in England, and an intriguing antiquarian bookshop.

The English Tourist Board has published a small but useful booklet, *Touring Cumbria and Northumbria*, about half of which is devoted to the Lake District area. Information on accommodation, places to visit, events and transport is backed up with clear maps in colour and numerous illustrations. It costs 50p and is on sale in bookshops or from English Tourist Board, Hendon Road, Sunderland SR9 9XZ, Tyne & Wear (add 15p postage).

A good way to have a quick look at the Lake District from London is to take one of British Rail's Britain-shrinkers two-day tours. These leave Euston every Monday (except Bank Holidays) from May 14 to September 30, at 9 am and go by train to Oxenholme, then touring by special coach, with visits to Coniston, Kirkstone Pass and Ullswater. The night is spent in the three-star Cumbrian Hotel in Carlisle and the following day the tour continues with visits to Grasmere, Levens Hall and a sail on Lake Windermere, returning to London around 8 pm that evening. The cost, covering all travel, dinner, bed and breakfast, two lunches and entry fees as well as the services of a guide-courier is £56.80, single rooms £3.60 extra. Details from any BR station or ticket agency ●

Cumbria Tourist Board, Ellerthwaite, Windermere LA23 2AQ. Best Western Hotels, 26 Kew Road, Richmond, Surrey.

The Manx millennium

To those who know the Isle of Man only from hearsay it usually conjures up images of motor cycle races, attractively low income tax, tail-less cats, legal wrangles about corporal punishment, resorts where high tea at 6pm is the rule, and perhaps tasty kippers. All are perfectly justified, with the exception of high tea which although popular is by no means the rule in many hotels.

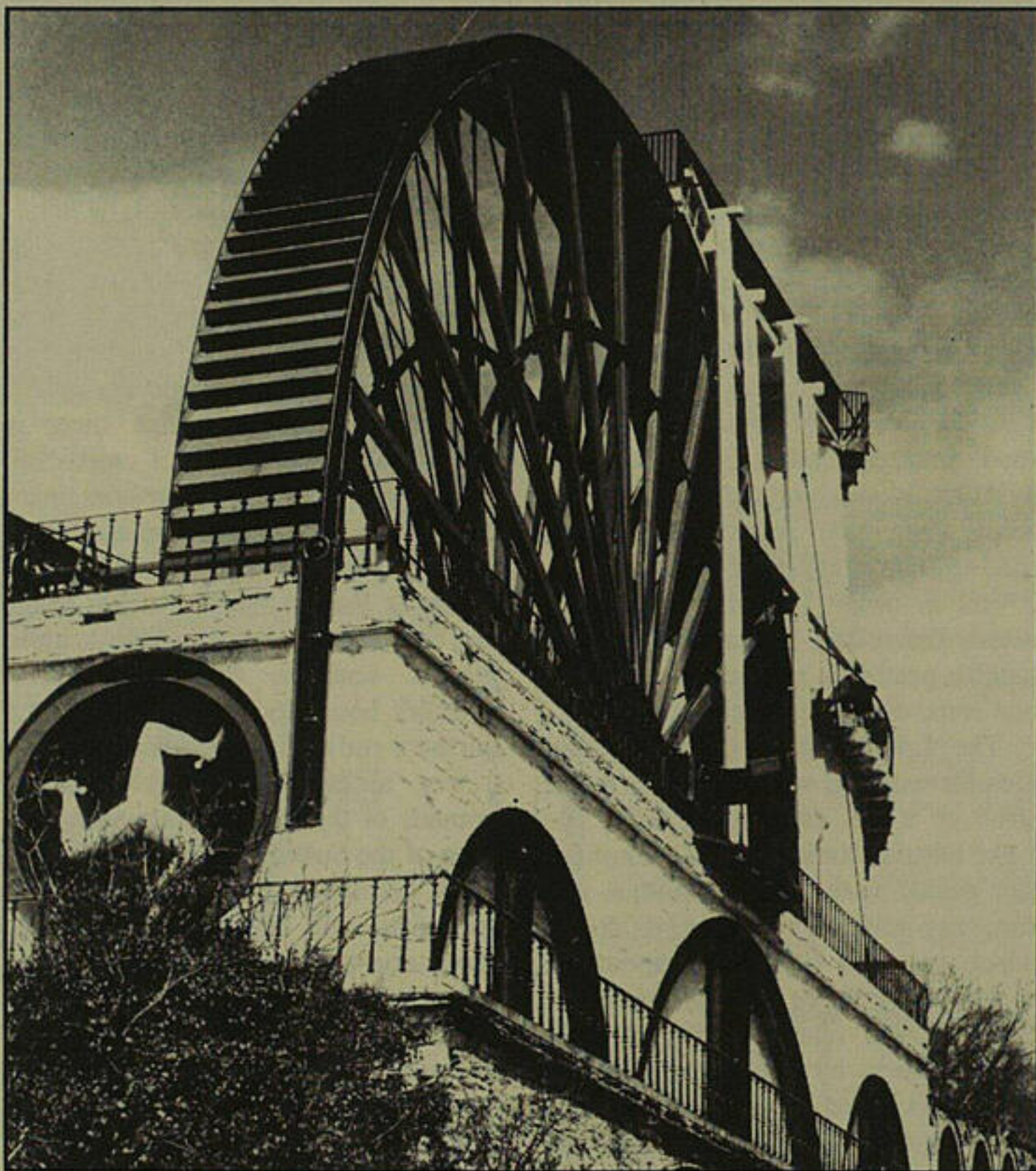
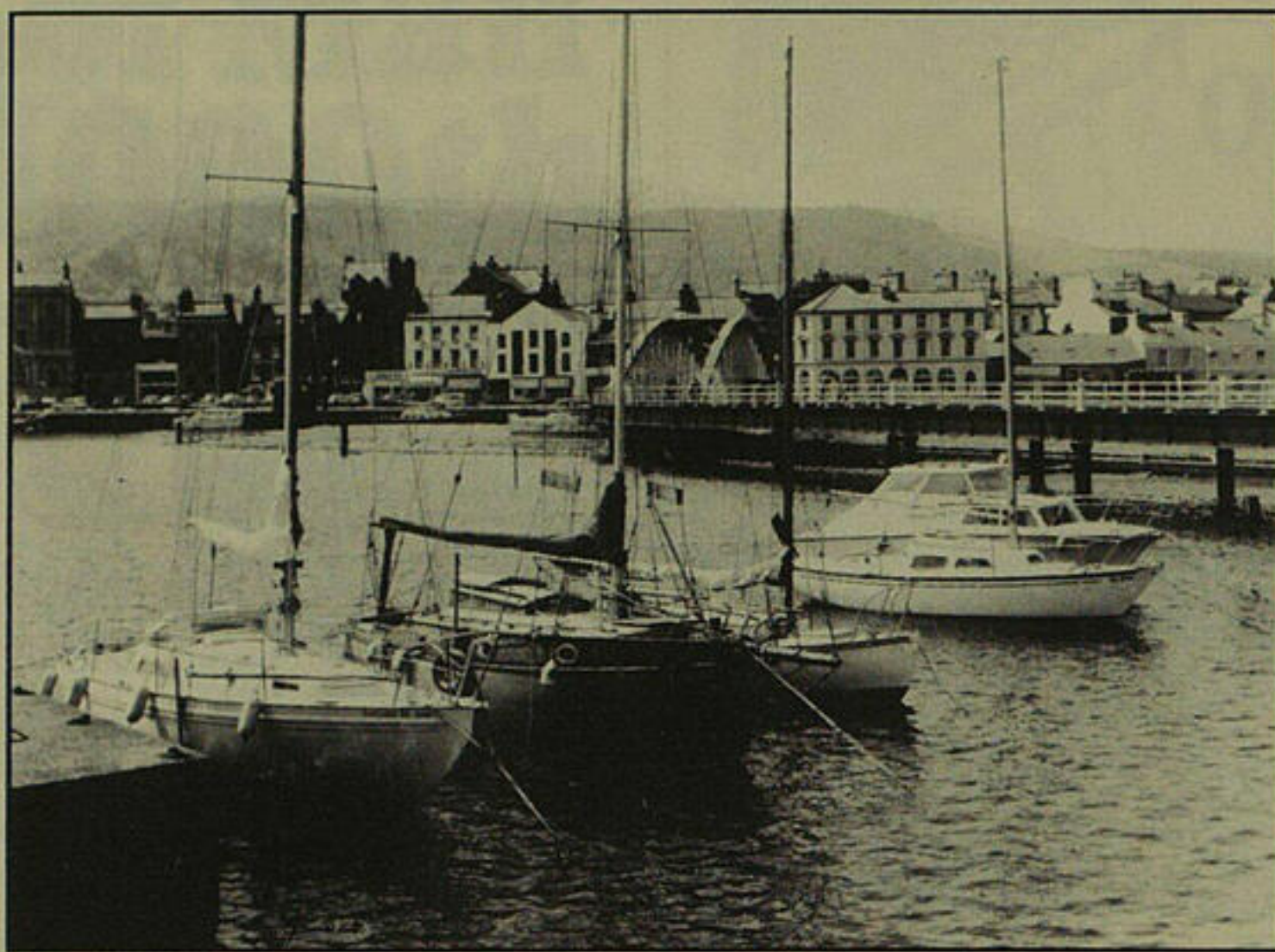
But there is much more to this unique island in the middle of the Irish Sea and where, on a clear day, from the top of 2,034 foot Snaefell you can see England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland merely by turning round.

The Isle of Man's 227 square miles support a permanent population of just over 63,000, no more than that of a medium-sized town on the mainland. But it is politically independent of the UK and has its own government and laws, though it acknowledges the Queen as head of state—her Manx title is "Lord of Man"—and Westminster is responsible for its defence and foreign affairs. It issues its own bank-notes and coins, attractive variations on the British patterns, but is firmly linked to sterling, and it runs its own postal services making useful sums out of its stamp business. An associated state of the European Community, it has a part-in, part-out status that appears to work quite satisfactorily. Unlike the Channel Islands it is not a duty-free area, and in addition VAT is firmly applied.

Its ancient language has many similarities to Scots Gaelic and is now mainly used on official occasions, but various bodies on the island, whose Manx name is Ellan Vannin, keep it alive. The local accent could best be described as a pot-pourri of Liverpoolian, Cumbrian and southern Scots, with dashes of Irish and Welsh.

Although the island's deepest roots are Celtic—its church was established during the sixth century and still maintains much of its independence—and it has been linked in one way or another with England since the reign of Edward I, the Viking imprint is a strong one. This year the Norse influence is much to the fore, as 1979 is Millennium Year, marking the 1,000th anniversary of Tynwald, the island's parliament founded by the Norse settlers. It is the world's oldest continuously operative assembly, though the Icelandic parliament has earlier origins.

The celebrations to mark Millennium Year are many and varied. The most important, at least historically, is on July 5, the old midsummer's day. The Queen will officiate at the traditional Tynwald Day ceremonies at St John's, an open-air gathering in accordance with the original assembly. Titles of all the laws passed by the House of Keys (the lower chamber) in the past year are read out in Manx and English in the presence of all the members, officials, the judiciary, the Bishop of Sodor



Top, the harbour at Ramsey in the north of the Isle of Man; above, the 19th-century Laxey Wheel, built to pump water from the lead mines.

and Man and as many citizens and visitors as care to gather. This summer the Lord of Man will preside, supported by her Lieutenant-Governor Sir John Paul whose tenure has been extended to cover the Millennium Year.

The Queen will not be the only distinguished visitor to set foot on the island before the end of December, for the King of Norway, the President of Iceland, the Lord Mayor of London, the American Ambassador and Princess Anne will be among other visitors. But perhaps the most spectacular arrival will be on July 3, when an almost full-size replica of a Viking ship will sail

into Douglas Bay after a voyage from Norway where she is, as I write, being carefully hand-built. Brainchild of Robin Bigland, chairman of an Isle of Man insurance company and whose ancestry is Norse, it will be crewed by a joint Manx-Norwegian team who started their arduous training in January. The ship will be handed over to the Manx government and displayed.

But the Millennium is not just a VIP affair. There are various special weeks: one with a Celtic theme, another when Scotland will be prominent and the Duke of Atholl's private army will give a military tattoo, a vintage transport

week when the island's Victorian steam and electric railways, together with the horse-drawn trams at Douglas, will be highlighted, and Tynwald Week itself is from July 1 to 7. There are also flower and agriculture shows, pageants depicting many episodes in the island's long history, musical events of every kind, golf, tennis, bowls and swimming tournaments, angling competitions, sailing regattas, sheep dog trials—and the world-famous TT and Manx Grand Prix motor cycling races. Every town, parish and community will be making its own contribution in some way.

Most of these are additional attractions to the more permanent features of the island. Scenically it is more beautiful than it is often given credit for even by those who know it, with a rural interior of hills and fells, wooded glens, hedgerow-lined fields and farms and stretches of moorland reminiscent of Yorkshire. Its coastline is one of the prettiest in the British Isles with dramatic cliffs and long stretches of really good sands, though bathing other than on the warmest days is, to say the least, "exhilarating".

Historically the island has much of interest. Castle Rushen at Castletown (the former capital of the island, superseded by Douglas in 1869) is one of the finest medieval castles in Europe. It has been very well preserved and is still in use as the seat of the Isle of Man High Court and also as a museum. At Peel there are the impressive remains of a 14th-century castle whose walls enclose the ruins of St German's cathedral, an important ecclesiastical centre in the Middle Ages. The Folk Museum, in a lovely setting at Cregneash, near Port St Mary, is a collection of old Manx houses with a weaver's shed and a smithy; and the Nautical Museum at Castletown has many fascinating relics of sailing days. At Laxey the Great Water Wheel, called Lady Isabella after the wife of a 19th-century Lieutenant Governor, is a masterpiece of Victorian engineering built in 1854 to pump water from the lead mines.

The island's railway system is another splendid legacy from the Victorian era. The steam-operated line runs from Douglas south via Castletown to Port Erin where there is a railway museum. The Manx Electric Railway, one of the first of its kind in the world, is kept in tip-top condition and runs from Douglas to Laxey and on to Ramsey, a favourite family holiday resort. And at Laxey the Snaefell Mountain Railway starts its climb to the top of the mountain.

Douglas, the island's capital and by far its largest town, has a long, unabashedly Victorian promenade, well kept for the most part but neglected in places. Here are many of the island's traditional hotels and guest houses, giving it in the peak summer weeks all the atmosphere of a lively

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Top, the promenade at Douglas, capital of the Isle of Man. Castle Rushen at Castletown, above, is one of the finest medieval castles in Britain.

north country resort. Recently some of the narrower streets in the centre of the town have been made into pedestrian walkways. In the summer the gardens are an outstanding feature.

Of the other resorts Ramsey has a fine long beach, Peel has its historic castle and Port Erin a sheltered setting and both have good sands. There are over 500 miles of roads, three sets of traffic lights and no parking meters. Car hire is available everywhere—petrol is at UK prices. Golfers have six courses from which to choose, there are two pony trekking centres and, for walkers, there are miles of well marked footpaths along the coast and inland.

Getting to the IoM is no problem. There are all-the-year-round flights from London (Heathrow), Manchester, Liverpool and Blackpool, and services from no fewer than 20 airports in the UK and Ireland in the summer. The Isle of Man Steam Packet Company (a splendid name) has car ferries from Liverpool throughout the year and in summer also from Fleetwood, Ardrossan, Belfast and Dublin, while the Manx Line's new year-round service from Heysham should be starting again by the time this issue is published.

It must be admitted that the island is not too well provided with first-class hotels. In Douglas the large and recently extended Palace Hotel has all modern amenities—and the only public casino in the British Isles—but rather an anonymous atmosphere. The

long-established Villiers, also on Douglas Promenade, is more traditional in style; and the Castletown Golf Links Hotel would be an ideal location for golfers. I have had excellent reports of the small (12 bedrooms, seven with private bathrooms) Ravensdale Castle Hotel at Ballaugh and of the six-bedroom Tholt-E-Will Country Inn at Sulby Glen whose cuisine is one of the best on the island.

In addition to many more modest establishments there are a variety of self-catering cottages and apartments. Some of the best of these are at Groudle Glen, a complex of around 35 specially built cottages in an attractive setting. Mylchreests, a garage and self-drive car firm, has cottages and smaller houses in various parts of the island for rental from a week upwards.

Among some people, particularly in the south of England, there is some resistance to the Isle of Man as a holiday location. It is entirely misplaced. Although in the peak holiday weeks and while the motor-cycle races are on it is far from being an away-from-it-all place, outside those periods it has considerable charm and appeal, and a relaxing atmosphere. For family holidays with younger children I rate it one of the best areas in the British Isles ●

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The origin of the term *cordon bleu* is much disputed but there is no doubt at all that the Knights of the Holy Ghost, the pre-Revolutionary French equivalent of our Order of the Garter, were known as *cordons bleus*. Their dedication to true religion did not stop them enjoying the good things of life—indeed, why should it?—and so a *repas de cordon bleu* became a byword for a good meal.

When Rosemary Hume started her cookery school and restaurant in the early 1930s, she was modest enough to call it Au Petit Cordon Bleu, but when it was revived after the war in association with Constance Spry it dropped the "Petit" and now a *cordon bleu* qualification in Britain really does signify a diploma or certificate from an institution dedicated to perfection and of a size to ensure it. It has very nearly got to the stage that if you want your child to go there when it grows up, you have to put his or her name down at birth—and start saving up too. The address is 114 Marylebone Lane, London W1.

But there are shorter courses, to one of which my elder daughter Atalanta has just gone, emerging in the evenings full of enthusiasm and often laden with goodies of her own making.

Apart from a constant flow of pupils into the outside world to the benefit of all, there has also been a flow of books. There is one at least which is not quite up to standard. *The Penguin Dictionary of Cooking* by Rosemary Hume and Muriel Downes is the only unsatisfactory book in the Penguin cookery library. I, for one, never seem to be able to find anything I want to know in it. But *Penguin Cordon Bleu Cookery*, by the same authors, is deservedly a classic. I do not use it as often as I do the *Penguin Cookery Book* by Bee Nilson, or *The Constance Spry Cookery Book*, published by Pan, as it falls not altogether conveniently between the ultra-simplicity of the one and the lavishness of the other; but its careful attention to techniques makes every recipe reliable and the book is obviously a more than satisfactory basis for the short courses, judging from my daughter's experience. If you are lucky you may be able to find a second-hand copy of André Simon and Robin Howe's *Dictionary of Gastronomy*, published by Nelson in 1970—this is another classic.

Here is one recipe which is a firm favourite in our household:

Veal Forestière

2-2½ lb veal cut from leg or shoulder.
1 oz butter, preferably clarified
1 small onion
4-6 oz small chipolata or cocktail sausages
4-6 oz slice of unsmoked bacon
1 glass white wine
1 large bouquet of herbs
4-6 oz button mushrooms

1 wineglass good stock
kneaded butter made with 1 dessert-spoon each butter and flour

Tie up the veal to make a neat joint (or the butcher may do this for you) and brown all over in the butter. Take out. Chop the onion finely, remove the rind from the bacon, cut into lardons and blanch. Add the onion, bacon and sausages to the pan and allow to brown. Take out the sausages and replace the veal together with the wine and the herbs. Cover the pan tightly and simmer about 1 hour. Add the mushrooms and sausages and continue to cook for a further 7 minutes. Take up the veal, slice and arrange it in the serving-dish. Keep warm, add the stock to the pan (first removing the herbs) and thicken with the kneaded butter. Boil up well and spoon over the dish. Garnish with glazed onions if wished.

Serve with sauté potatoes.

Sauté Potatoes

1½ lb potatoes
2 tablespoons oil
1 oz butter
1 dessertspoon chopped parsley
Scrub the potatoes and boil in their skins. Drain when tender, peel and slice. Heat a frying pan, put in the oil and, when hot, the butter. Slide in all the potatoes at once. Add seasoning and sauté, turning the contents of the pan occasionally until golden brown and crisp. Draw aside, adjust the seasoning and add the parsley.

To give yourself a proper *cordon bleu* meal start with fried scallops which can well be accompanied by crisp grilled streaky bacon, and finish with Camembert frappé.

Fried scallops

6-8 scallops
1 tablespoon seasoned flour
1 oz butter
Hollandaise Sauce

Wash and dry the scallops thoroughly and roll in seasoned flour. Melt the butter in a small sauté pan, put in the scallops and fry gently until golden brown on both sides—about 8 minutes in all. Serve on a hot dish with the Hollandaise Sauce handed separately.

Camembert Frappé

1 Camembert
1 Demi-sel cheese
a little hot milk
2-3 tablespoons whipped cream
Cut away the rind from the Camembert and pound or work until smooth. Cream the Demi-sel with the hot milk to make it the same consistency as the Camembert. Blend the two cheeses together and add the cream. Fill small dariole moulds with the mixture, cover the top with waxed or greaseproof paper and place in the ice-making compartment of the refrigerator for at least 12 hours. The mixture should be light and creamy before putting into the moulds. Sieve the Camembert before working if a mortar is not used. Serve with hot water-biscuits. ●



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Improving the grape

The wine-maker is always seeking ways to improve his wine and many of his experiments are based upon the grape vine's willingness to accept crosses. Throughout its history—which is long, the vine's liana-like ancestors having been among the earliest vegetation on earth—it has always had a tendency to produce its own sports, many of which are among the stalwarts of modern oenology. Indeed, the very existence of fine wine today is based upon another amiable quality of the vine, American root-stock having accepted grafts of the phylloxera-stricken European grapes.

Today, as world demand continues to increase and market possibilities open in new areas, there is a great deal of experimentation in crossing varieties. Among the aims of research are to increase production, vary maturing time (which can also help to safeguard flowering and fruiting in areas of frost) and, quite often, to develop grapes for everyday wines which can also be used for blending, as well as the eternal object of improving existing wines.

One of the best known and established crosses is the South African Pinotage, a cross-pollination, as the name suggests, between the Pinot Noir and the Hermitage, which was actually the Cinsault of the Rhône going under

that name. This cross has particular interest, as it illustrates several points. A vine may travel well and grow happily in alien soil, but it seldom bears grapes with a really close resemblance to the original. Even the tenacious Riesling, preserving its identity the world over, varies its style and quality considerably. The Pinot is stubborn. Even in France it is a difficult grape tending to be a low cropper and liable to many ills; but, since it is that supreme grape which makes the great wines of Burgundy, many people in many countries have wished to encourage it. It remains obstinate. At the Cape the Pinot grew but remained sulky and showed no sign whatever of turning into a rival to Burgundy. Meanwhile the Hermitage romped away, as is its habit but, also as is usual with heavy croppers, failed to make the great wine for which the South Africans were hoping.

Some time in the 1920s Dr Perhold, one of their experts, had the idea of cross-pollinating the two. It was a triumphant success, the resulting cross combining the good qualities of both parents. Pinotage wine, unique to the Cape, has gone on improving steadily and can now rank with many of the good European reds. It is quite distinctive—another common feature of crosses—and I can recommend two

examples for the curious to taste, both about £2.40 a bottle: Bertram's from Peter Dominic and the KWV from Harrods.

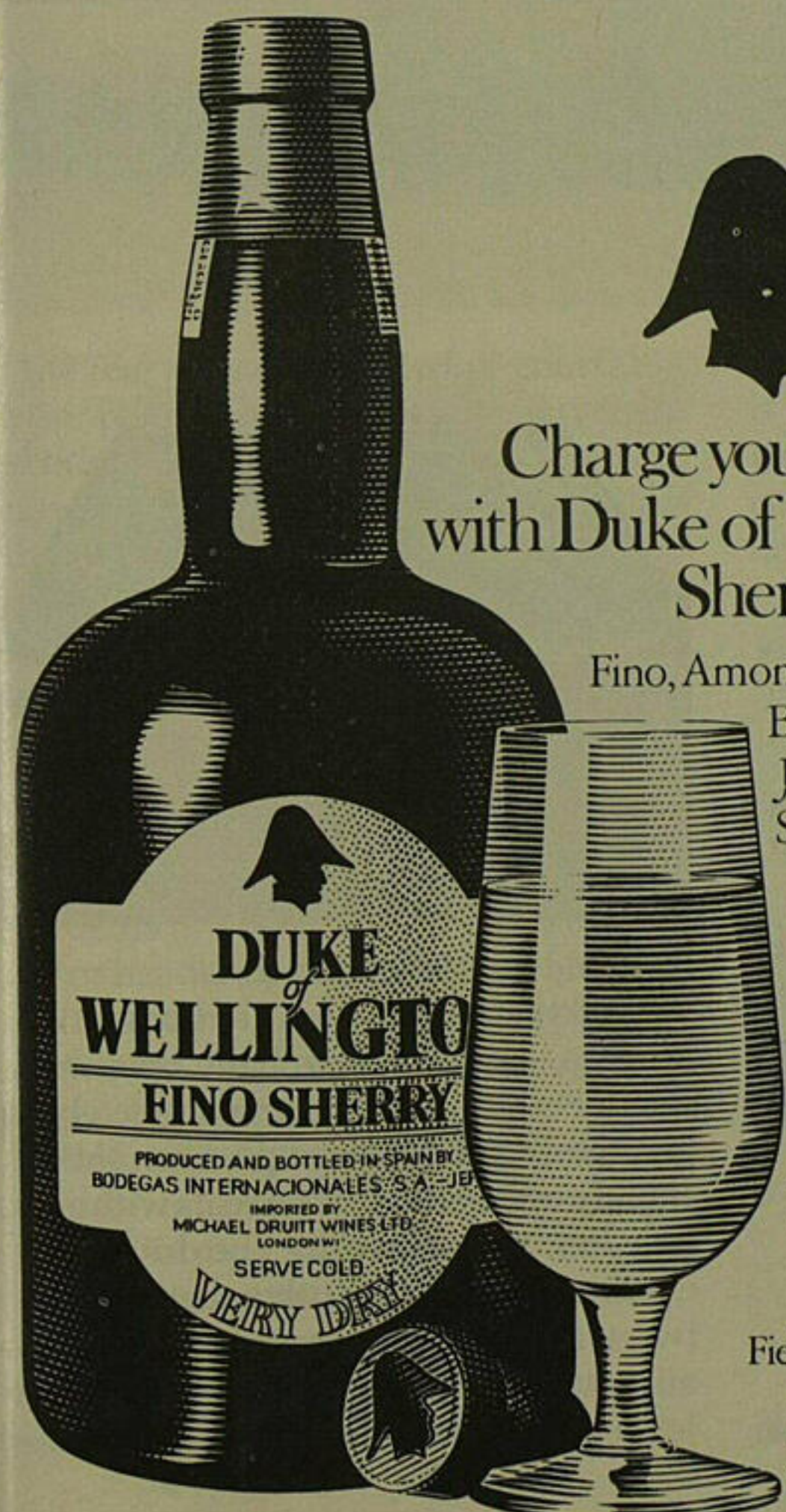
Zinfandel, grown in California, is a puzzle—probably it is a natural sport. It was imported by the Hungarian "father" of Californian wine, Agoston Haraszthy, about 1862 and no one knows its origins, though it is believed to be European. Another strongly individualist grape, it has its problems for the grower, but it is a vigorous vine with immense powers of recuperation and it likes California, producing, at its best, a lovely red wine, strong and soft. There is a Fetzner 1975 in this country—about £3 from Dolamore of 16 Paddington Green, London W2.

I wish there was more information available about vines and varieties in the Soviet Union, where wild grapes existed long before the coming of man and Stone Age man is thought to have used some of the 60 different grape varieties that still grow around the Black Sea. Obviously a lot of cross-fertilization must have gone on here and it would be interesting to examine some of the results.

Germany has every reason to look for new varieties. Vineyards so far north have their own special difficulties and a glance down the pages of information

on their vines bears testimony to this. "Can be planted in unfavourable sites"; "Can replace the Riesling on less favoured site"; "The vine has good resistance to frost"—all comments which tell their own story. There is now so much crossing in German wines (reflected also in the English vineyards, whose situation is closer to that of Germany than to any part of France and who consequently lean on German experience) that the ordinary wine-writer is lost among a bewildering mass of experimental and unfamiliar hybrids. Two, however, are rapidly becoming well known. These are the Scheurebe, a full-bodied, fruity development out of Silvaner and Riesling vines, which has a lovely, pithy bouquet, good acidity, rather like Riesling, and a "juicy" finish. It is already becoming most successful. So is the Kerner. This can ripen by the end of September, is frost resistant and, in addition to producing a hearty, fresh wine, has a charming bouquet, often lightly Muscat. You can taste it at the German Food Centre, Knightsbridge.

Merely touching the fringe of this subject will I hope stimulate interest in work that may become increasingly important, should the forecasts of colder years come true. *Vitis vinifera* is a tough customer, but man may well have to aid her in the future ●



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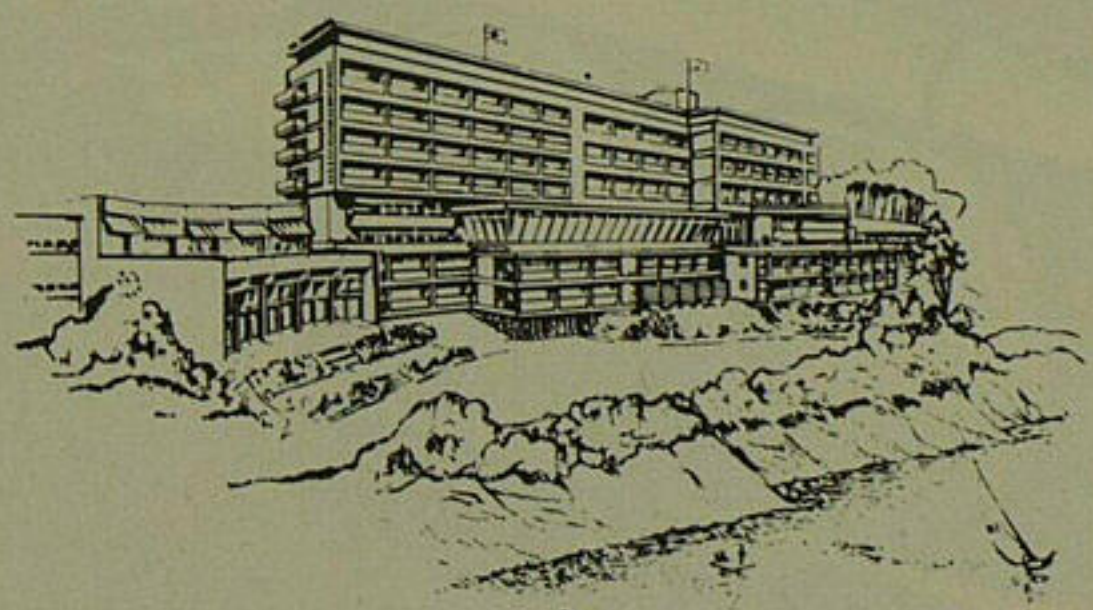
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for the rear window (heated, of course), interior release for the boot with anti-theft override, locking illuminated glovebox, vanity mirror with safety cover, tinted glass with laminated windscreen, and much, much more.

On some other performance coupés, many of these items of equipment will cost you extra.

For example, some manufacturers will ask you to pay an extra £370 for electric windows, £300 for power steering, £290 for alloy wheels, £150 for tinted glass, £160 for headlamp cleaner, and so on. And that still doesn't give you a radio, stereo cassette, rear window wash/wipe, and quite a lot more.

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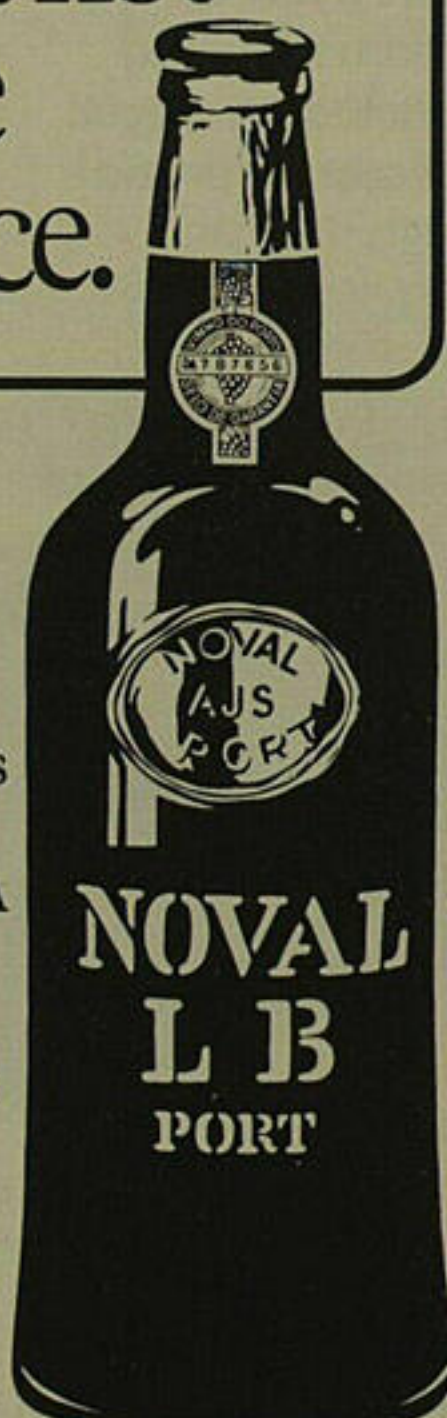
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GARDENING NANCY - MARY GOODALL

A chorus line

A good gardener is rather like a stage director or conductor, dealing with plants in terms of their exits and entrances. They may appear several times in different costumes of flower, fruit and foliage, or the lack of it; and in their contrasts and harmonies, not only of colour but of shape, size and texture. Some, such as roses and lilies, are stars, some have supporting roles, such as aquilegias and pinks, while others are just members of the chorus, the background to more important flowers, getting their effects as masses of colour rather than as individual blooms.

Among the most widely grown of these background plants are those of the genus *Cruciferae*, which includes many vegetables, for example cabbages and turnips. The name derives from the simple, cross-shaped flowers, each having four spreading petals. You can easily see the family resemblance between the flowers of a bolted broccoli and those of some essential garden flowers: wallflowers, stocks, arabis, honesty, aubrieta and candytuft of which the annual form, only 6 inches high, is surely the easiest to grow and the prettiest.

They are all easily raised from seed. Many are biennials and of these the most frequently grown is the wallflower, *Cheiranthus cheiri*—cheiranthus means a flower you hold in your hand. If you enjoy the work of gardening you need not buy tired, expensive plants in mixed bunches in autumn but can plan colour schemes ahead from seed that you should buy now. Wallflowers come in wonderful, velvety colours and are sold in packets of mixed or separate shades, not only the usual red, brown, orange and bright yellow but primrose, creamy white, pink and a curious apricot colour listed as "Eastern Queen". Thompson & Morgan of Ipswich are offering a new violet strain.

Sow the seed in May or early June in shallow drills, keep the seedlings weeded and watered and—this is the secret—line them out 6 inches apart in a reserve bed when large enough to handle so that they grow into strong, bushy plants. You can guard against club root which afflicts all the cruciferae by dipping the roots in calomel solution when transplanting and liming the soil. I use a little garden lime which contains added magnesium. The plants are moved to their spring flowering positions, beds, tubs or window-boxes, in early autumn.

Perennial wallflowers are well worth growing and are botanically either *erysimums* or hybrids between *erysimum* and *cheiranthus*. The bright orange Siberian wallflower, *Cheiranthus x allionii* (*Erysimum perofskianum*) is a facer. Maybe its awful colour could be toned down by nearby white, grey and mauve or lost among

brilliant pinks, reds and purples in an inspired clash.

Erysimum "Bowles Mauve", named after E. A. Bowles, is much used at Wisley as a border plant and in bedding and is also sold in the garden shop there. Fully grown it stands 2 feet high and produces a continuous succession of mauve flower spikes, probably because it does not set seed. It is not long-lived and must be propagated by cuttings, but these are easily taken. Another famous wallflower is the old double yellow "Harpur Crewe" which is said to date back to Tudor times. *E.alpinum* "Moonlight" has soft yellow flowers and "Constant Cheer" has flowers that are orange when they open and fade to pinky mauve with a *mutabilis* effect.

Sweet-scented stocks, *Matthiola incana*, with their lovely colour range of pink, white, lilac and rose, once shared with wallflowers the old name stock gillyflower (clove gillyflowers were clove carnations). These aristocrats among the crucifers need a certain amount of work but are worth it. Ten-Week, Trysomic and bedding stocks are either grown as half-hardy annuals, that is to say sown from February/March in heat, then hardened off and planted out in May to flower in June; or sown in their flowering positions once danger of frost is past and thinned well to make good flowering plants in July and August. East Lothian stocks can be raised early in heat and planted out to flower in July and August, or they can be sown in June or July for winter blooming in a cold greenhouse. Brompton stocks are sown in July or August in a cold frame or greenhouse and can be planted in their flowering positions in autumn in the south but for best results are overwintered in individual pots in a cold frame and planted out in spring.

Matthiola bicornis is the night-scented stock, an untidy hardy annual with tiny flowers that shut in the day but open in evening to throw out a penetrating and delicious scent. You can mix the seed with that of Virginia stock, *Malcolmia maritima*, which has single flowers that make a soft-coloured patch at the front of a border.

Two slightly similar cruciferous biennials which seed themselves once they are established are honesty, *Lunaria annua*, and sweet rocket, *Hesperis matronalis*, with lovely crepuscular Latin names, lunaria referring to the moon-like seed pod of honesty and hesperis to the evening when the scent of rockets is released upon the air. Honesty begins to flower in April and May and is a good companion to bluebells in the wilder parts of the garden, while rockets look well in a border, flowering April through June. Both have purple, mauve or white flowers and there is a variegated form of honesty which comes true from seed ●

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Farms for sale

Farms and farmhouses have always attracted city dwellers, and many businessmen run, or get others to run for them, farms on the side. Taxation apart, there are good reasons for buying farm property: it provides the opportunity to enjoy rural life, and the houses are often among the most attractive in the country.

There are about 47 million acres of farmland in the United Kingdom, half of which is let. The other half is farmed by the owners, and about 1½ per cent of it comes on to the market every year—about 325,000 acres. When a freehold farm is sold it usually includes the farmhouse and other farm buildings, and sometimes it is auctioned in lots. This means that the land can be sold separately from the buildings, occasionally to the advantage of the vendor. The British farmer, despite rumours, is still the keenest bidder for land that will extend his holding, and some high prices per acre are being paid.

High prices are the result of competition for land. Pension funds and insurance companies are willing to pay high prices for the freeholds of good quality farms. Overseas buyers are also interested. Some Europeans are interested because their land prices are higher than those in Britain and in some countries there is a limitation on the size of farm holdings. The Irish are also keen to buy here because their own land prices have risen sharply and it pays them to sell off and buy in the UK. But British farmers still buy most of what is available and are often prepared to pay approximately double the figure that would appeal to an investor.

So it is possible to buy farmhouses without much land. And there are always "country houses" on the market which were once farmhouses and which still have enough land to justify their description as farms. An example of this separation of farmhouses from land is Messrs John D. Wood's recent successful sale of the major part of Stanford Rivers Hall Farm near Ongar in Essex, some 22 miles from London. The farm extended in all to about 575 acres, inclusive of the Hall and nine cottages and houses. The main farm of 535 acres with three cottages has been sold with vacant possession to clients of the James Abbott Partnership. No price has been disclosed, but offers in excess of £1 million had been invited. The remaining property consisting of Stanford Rivers Hall, cottages and land will be offered for sale separately by John D. Wood later.

Another sizeable estate, described by Savills, the selling agents, as a first-class residential, agricultural and amenity estate in Surrey, has recently been sold. The Woodhill Estate at Frensham near Farnham contains about 216 acres and includes an attractive converted farmhouse with adjoining stables and barn. The farm is a com-

pact arable and stock farm with about 152 acres of farmland and 64 acres of dedicated woodland, and includes a farm manager's bungalow and a range of modern buildings. The price was in excess of £300,000.

These figures indicate the importance of land in farm prices. Knight Frank & Rutley recently sold Cross Farm, Waldron, near Heathfield, Sussex, with about 37 acres. The asking price was £135,000. On the other hand, Bernard Thorpe & Partners recently sold Field Farmhouse at Bibury, near Cirencester, Gloucestershire, for £46,000. Here the grounds consist of a garden and small orchard and extend to only about half an acre.

Knight Frank & Rutley, in conjunction with Messenger May Baverstock of Guildford, are offering for sale another essentially rural property: The Coach House, Park Hatch, Hascombe in Surrey. The property, with about 53 acres, is available as a whole or in six lots. The Coach House, with 19 acres, is priced in the region of £130,000 to £150,000. Within the total sale is a deer park of about 33 acres which includes the Park Hatch herd of white fallow deer, consisting of 36 does and yearlings and nine bucks. The price of the whole estate is something in excess of £200,000.

Roadway Farm at Standish, Gloucestershire, has been sold by Knight Frank & Rutley for about £70,000. The house stands in about 4½ acres of which 3½ acres are paddock; it dates from the 16th century, has recently been modernized and decorated and looks out over the Severn Estuary to the Welsh mountains beyond.

For the first time in its long history the Grantully Estate, Aberfeldy, Perthshire, is being offered for sale either as a whole or in six lots by the Edinburgh office of Knight Frank & Rutley, who were asking for offers in excess of £2 million. The estate, which extends to about 8,545 acres, combines some of the most exceptional sport in the country with farming and forestry. Grantully Castle, dating from about 1400, has been modernized and improved in the last six years and is now "a comfortable and easily run house" with seven reception rooms, 15 bedrooms and seven bathrooms. The sport is excellent: the best recent year for grouse was in 1967 when 1,332 brace were shot; pheasants and partridges breed naturally and up to 4,000 pheasants can be reared annually; there are over 5 miles of single-bank fishing on the River Tay (352 salmon were caught in 1973); and about 12 stags and the same number of hinds can be shot in a season. The agricultural land, with about 1,200 acres of mixed arable and grazing land, is available with vacant possession and there is hill farming of about 5,500 acres. The six let farms produce an annual income of about £6,800 ●



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With acknowledgements to the creative genius of H.M.Bateman



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Declarers unnerved

By general admission the declarer has a built-in advantage over the defenders, since he exercises a unified command over two hands while they can do little more than improvise co-ordinations of two individual efforts. Acclaim is therefore due to a defence that has contrived to hoodwink or hoax a declarer out of a contract he is bound to make if events take their normal course.

On the first of these hands East flurried South into the belief that he was being tricked, and the sense of insecurity caused him to guess wrongly what form of trickery it was.

		Dealer North	
		Love All	
		♠ 6 5	
		♥ A Q 6	
		♦ 10 9	
		♣ A Q 10 8 6 4	
♠ 10 4 3	♠ A K 9 8 2		
♥ J 10 8 7 5 3	♥ 4 2		
♦ A 7 5	♦ K J 4		
♣ J	♣ 9 5 3		

		♠ Q J 7	
		♥ K 9	
		♦ Q 8 6 3 2	
		♣ K 7 2	

West	North	East	South
	1♣	1♠	2♦
2♥	3♣	No	3NT

West led Spade Three and East conceived a strong distaste for what appeared on view as dummy. Even if South lacked the Club King, the suit was going to run for him. His own diamond suit would also run for him if he held both missing honours. For his final bid he must be attributed with King of Hearts, but that led to the further reflection that West was left with little to justify his own bid. South might hold King of Clubs but that would not help the defence. The only card of the slightest use to them that he might hold was the Ace of Diamonds.

All this passed through East's mind quite swiftly and he promptly won the first trick with the Ace of Spades, not with the King. His next card was Diamond King followed by Diamond Four. To South this surprising attack on his own bid suit could only mean that East was trying to spruce him in some way, a likely way being the hoary old trick of underleading both top honours. So South climbed up with his Queen and unfortunately took so long to do it that West was left with little doubt who held the Knave.

		Dealer East	
		North-South	
		Game	
		♠ K 5	
		♥ K 10 7 2	
		♦ Q 9 8 6 3	
		♣ Q 5	

♠ J 9 7 6 4 2	♠ 10 3
♥ J 5 4	♥ Q 9 6
♦ 2	♦ A K J 5
♣ 7 4 3	♣ K 10 9 8

		♠ A Q 8	
		♥ A 8 3	
		♦ 10 7 4	
		♣ A J 6 2	

West	North	East	South
		1NT	DBL
2♠	3♠	No	3NT

North-South could be said to have done well in reaching their par contract in face of East's opening weak no-trump of 12-14 points. South's double conformed to the normal practice of being at least one point better than opponents' maximum, and North's cue-bid in spades was a sensible attempt at finding a haven in hearts if South should hold four of them. The resulting Three No-trumps was really undefeatable, unless South could somehow be persuaded to defeat himself.

West led a small spade, won by South with the Queen. Since even for a weak no-trump East must be credited with all the missing top cards, West could have no entry card for an establishable spade suit. Accordingly, South started on the diamonds by running the Seven, which East won with the King! On winning the spade return in dummy, South saw no reason to forgo the overtrick arising from the happy lie of the diamonds; he led a small club and finessed his Jack. Now he ran the Ten of Diamonds, but this time East disdained to false-card and won honestly with the Jack. The strategem may have been crude, but its effect on poor South was quite lethal. The roof now fell in on him heavily, for East now smothered dummy's Club Queen with his King, forcing out South's Ace and establishing two tricks in the suit for himself. South had nowhere to go for his ninth trick, which but for East's digression would always have fallen into his lap.

There was a potentially explosive quality about this hand from some North American trials for a World Championship. Four Spades is there for East-West, but at two tables North-South sacrificed at Five Diamonds though with very different results.

		Dealer South	
		East-West Game	
		♠ 10 4 2	
		♥ A J 10	
		♦ A 8 7	
		♣ J 9 8 7	

♠ A J 9 8 6 5	♠ K Q 7
♥ Q 8 3 2	♥ 9 7
♦ 4 2	♦ K
♣ 10	♣ A K Q 6 5 3 2

		♠ 3	
		♥ K 6 5 4	
		♦ Q J 10 9 6 5 3	
		♣ 4	

At one of these tables East, defending against Five Diamonds Doubled by South, won the first trick with a top club and continued with two rounds of spades. Declarer took a losing diamond finesse and later misguessed in hearts, to go two down for a loss of 300.

The other East defended with less circumspection. At trick two he played a second high club, which his partner could not over-ruff. Declarer accordingly dropped East's lone King of trumps and, guessing the hearts correctly and ruffing good a club trick from dummy, made an overtrick for plus 650 ●

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CHESS BARUCH H WOOD

Two from Hatto

Frank Hatto, a craftsman in deaf-aid technology, might be richer today had he not given such unsparing time and energy through so many years to the organization of chess in Wales. Nor would he have so many devoted friends and admirers. I suppose his greatest contribution was to organize the play-off for that extraordinary seven-fold tie for the British Championship in 1974 when he put up all seven players in his big rambling house near Llanelli. His collection of beautiful sets and chess souvenirs from many lands could be matched by few people. He really loves chess.

Watching him controlling the West Wales Championships at Swansea recently, I wondered how many of the competitors realized how renowned a player he might have become, had he not spent so much time catering for them and others. Here are two games of his, each a supremely instructive example of the power of superior development over material.

Caro-Kann Defence

F. G. Hatto	A. Bowen
White	Black
1 P-Q4	P-QB3
2 P-K4	P-Q4
3 N-QB3	PxP
4 P-B3	

Not for Frank Hatto the routine 4 NxP. He wants his pieces in action.

4 ...	PxP
5 NxP	B-N5
6 B-QB4	P-K3
7 Castles	N-Q2
8 Q-K1	BxN

Black realizes that White's last move threatened N-K5 in the long run and Q-N3 in the short.

White, however, now has significantly more pieces in action and can more easily mobilize the rest.

9 RxB	KN-B3
10 B-KN5	Q-N3
11 Q-R4	

Developing another piece and protecting the QP. The QNP is unimportant. As White's Knight is protected ... QxNP would only invite White's QR into the attack.

11 ...	N-K4?
--------	-------

It was tempting to fork rook and bishop but the answer was not hard to find. It had become vitally necessary for Black to get more pieces into play.

12 RxN	NxB
Or 12 ... QxNP	13 R-K1. Or 12 ... PxR
13 BxBP.	Or 12 ... N-N3
13 RxN.	The position has possibilities too complex to probe.

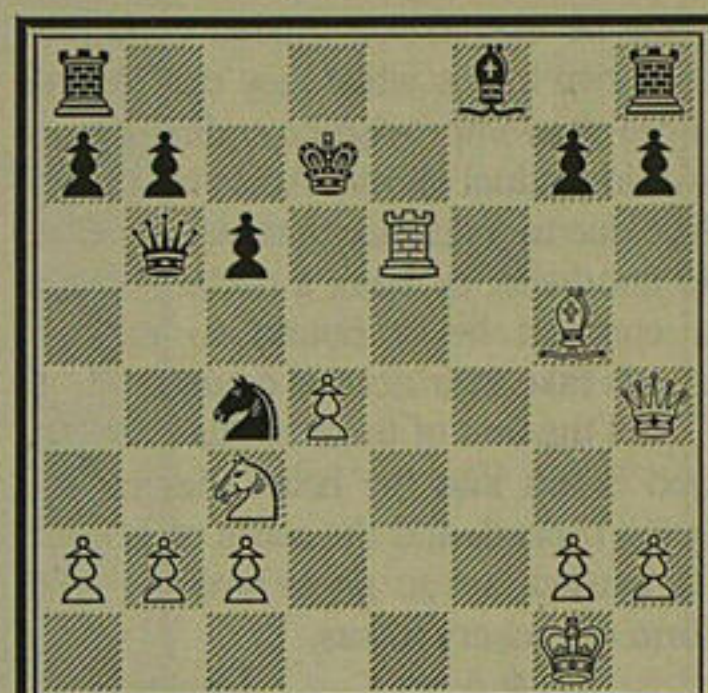
13 RxKPch!

This move is *not* easy to find. It is absolutely the move for the position.

13 ...	PxR
14 R-K1	K-Q2
15 RxP!!	

Lovely! After 15 ... KxR, there seems to be just one lengthy and obscure variation which leads to a draw, which some grand masters would no

doubt find in play. The 40 or so alternative lines of play all lose for Black.



15 ...	R-K1
16 RxR	KxR
17 Q-K4ch	K-Q2
18 Q-B5ch	K-B2
19 Q-B7ch	K-Q3
20 N-K4 mate	

From Gambit

A. D. Nicholson F. G. Hatto

White	Black
1 P-KB4	P-K4
2 PxP	P-Q3
3 PxP	BxP
4 N-KB3	N-KB3

4 ... P-KN4 looks wild but happens to be sound.

5 P-Q4	N-K5
6 Q-Q3	B-KB4
7 Q-N5ch	Q-Q2
8 QxNP	

Too greedy. After 8 QxQch—well, he could have held his pawn, and by 9 N-KR4 could have simplified usefully.

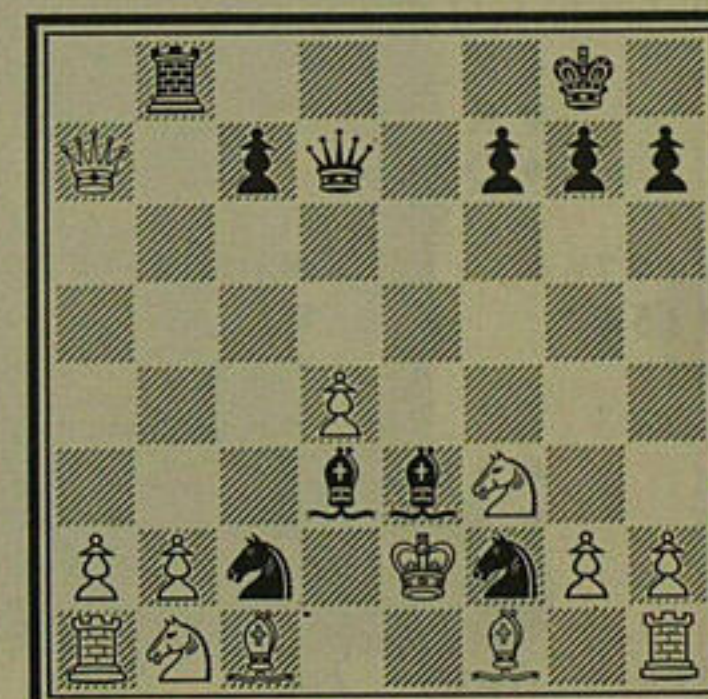
8 ...	Castles
9 QxR	N-QB3

A series of forced moves soon capitalizes quickly on White's poor development.

10 Q-N7	R-N1
11 Q-R6	N-N5
12 QxP	

No, White is not greedy any longer. He is probably very frightened but after the only alternative worth considering, 12 Q-B4, Black by 12 ... B-K3 would win the queen, or mate after 13 ... NxBPch, as in the game.

12 ...	NxBPch
13 K-Q1	N-B7ch
14 K-Q2	B-B5ch
15 P-K3	BxPch
16 K-K2	B-Q6 mate



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